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# PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

OF

LIVERPOOL,

DURING THE

SEVENTY-NINTH SESSION, 1889-90.

No. XLIV.



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ON THE SOCIETY'S ROLL AT THE CLOSE OF THE 79TH SESSION,

CORRECTED TO AUGUST, 1890.

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*Life Members are marked with an Asterisk.*


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 March 24, 1879 Alexander, William, M.D., 102 *Bedford-street South*.  
 Nov. 1, 1880 Allen, Francis B., 53 *Newsham-drive, Newsham Park*.  
 Nov. 12, 1877 Allman, G. W., 60 *Lord-street*.  
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 Nov. 12, 1880 Armour, Rev. Canon S. C., M.A., Merchant Taylors' School, *Crosby*.  
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 Nov. 13, 1876 Ball, Geo. Henry, *Gambier-terrace, Hope-street*.  
 Feb. 22, 1875 Bellew, Thomas A., 23 *Canning-street*.  
 Dec. 10, 1866 Benas, Baron Louis, 5 *Prince's-avenue*, VICE-PRESIDENT.  
 Jan. 9, 1882 Benas, Phineas A., 5 *Prince's-avenue*.  
 Feb. 6, 1882 Birchall, Charles, 32 *Castle-street*.  
 Jan. 25, 1864 Birchall, James, *Westminster-road*, EX-PRESIDENT.  
 Jan. 25, 1886 Beckett, G., 31B *Hope-street*.  
 Oct. 18, 1869 Brown, J. Campbell, D.Sc., F.C.S., Professor of Chemistry, University College.

- April 18, 1864 Burne, Joseph, *Royal Insurance Office, 1 North John-street.*
- \*May 1, 1848 Byerley, Isaac, F.L.S., F.R.C.S., *Dingle-lane Liverpool.*
- Jan. 7, 1884 Calder, Miss Fanny, 49 *Canning-street.*
- Nov. 3, 1862 Cameron, John, M.D., F.R.C.P., Physician to the Royal Southern Hospital, 4 *Rodney-street.*
- March 4, 1872 Carter, W., M.D., B.Sc., LL.B. (Lond.), F.R.C.P. (Lond.), 74 *Rodney-street, Ex-PRESIDENT.*
- Dec. 2, 1861 Chadburn William, 15 *James-street.*
- Oct. 18, 1869 Cook Henry James, *Byrom-street.*
- Dec. 10, 1888 Cookson, E. H., 3 *Mersey-street.*
- Dec. 13, 1875 Cowell Peter, Free Library, *William Brown-st.*
- Jan. 7, 1884 Cradock, Miss, L.K.Q.C.P.I., 29 *Catharine-street.*
- Oct. 6, 1863 Crosfield, William, *Stanley-street, and Annesley, Aigburth.*
- Jan. 7 1884 Currie, John, *Bank of Liverpool, Water-street.*
- Nov. 12, 1883 Daly, Chas., *Knowsley-buildings.*
- Nov. 12, 1866 Davies, E., F.C.S., F.I.C., The Laboratory, Royal Institution, 83 *Seel-street, Ex-PRESIDENT.*
- Nov. 26, 1887 Davies, W. H., F.R.A.S., 42 *Irvine-street.*
- Dec. 10, 1883 Davey, Wm. J., (Messrs. Elder Dempster & Co.), 20 *Castle-street, and 24 Brompton-avenue.*
- Nov. 1, 1875 Doyle, Jas. F., 4 *Harrington-street.*
- Jan. 23, 1848 Drysdale, John James, M.D. Edin., M.R.C.S. Edin., 36 *Rodney-street, Ex-PRESIDENT.*
- March 3, 1890 Duncan, H. C., *Annisfield, Bromborough, and 41 North John-street.*
- Nov. 18, 1889 Duncan, W. A., *Woolton.*
- Nov. 14, 1887 Eastley, Richard, Superintendent Meter Department, Liverpool United Gas-Light Co., 126 *Canning-street.*
- March 21, 1870 Edwards, Edward E. (Smith, Edwards & Co.), *Adelaide-buildings, 4 Chapel-street.*

- Oct. 15, 1883 Edwards, Frederick Wilkinson, M.S.A., *Amoret House, Balliol-road, Bootle*, **HON. TREASURER.**
- April 7, 1862 English, Charles J., 171 *Upper Parliament-street.*
- \*Dec. 13, 1852 Ferguson, William, F.L.S., F.G.S., *Kinnmundy House, near Mintlaw, N.B.*
- April 15, 1889 Field, Miss E. E., 12 *Laurel-road, Fairfield.*
- \*March 19, 1885 Foard, James Thomas, 42 *John Dalton-street, Manchester.*
- Oct. 29, 1888 Forster, Walter P., *The Lawn, Earlston-road, Liscard.*
- Nov 12, 1877 Galley, Jno., *Albert Mount, Victoria Park, Wavertree.*
- Nov. 13, 1882 Gardner, Willoughby, 18c *Exchange-buildings.*
- Jan. 26, 1885 Gaskell, W. Frankland, 75 *Mount Pleasant.*
- \*Feb. 6, 1854 Gee, Robert, M.D., Heidelb., M.R.C.P., Lecturer on Diseases of Children, Royal Infirmary School of Medicine ; Physician Workhouse Hospital, 5 *Abercromby-square.*
- March 20, 1882 Gill, James, *Sailors' Home*, and 2 *Beech-mount, Beech-street.*
- Nov. 12, 1888 Gillespie, Wm. Bryce, 159 *Falkner-street.*
- Oct. 29, 1877 Green, Robt. Frederick, 66 *Whitechapel.*
- Oct. 29, 1883 Green, Charles H. (Messrs. Green, Hill & Co.), 7 *York-street.*
- Nov. 16, 1874 Guthrie, Malcolm, 2 *Parkfield-road.*
- Oct. 29, 1883 Guthrie, Mrs., 2 *Parkfield-road.*
- Oct. 18, 1875 Hale, Philip A., *Bank of England, Castle-street.*
- Nov. 16, 1885 Halled, W. B. (Messrs. Baring Bros.), *Sunnyside, Prince's Park.*
- \*Jan. 21, 1856 Hardman, Lawrence, 35 *Rock Park, Rock Ferry.*
- Dec. 10, 1883 Hargreaves, Jas., F.C.S., F.A.S., *Peel House-lane, Farnworth-by-Widnes.*
- Dec. 13, 1875 Harpin, E. (Messrs. Bates, Stokes & Co.), 14 *Water-street.*
- Nov. 30, 1874 Harvey, Henry, M.B., 57 *Wavertree-terrace, Picton-road, Wavertree.*

- Feb. 6, 1865 Hassan, Rev. E., *Lodge, Exeter Spa, Salisbury, Wilts.*
- Oct. 16, 1882 Herdman, W.A., D.Sc., F.L.S., F.R.S.E., Professor of Natural History, University College, 35 *Bentley-road*, VICE-PRESIDENT.
- March 7, 1880 Hess, Leonard O., 51 *Bedford-street*.
- March 22, 1869 Higgin, Thomas, F.L.S., 33 *Tower-buildings*, and *Ethersall, Mossley Hill-road*.
- Dec. 28, 1846 Higgins, Rev. H. H., M.A., Cantab., F.C.P.S., 29 *Falkner-square*, EX-PRESIDENT and PRESIDENT.
- Jan. 13, 1879 Higgins, Henry Longuet, 7 *Saundringham-drive, Prince's Park*.
- Oct. 20, 1884 Highmore, J. Henry, 27 *Ball's-road, Claughton, Birkenhead*.
- March 9, 1868 Holme, James, 10 *Huskisson-street*, and 61 *Lord-street*.
- Nov. 30, 1874 Holme, Rev. Arthur P., *Tattenhall, near Chester*.
- \*Dec. 14, 1862 Holt, Robert Durning, 6 *India-buildings*, and 29 *Edge-lane*.
- March 10, 1879 Hughes, John W., *Hornby-road, Wavertree*.
- Feb. 20, 1882 Hunter, Hugh, 25A *Duke-street*.
- \*Nov. 13, 1854 Hunter, John, Member Historic Society, Pennsylvania, *Halifax, Nova Scotia*.
- \*April 29, 1850 Ihne, William, Ph.D. Bonn, *Villa Felseck, Heidelberg*, EX-PRESIDENT.
- Jan. 7, 1889 Jacks, Rev. Lawrence P., M.A., 4 *Dingle-lane*.
- Oct. 31, 1887 Jeffs, Osmund W., 8 *Queen's-road, Rock Ferry*.
- Jan. 26, 1863 Johnson, Richard C., F.R.A.S., 46 *Jermyn-street*.
- Feb. 24, 1868 Jones, Charles W., *Field House, Wavertree*.
- \*April 4, 1852 Jones, Morris Charles, F.S.A., F.S.A.Scot, *Gungrog, Welshpool*.
- April 29, 1889 Jones, Morris P., 20 *Abercromby-square*.
- Oct. 21, 1889 Leather, R. K., M.A. Lond., 18 *Nelson-street*.
- \*Dec. 11, 1871 Leigh, Richmond, M.R.C.S., L.S.A., Physician to St. George's Hospital for Diseases of the Skin, 15 *St. James's-road*.

- Jan. 7, 1889 Leslie, F. J., F.R.G.S., 15 *Union Court*.  
 Nov. 13, 1882 Levy, Philip S., 24 *North John-street*.  
 Nov. 3, 1884 Lewin, Walter, *Bebington*.  
 Nov. 14, 1881 Lloyd, Richard J., M.A., *Lombard-chambers, Bixteth-street*.  
 Dec. 1, 1879 Long, Rev. R. E., B.A., *Cambridge House, Upper Parliament-street*.  
 Jan. 23, 1882 Marcus Heinrich, *Trafford-chambers, 58 South John-street*.  
 Nov. 17, 1873 Marples, Josiah, *Melwill-chambers, Lord-street, and Broomfield, Egremont*.  
 March 23, 1874 McCulloch, D. B., 23 *Queen's-buildings, Dale-street*.  
 Oct. 17, 1881 McLintock, R., 8 *Molyneux-avenue, Broad Green*,  
 HONORARY LIBRARIAN.  
 Oct. 30, 1882 McMaster, John Maxwell (Messrs. J. B. Wilson, Dean & McMaster), 22A *Lord-street*.  
 Oct. 15, 1883 Mead, A. J., B.A., *Earlston-road, Liscard*.  
 Nov. 17, 1873 Mellor, James, Jun., *Weston, Blundellsands*.  
 Dec. 14, 1874 Mellor, John, *Grosvenor House, Crosby-road South, Waterloo*.  
 Nov. 16, 1885 Moore, G. F., 25 *Marlborough-road, Tuebrook*.  
 Oct. 31, 1859 Moore, Thomas John, Corr. Mem. Z.S.L.,  
 Curator Free Public Museum, *William Brown-street*.  
 Nov. 1, 1880 Morrow, John, *Greenfields, Greenfield-road, Alerton*.  
 March 6, 1882 Morton, George Henry, 122 *London-road*.  
 Jan. 8, 1855 Morton, Geo. Highfield, F.G.S., 209 *Edge-lane*.  
 Oct. 29, 1850 Mott, Albert Julius, F.G.S., *Detmore, Chareton Kings, Cheltenham*, EX-PRESIDENT.  
 \*Oct. 21, 1867 Muspratt, E. K., *Seaforth Hall, Seaforth*.  
 Oct. 20, 1856 Nevins, John Birkbeck, M.D. Lond., M.R.C.S.,  
 late Lecturer on Materia Medica, Royal Infirmary, School of Medicine, 3 *Abercromby-square*, EX-PRESIDENT.

- Feb. 6, 1865 Newton, John, M.R.C.S., 44 *Rodney-street*.
- Feb. 18, 1887 Nicholson, Robert, 11 *Harrington-street*.
- Oct. 31, 1887 Nicholson, Thomas, *St. Helier's College, Wellingborough*.
- Nov. 2, 1868 Norrie, Rev. B. A. W., M.A. Cantab., *The College School, Huyton*.
- Nov. 2, 1885 Oulton, Wm., *Hillside, Gateacre, and Albert-buildings, 12 Preeson's-row*.
- Nov. 2, 1874 Palmer, John Linton, F.S.A., F.R.G.S., Fleet Surgeon, R.N., 24 *Rock Park, Rock Ferry*.
- Oct. 29, 1888 Paton, J. R., *Apsley-buildings, Old Hall-street*.
- Jan. 9, 1871 Patterson, J., 16 *Devonshire-road, Prince's Park*.
- Nov. 4, 1861 Philip, Thomas D., 49 *South Castle-street, and Holly-road, Fairfield*.
- Jan. 21, 1884 Polack, Rev. J., B.A., 176 *Upper Parliament-st.*
- \*Nov. 15, 1886 Poole, Sir Jas., 107 *Bedford-street South*.
- \*Jan. 22, 1866 Raffles, William Winter, 34 *Belsize Park Gardens, London, W., and Glan-y-mor, Penmaen-mawr*.
- Oct. 29, 1888 Raleigh, Miss, 77 *Canning street*.
- Nov. 12, 1860 Rathbone, Philip H., *Greenbank Cottage, Waver-tree*.
- March 24, 1862 Rathbone, Richard Reynolds, *Beechwood House, Grassendale*.
- \*Nov. 17, 1851 Redish, Joseph Carter, *Lyceum, Bold-street*.
- Oct. 31, 1881 Rendall, G. H., M.A., Principal of University College, 38 *Bedford-street*, VICE-PRESIDENT.
- Oct. 31, 1881 Rennie, J. W., 70 *Allington-street, St. Michael's, near Liverpool*.
- Nov. 26, 1888 Rennie, F. C., 70 *Allington-street, Aigburth-road*.
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- Dec. 4, 1876 Roberts, Richard (Messrs. Roberts & Son), 18 *Hackins-hey, and Mossley-hill*.
- April 15, 1889 Rippon, Wm. D., *Harefield, Hightown*.

- April 18, 1854 Rowe, James, 14 *South Castle-street*, and *Leyfield Grange, West Derby*.
- Jan. 22, 1872 Russell, Edward R., "Daily Post" Office, *Victoria-street*, and 6 *Abercromby-square*, EX-PRESIDENT.
- Feb. 18, 1878 Russell, W., Compton Hotel, *Church-street*.
- Feb. 18, 1884 Rutherford, John, LL.B., Lond., 4 *Harrington-street*, HONORARY SECRETARY.
- Nov. 12, 1883 Rutherford, Wm. Watson (Messrs. Miller, Peel, Hughes & Co.), 8 *Cook-street*.
- April 7, 1862 Samuel, Harry S., 80 *Onslow Gardens, South Kensington, London*.
- Nov. 12, 1888 Scholefield, J. W., J.P., *Pembroke-road, Bootle*.
- March 19, 1886 Sephton, Rev. John, M.A., 90 *Huskisson-street*.
- Oct. 15, 1883 Sephton, Mrs., 90 *Huskisson-street*.
- Oct. 21, 1889 Sharpe, R. J., B.A., 42 *Canning-street*.
- Jan. 7, 1878 Shearer, George, M.D., 173 *Upper Parliament-street*.
- Oct. 31, 1881 Smith, A. T., Jun., 13 *Bentley-road, Prince's Park*.
- Dec. 10, 1866 Smith, Elisha (Messrs. Henry Nash & Co.), 12 *Tower-buildings North*.
- April 4, 1870 Smith, James, 37 *North John-street, Liverpool*.
- Feb. 23, 1863 Smith, J. Simm, 1 *Warham-road, Croydon*.
- April 20, 1874 Snow, Rev. T., M.A., *St. Mary's, Highfield-st.*
- Nov. 12, 1860 Spence, Charles, 7 *Tithebarn-street*.
- Nov. 18, 1878 Steel, Richard, 18 *Hackins-hey*, EX-PRESIDENT.
- Feb. 19, 1883 Steeves, Gilbert M., 24 *Falkner-street*.
- Oct. 17, 1887 Stookes, Alexander, M.D., *South Dispensary, Upper Parliament-street*.
- Oct. 29, 1883 Stretch, Wm. Knowles, 9 *South Hill-road*.
- Oct. 21, 1889 Stubbs, Rev. C. W., M.A., *Wavertree Rectory, Wavertree*.
- April 17, 1886 Tapscott, W. W., 39 *Oldhall-street*, and 41 *Parkfield-road, Aigburth*.
- Feb. 18, 1865 Taylor, Geo., 23 *Seel-street*.

- \*Feb. 19, 1865 Taylor, John Stopford, M.D. Aberd., F.R.G.S.,  
6 *Grove Park, Liverpool.*
- Oct. 18, 1886 Thompson, I. C., *Woodstock, Waverley-road,*  
*Sefton Park.*
- Oct. 21, 1878 Thompson, J. W., B.A. Lond. and Victoria, 22  
*Lord Street.*
- Oct. 30, 1882 Thomson, W. J., *Exchange-buildings, and Ghyll-*  
*bank, St. Helens.*
- \*Dec. 4, 1876 Torpy, Rev. Lorenzo, M.A., *Setubal.*
- \*Feb. 19, 1844 Turnbull, James Muter, M.D. Edin., M.R.C.P.,  
*The Spa Hotel, Tunbridge Wells.*
- Oct. 21, 1861 Unwin, William Andrews, 9 *Rumford-place.*
- Nov. 15, 1880 Vicars, John, 8 *St. Alban's-square, Bootle.*
- Feb. 19, 1877 Wallace, John, M.D., *Gambier-terrace.*
- Jan. 27, 1862 Walmsley, Gilbert G., 50 *Lord-street.*
- Jan. 9, 1865 Walthew, William, 6 *Brown's-buildings, and*  
*Vine Cottage, Aughton.*
- Oct. 30, 1876 Weightman, W. Arthur (Messrs. Weightman,  
Pedder & Weightman), *Water-street.*
- April, 15, 1889 White, A. G., 71 *Kingsley-road.*
- Nov. 12, 1888 Whitmore, Miss, *Burscough House, Ormskirk.*
- Nov. 2, 1874 Wolf, Jas. O. de (Messrs. T. C. Jones & Co.),  
3 *Old Church Yard.*
- Nov. 14, 1870 Wood, John J., 20 *Lord-street.*
- Nov. 17, 1884 Wortley, Wm., *Walton Grange, Walton.*
- Nov. 13, 1876 Yates, Edward Wilson, 37 *Castle-street.*
- Nov. 2, 1874 Young, Henry, 6 *Arundel Avenue, Sefton Park.*

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- 14.—1870 Sir Joseph Dalton Hooker, M.D., F.R.S., etc., *Kew*.
- 15.—1870 Professor Brown Sequard, M.D.
- 16.—1870 John Gwyn Jeffreys, F.R.S., *Ware Priory, Herts*.
- 17.—1870 Professor Thomas H. Huxley, LL.D., F.R.S., etc., 4  
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- 18.—1870 Professor John Tyndall, LL.D., F.R.S., etc., Royal  
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*Massachusetts*.
- 21.—1874 Professor Frederick H. Max Müller, LL.D., *Oxford*.
- 22.—1874 Sir Samuel White Baker, Pasha, F.R.S., F.R.G.S., etc.,  
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- 23.—1877 The Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, F.R.S., Foreign  
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*London*.
- 24.—1877 Albert C. N. Günther, M.A., M.D., Ph.D., British  
Museum.
- 25.—1877 Adolphus Ernst, M.D., Principal of the Department of  
Science, Philosophy, and Medicine, University  
of *Caracas*.
- 26.—1877 Dr. Leidy, Academy of Science, *Philadelphia*.
- 27.—1877 Dr. Franz Steindachner, Royal and Imperial Museum,  
*Vienna*.
- 28.—1877 The Rev. H. B. Tristram, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S., Canon  
of *Durham, the College, Durham*.
- 29.—1881 H. J. Carter, F.R.S., *The Cottage, Budleigh Salterton,*  
*Devon*.
- 30.—1881 The Rev. Thomas Hincks, B.A., F.R.S., *Stokeleigh,*  
*Leigh Woods, Clifton, Bristol*.
- 31.—1881 The Rev. W. H. Dallinger, LL.D., F.R.S., F.R.M.S.,  
*Ingleside, Lee, London, S.E.*

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LIMITED TO THIRTY-FIVE.

- 1.—1867 J. Yate Johnson, *London*.
- 2.—1867 R. B. N. Walker, F.R.G.S., F.G.S., *West Africa*.
- 3.—1868 Rev. J. Holding, M.A., F.R.G.S., *London*.
- 4.—1868 George Hawkins, *Colombo, Ceylon*.
- 5.—1868 J. W. Lewis Ingram, *Bathurst, River Gambier*.
- 6.—1869 George Mackenzie, *Cebu, Philippine Islands*.
- 7.—1870 The Venerable Archdeacon Hughes-Games, D.C.L.,  
*Isle of Man*.
- 8.—1874 Samuel Archer, Surgeon-Major, *Singapore*.
- 9.—1874 Coote M. Chambers, *Burrard's Inlet, British Columbia*.
- 10.—1874 Edwyn C. Reed, *Santiago de Chili*.
- 11.—1874 Millen Coughtrey, M.D., *Dunedin, Otago, New Zealand*.
- 12.—1875 Robert Gordon, Government Engineer, *British Burmah*.
- 13.—1877 Edward Duckinfield Jones, C.E., *Sao Paulo, Brazil*.
- 14.—1877 Miss Horatia K. F. Gatty, *Altrincham*.
- 15.—1877 Dr. Allen, *Jamaica*.
- 16.—1877 Dr. George Bennett, *Sydney*.
- 17.—1877 Dr. David Walker, *Benicia, U.S.A.*
- 18.—1883 Wm. Henry Finlay, *Cape Town Observatory*.
- 19.—1884 Rev. W. G. Lawes, *New Guinea*.
- 20.—1884 A. W. Crawford, *Oakland, California*.
- 21.—1884 John Greenwood, Mining Engineer, *Melbourne*.
- 22.—1884 Robert Abraham English, *Simla*.
- 23.—1887 Rev. S. Fletcher Williams, 48 *Westbourne Grove*,  
*Scarborough*.
- 24.—1889 Mr. St. George Littledale.
- 25.—1889 Mrs. St. George Littledale.
- 26.—1890 Sir Alfred Maloney, K.C.M.G., Governor of *Lagos*.
- 27.—1890 Captain John Ferguson, s.s. "*Aleppo*," 15 *Norma Road, Waterloo*.

## ASSOCIATES.

LIMITED TO TWENTY-FIVE.

- 1.—Jan. 27, 1862 Captain John H. Mortimer, "America."  
(Atlantic.)
- 2.—Mar. 24, 1862 Captain P. C. Petrie. (Atlantic.)
- 3.—Feb. 9, 1863 Captain John Carr, ship "Scindia." (Calcutta.)
- 4.—Feb. 9, 1863 Captain Charles E. Price, R.N.R., ship  
"Cornwallis." (Calcutta and Sydney.)
- 5.—April 20, 1863 Captain Fred. E. Baker, ship "Nippon."  
(Chinese Seas.)
- 6.—Oct. 31, 1864 Captain Thomson, ship "Admiral Lyons.'  
(Bombay.)
- 7.—April 13, 1865 Captain Alexander Cameron, ship "Staffordshire."  
(Shanghai.)
- 8.—Dec. 11, 1865 Captain Walker, ship "Trenton."
- 9.—Mar. 23, 1868 Captain David Scott.
- 10.—April 7, 1884 Captain G. Griffith Jones, barque "Hermine."
- 11.—Oct. 7, 1889 Mr. Arthur G. Nevins, 22 Rutland Street,  
Hampstead Road, London, N.W.

LIST OF BOOKS  
PRESENTED TO THE SOCIETY'S LIBRARY DURING THE  
SEVENTY-EIGHTH SESSION, 1889-90.

---

## A.

- Agriculture, U.S. Government Department of; N. American Fauna, no. 1, 2; Bulletin, no 1.  
Alkali Report. Government Blue Book, 1889.  
American Association for the Promotion of Science. Proceedings, 1888.  
Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland. Journal.  
Antiquaries of London, Society of. Proceedings.  
Archæological and Natural History Society, Somersetshire. Proceedings, vol. xv.  
Architects, Royal Institute of British. Kalendar, 1890; Transactions, vol. v; Journal, vol. v-19, 20; vi-1-18.  
Asiatic Society, Royal, Bombay Branch. Journal, vol. vii-2.  
Asiatic Society, Royal, Ceylon Branch. Journal, vol. x-34, 35.  
Asiatic Society of Bengal. Journal, vol. lviii, part i, no. 1; part 2, no. i, ii; Proceedings, 1889; "Modern Vernacular Literature of Hindustan," by G. A. Grierson.  
Arts, Society of. Journal to date.  
Arts, Royal Scottish Society of. Transactions, vol. xii, part 3.  
Arts and Sciences, American Academy of. Proceedings, vol. xxiii-2.  
Astronomical Society. Monthly Notices; Memoirs, vol. xlix, part 2.

- Astronomical Observatory, National Mexican. Annual, 1890.
- Astronomy. Six Photographic Plates of Stars and Nebulæ, by Isaac Roberts, Esq.; The Lick Observatory Report on the Eclipse of Jan. 1st, 1889; Liverpool Astronomer's Report, 1884-86; Washington Star Catalogue, 1845-77 (3rd edition).
- Australian Museum, Sydney, N.S.W.. Catalogues: Birds, part i; Fishes, part i; Fossils, 1883; Minerals, 1885; Sponges, 1888; Australian Hyd. Zoophytes, 1884. Records, vol. i, part, 2; Memoirs, no. 2, Lord Howe's Island; On the Sperm Whale, etc., Notes for Collectors.

## B.

- Botanical Society, Edinburgh. Transactions and Proceedings, vol. xvii, parts 2, 3.
- Botany. See Linnean Society, etc.
- British Association for the Advancement of Science. Proceedings, 1889 (Newcastle-on-Tyne).
- British Museum. Catalogues: Lepidoptera Heterocera, part vii; Fossil Reptilia and Amphibia; Guide to Mineral Galleries.

## C.

- Canada, Royal Society of. Proceedings and Transactions, 1888.
- Canadian Institute. Proceedings, 1889; Report, 1888-89.
- Chemical Society. Abstract of Proceedings, no. 72-85; Journal, Sept., 1889, to Aug., 1890; Indexes, etc.
- Chinese Customs, Collection in Philadelphia Exhibition of, 1876.
- Congo Free State, An account of, by H. Phillips.
- Copenhagen, Académie Royale de. Bulletin, 1890.
- Cornwall, Royal Institution of. Journal, vol. ix, part 4; vol. x, part 1.

## E.

- Edinburgh, Royal Society of. Proceedings, vols. xv, xvi, 1887-89.
- Engineering Society, Liverpool. Transactions, vols. ix, x; Report, 1888.

- Engineers, Institute of Civil. Minutes, vols. xcvii, xcvi, xcix, c ;  
 Charter ; List of Members ; Indexes, etc.  
 Engineers' Reports, U.S. Army. Index, vol. ii.  
 Entomological Society of Lancashire and Cheshire. Report,  
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 Essex Institute, Salem, Mass. U.S. Bulletin, xx-1-12 ; xxi-1-6 ;  
 Charter, etc.  
 Ethnology Bureau, Washington, U.S. Report 1883-84, 1884-85 ;  
 Pamphlets : Textile Fabrics of Ancient Peru ; Ohio Earth-  
 works, 2 vols. ; Bibliography of Iroquoian and Muskogean  
 Languages, 2 vols.  
 Education Report, Costa Rica.

## F.

- Folklore, Journal of American, vol. iii, part 9.  
 Franklin Institute, Philadelphia. Journal, Sept., 1889, to Aug.,  
 1890.

## G.

- Geographical Society, American. Bulletin.  
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 no. 48-53 ; Monographs, xiii, xiv, and Atlas.  
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## H.

Harvard College. Reports of President, Treasurer, and Curator of Museum of Comparative Zoology.

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## I.

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## L.

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## O.

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## P.

- Philosophical Society, American. Transactions and Proceedings.  
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Photographic Plates (Six) of Nebulæ and Stars, by Isaac Roberts, Esq., F.R.A.S.

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### R.

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### S.

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## V.

- Victoria, a Prodrômus of the Zoology of. Decade xviii, xix.  
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- Wissenschaften Göttingen, K. Gesellschaft der. Nachrichten, 1888.  
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## Z.

- Zoological Society. Proceedings, October, December, 1889; March, April, 1890.  
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 Zoology of Victoria, a Prodrômus of the. Decade xviii, xix.  
 Zoology. See also "Linnæan Society," "Marine Biology," "Natural History," and "Science" Societies, &c.

## SOCIETIES, ACADEMIES, AND OTHER INSTITUTIONS,

TO WHICH THIS VOLUME IS PRESENTED.

## GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

<i>Aberdeen</i>	- - -	The Dun-Echt Observatory.
<i>Alnwick</i>	- - - -	The Berwickshire Naturalists' Field Club.
<i>Bath</i>	- - - - -	The Natural Historical and Antiquarian Field Club.
<i>Belfast</i>	- - - -	The Naturalists' Field Club. The Natural History and Philosophical Society.
<i>Birkenhead</i>	- - -	The Free Public Library. The Literary and Scientific Society.
<i>Birmingham</i>	- - -	The Philosophical Society.
<i>Bootle</i>	- - - -	The Free Public Library.
<i>Bristol</i>	- - - -	The Naturalists' Society.
<i>Buckhurst Hill</i>	- -	The Epping Forest Naturalists' Field Club.
<i>Chester</i>	- - - -	The Society of Natural Science.
<i>Cambridge</i>	- - -	The Cambridge Union.
<i>Dublin</i>	- - - -	The Royal Irish Academy. The Royal Geological Society of Ireland. The Royal Society.
<i>Edinburgh</i>	- - -	The Botanical Society. The Geological Society. The Meteorological Society of Scotland. The Philosophical Institution. The Royal Observatory. The Royal Physical Society. The Royal Scottish Society of Arts. The Royal Society.

<i>Falmouth</i>	- - -	The Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society.
<i>Glasgow</i>	- - -	The Philosophical Society, The Geological Society. The University.
<i>Greenwich</i>	- - -	The Royal Observatory.
<i>Halifax</i>	- - -	The Literary and Philosophical Society.
<i>Hull</i>	- - -	The Literary and Philosophical Society.
<i>London</i>	- - -	The Anthropological Institute. The Society of Antiquaries. The Royal Institute of British Architects. The Society of Arts. The Royal Asiatic Society. The Royal Astronomical Society. The British Association. The British Museum. The Chemical Society. The Royal Geographical Society. The Geological Society. The Geologists' Association. The Institution of Civil Engineers. The East Indian Association. The Linnean Society. The Meteorological Society. The Society for Psychical Research. The Royal Microscopical Society. The Royal Medico-Chirurgical Society. The Royal Society. The Royal Institution. The Royal Society of Literature. The Statistical Society. The Zoological Society. The Editor of "Nature." The Editor of the "Journal of Science." The Editor of "Science Gossip." The Editor of the "Scientific Roll."
<i>Leeds</i>	- - -	The Philosophical and Literary Society.

<i>Leeds</i> - - - -	The Yorkshire Geological and Polytechnic Society.
<i>Leicester</i> - - - -	The Literary and Philosophical Society.
<i>Liverpool</i> - - - -	The Architectural and Archæological Society.
	The Astronomical Society.
	The Chemists' Association.
	The Engineering Society.
	The Geological Society.
	The Geological Association.
	The Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire.
	The Microscopical Society.
	The Naturalists' Field Club.
	The Philomathic Society.
	The Polytechnic Society.
	The Athenæum Library and News Room.
	The Free Public Library.
	The Liverpool Library.
	The Lyceum News Room.
	The Medical Institution.
	The Royal Institution.
	University College.
<i>Manchester</i> - - - -	The Literary Club.
	The Literary and Philosophical Society.
	Chetham Library.
	The Free Public Library.
	Owens College.
<i>Newcastle-on-Tyne</i> -	The Natural History Society of Northumberland and Durham.
<i>Oxford</i> - - - -	The Ashmolean Society.
	The Union Society.
<i>Penzance</i> - - - -	The Royal Geological Society of Cornwall.
<i>Plymouth</i> - - - -	The Plymouth Institution.
<i>Taunton</i> - - - -	The Somersetshire Archæological Society.
<i>Truro</i> - - - -	The Royal Institution of Cornwall.

<i>Watford</i>	- - - -	The Hertfordshire Natural History Society and Field Club.
<i>Welshpool</i>	- - -	The Powys-Land Club.
<i>Whitby</i>	- - - -	The Literary and Philosophical Society.

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## BRITISH COLONIES AND THE UNITED STATES.

<i>Bombay</i>	- - - -	The Royal Asiatic Society.
<i>Boston</i>	- - - -	The American Academy of Arts and Science. The Massachusetts Board of Education. The Massachusetts Board of Health, Lunacy, and Charity. The Natural History Society. The Public Library.
<i>Buffalo</i>	- - - -	The Society of Natural Sciences.
<i>Calcutta</i>	- - - -	The Asiatic Society of Bengal. The Geological Survey of India.
<i>Cambridge (Mass)</i>	-	Harvard University. Museum of Comparative Zoology. The Peabody Museum of American Archae- ology and Ethnology.
<i>Chicago</i>	- - - -	The Public Library.
<i>Davenport</i>	- - -	The Academy of Natural Sciences.
<i>Melbourne</i>	- - -	The Royal Society of Victoria.
<i>New Haven</i>	- - -	The Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences.
<i>New York</i>	- - -	The Academy of Sciences. The Astor Library. The American Geographical Society. The City University. The State University. The State Library. The American Museum of Natural History.
<i>Otago</i>	- - - -	The University.

<i>Ottawa</i>	-	-	-	-	Geological and Natural History Survey. The Library of Parliament.
<i>Philadelphia</i>	-	-	-	-	The Academy of Natural Sciences. The American Philosophical Society. The Franklin Institute. The Pennsylvania Board of Public Education. The Zoological Society.
<i>Salem</i>	-	-	-	-	The American Association for the Advance- ment of Science. The Essex Institute.
<i>San Francisco</i>	-	-	-	-	The Lick Observatory.
<i>Sydney</i>	-	-	-	-	The Royal Society of New South Wales. The Department of Mines.
<i>Toronto</i>	-	-	-	-	The Canadian Institute.
<i>Washington</i>	-	-	-	-	The Department of Agriculture. The Geological and Geographical Survey of the Territories. The Naval Observatory. The Smithsonian Institution. The Department of Ordnance ; the Depart- ment of the Chief of Engineers ; the Department of Agriculture ; the Depart- ment of the Interior.
<i>Wellington</i>	-	-	-	-	The New Zealand Institute.

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FOREIGN.

<i>Amsterdam</i>	-	-	-	-	L'Academie Royale des Sciences.
<i>Antwerp</i>	-	-	-	-	Antwerp Literary Society.
<i>Berlin</i>	-	-	-	-	Die Akademie der Wissenschaften.
<i>Bordeaux</i>	-	-	-	-	La Société des Sciences Physiques et Naturelles.
<i>Brussels</i>	-	-	-	-	L'Académie Royale des Sciences, des Lettres, et des Beaux-Arts de Belgique.

<i>Cherbourg</i>	- - -	La Société Nationale des Sciences Naturelles.
<i>Christiania</i>	- - -	The University.
<i>Copenhagen</i>	- - -	L'Académie Royale. La Société Royale des Antiquaires du Nord.
<i>Geneva</i>	- - - -	La Société de Physique et d'Histoire Naturelle.
<i>Gottingen</i>	- - -	Die Königliche Gesellschaft des Wissenschaften.
<i>Grieswald</i>	- - -	The University.
<i>Harlem</i>	- - - -	La Société Hollandaise des Sciences.
<i>Helsingfors</i>	- - -	La Société des Sciences de Finlande.
<i>Kief</i>	- - - -	La Société des Naturalistes.
<i>Königsberg</i>	- - -	Die Königliche Physikalische-ökonomische Gesellschaft.
<i>Milan</i>	- - - -	Il Reale Istituto Lombardo.
<i>Munich</i>	- - - -	Die Königliche Akademie der Wissenschaften.
<i>Paris</i>	- - - -	L'Ecole Polytechnique.
<i>Presburg</i>	- - - -	Der Verein für Natur- und Heil-Kunde.
<i>St. Petersburg</i>	- -	L'Académie Imperiale des Sciences.
<i>Stockholm</i>	- - -	L'Académie Royal Suedoise des Sciences.
<i>Strasbourg</i>	- - -	La Bibliothèque Municipale. Die Kaiserliche Universitäts und Landes-Bibliothek.
<i>Tokio</i>	- - - -	The University.
<i>Toulouse</i>	- - - -	L'Observatoire Astronomique.
<i>Vienna</i>	- - - -	Die Kaiserliche Akademie der Wissenschaften. Die Geographische Gesellschaft.

# TREASURER'S ACCOUNT, 1888-89.

Dr. *The LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, in Account with F. W. EDWARDS, Treasurer.* Cr.

1888-89.		£	s.	d.	1888-89.		£	s.	d.
To Cash paid Royal Institution, one year's Rent ..		20	0	0	Balance from 1887-88 .....		30	8	11
" " Printing and Binding Vol. XLIII .....		75	0	0	By Cash from Subscriptions:—				
" " Stationery, &c.....		11	5	0	4 Arrears, at 21s. ....		£4	4	0
" " Printing Circulars .....		10	15	0	10 Entrance Fees, at 10s. 6d.....		5	5	0
" " Refreshments, &c. ....		24	10	0	8 Ladies' Subscriptions, at 10s. 6d. ....		4	4	0
" " Editorial Fee .....		10	10	0	129 Annual Subscriptions, at 21s. ....		135	9	0
" " Librarian's Expenses .....		2	0	0			149	2	0
" " Secretary's " .....		12	1	0	Biology Report Sales .....		13	16	3
" " Treasurer's " .....		3	12	6	Bank Interest .....		1	17	10
" " Hire of Lantern .....		1	3	0					
Balance .....		24	8	6					
£195 5 0					£195 5 0				

Audited and found correct,

(Signed) B. L. BENAS,  
J. M. McMASTER.



PROCEEDINGS  
OF THE  
LIVERPOOL  
LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

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ANNUAL MEETING.—SEVENTY-NINTH SESSION.

ROYAL INSTITUTION, October 7th, 1889.

MR. JAMES BIRCHALL, PRESIDENT, in the Chair.

The Minutes of the last Meeting were read, confirmed, and signed.

The Honorary Secretary read the following

REPORT.

In presenting their Report of the Proceedings of the Seventy-Eighth Session, the Council congratulate the Members upon the unmistakeable proofs of the Society's vigour and progress during the year.

The papers contributed have all been of great interest, and some are of permanent value. The Council note with pleasure the exceptionally large proportion of papers read before the Society which are printed in the Volume of *Transactions*.

There has been an increase in the number of Members. Since the last Annual Meeting, 10 Ordinary Members have

resigned, and 4 have died. There have been added 18 Ordinary Members.

The Society now consists of 172 Ordinary Members, 32 Honorary Members, 23 Corresponding Members, and 11 Associates.

The attendance at the meetings continues to cause much satisfaction. Fourteen Ordinary Meetings were held during the past Session, with an average attendance of 88.

The joint meeting of this Society and the Liverpool Polytechnic Society was in every way a success, and it is hoped that joint meetings with one or more of the other kindred Societies may continue a feature of the Society's proceedings.

Amongst the deaths the Council have to deplore those of Mr. H. H. Bremner, a former Member of Council, and Sir James A. Picton.

Sir J. A. Picton had been connected with the Society, without interruption, for the long period of nearly forty-three years, having been elected an Ordinary Member on the 28th of December, 1846, in company with our present highly-esteemed member, the Rev. Henry Hugh Higgins. His power was soon felt in the Society. He very early became a Member of Council, on which he rendered active and efficient service, rarely being absent from its meetings, and manifesting an increasing and lively interest in its proceedings. On two occasions the members showed their appreciation of this thoughtfulness and attention by electing him to the presidential office in 1863 and 1875.

Sir J. A. Picton's contributions to the Society's volumes of *Proceedings* are numerous, being not less than twenty in number, and ranging over forty years of his membership.

The majority of these papers treat of subjects in general literature and philology, in which he excelled; others are

devoted to antiquarian and historical matters, and a few dwell upon points in other departments of knowledge which attracted general attention at the time. In addition to these essays, Sir James frequently brought before the Society communications on miscellaneous subjects, indicative of his constant and close observation of all that occurred around him. All these productions give evidence of the extensive area of his reading, and of the facility with which he acquired knowledge outside the limits of his own specially chosen subjects. He was a fluent and graceful speaker, sharing in almost every debate; keen in argument, and not easily overcome.

Notwithstanding his advanced age, his attendances at the meetings were not relaxed until the last few months; and although a certain degree of physical weakness was perceptible towards the close of his life, his mental vigour was in no way diminished, and he continued to be a hard intellectual worker to the last. With his departure the Society has lost one of its most distinguished members, whose life and work within it form a distinct feature in its history.

But it was not to the Society alone that Sir James Picton gave his valuable aid in the promotion of literary and scientific culture. In the early part of his long public career he devoted himself to the advocacy of the Free Public Library and Museums' Act, the passing of which, it is hardly too much to say, was in a great measure due to his zealous exertions. He was the chairman of the Library, Museum and Arts Committee of the Town Council from its foundation to the time of his death, and in that capacity he presided over the Museum, the Free Public Library, and the Walker Art Gallery. In the selection of books for the use of the citizens, he acted on the principle of providing works which would not only be serviceable in the general diffusion

of knowledge, but would also be of special benefit to students—to literary, scientific and professional men. Convinced that in his own mind he had a veritable possession which it was his clear duty to cultivate, he sought to impress upon others the like sense of responsibility, and for this generous end he endeavoured to place within the reach of all, through the institutions over which he presided, the best available facilities for enabling them to fulfil this trust. As the author of the *Memorials of Liverpool*, and other works of local history, his name will not soon be forgotten; but the best monument to his memory is the noble institution in William Brown Street, which his discernment and devotion originated and upheld for the improvement of his fellow citizens.

The Report was passed on the motion of Dr. NEVINS, seconded by Mr. PHINEAS BENAS.

The HONORARY TREASURER read his Annual Statement of Accounts as audited, which was adopted and passed on the motion of Dr. NEWTON, seconded by Mr. GREEN.

The following Office Bearers were then elected: Vice-Presidents—Isaac Roberts, F.G.S., F.R.A.S., Principal Rendall, M.A., Mr. B. L. Benas; Hon. Treasurer—Frederick W. Edwards, M.S.A.; Hon. Secretary—John Rutherford, LL.B.; Hon. Librarian—R. McLintock.

The following Ordinary Members of Council were also elected: John Newton, M.R.C.S., W. Watson Rutherford, J. M. McMaster, R. J. Lloyd, M.A., Geo. Henry Morton, Chas. J. English, Henry Longuet Higgins, Josiah Marples, Rev. J. Polack, B.A., J. W. Thompson, B.A., Robert F. Green, Thomas A. Bellew, Miss Fanny Calder, Robert Nicholson.

The Associates of the Society were re-elected, and to the list was added Mr. Arthur Edward Nevins.

A vote of thanks to Mr. BIRCHALL for his conduct in the

Chair was proposed by Dr. NEVINS, seconded by Mr. BENAS, and unanimously carried.

The Rev. H. H. HIGGINS, M.A., the President elect, delivered his Inaugural Address on "What is Religion?" \*

### FIRST ORDINARY MEETING.

ROYAL INSTITUTION, October 21st, 1889.

REV. H. H. HIGGINS, M.A., President, in the Chair.

Mr. R. K. Leather, M.A., Mr. F. J. Sharpe, B.A., and the Rev. C. A. Stubbs, M.A., were duly elected Ordinary Members.

Various objects of interest in Natural History were exhibited.

### SECOND ORDINARY MEETING.

ROYAL INSTITUTION, November 4th, 1889.

REV. H. H. HIGGINS, M.A., President, in the Chair.

Mr. JAMES BIRCHALL read a paper on "The Church and the State in Mediæval Europe. II. The Liberties of the Gallican Church." †

### THIRD ORDINARY MEETING.

ROYAL INSTITUTION, November 18th, 1890.

REV. H. H. HIGGINS, M.A., President, in the Chair.

Mr. W. A. Duncan and the Rev. R. A. Armstrong, B.A., were duly elected Ordinary Members.

\* See page 1.

† See page 75.

Mr. W. A. UNWIN read a paper on "The Authorship of Gil Blas."

The PRESIDENT exhibited a series of thirty specimens of *Turbo petholatus* from West Australia and Queensland, lately acquired by the Public Museum. Many of them possessed the beautiful eye-like operculum which characterises the species. The shell is remarkable for its highly varied and elaborated colour pattern. Mr. HIGGINS made some remarks on the interest of the exquisite adornments of this shell, for which, so far as he knew, no utilitarian reason could be given.

#### FOURTH ORDINARY MEETING.

ROYAL INSTITUTION, December 2nd, 1889.

REV. H. H. HIGGINS, M.A., President, in the Chair.

Capt. Ferguson was elected an Associate Member.

Principal RENDALL, M.A., read a paper on "Stoicism and History."\*

#### FIFTH ORDINARY MEETING.

ROYAL INSTITUTION, December 16th, 1889.

REV. H. H. HIGGINS, M.A., President, in the Chair.

Dr. R. R. Rentoul was duly elected an Ordinary Member.

Mr. R. C. JOHNSON read a paper on "The Perception of the Invisible."

Mr. E. R. RUSSELL read a paper on "The Book of King Arthur."†

\* See page 273.

† See page 29.

## SIXTH ORDINARY MEETING.

ROYAL INSTITUTION, January 6th, 1890.

REV. H. H. HIGGINS, M.A., President, in the Chair.

The PRESIDENT referred to the death of the Rev. Father Perry.

Mr. MARPLES made a communication upon the Linotype, and exhibited some specimens of print.

Mr. McLINTOCK read a note upon the First Part of the Second Volume of the New English Dictionary.

The PRESIDENT read a letter from Mr. Bewsher, of Mauritius, upon "The Green Fly" in that island.

Mr. R. J. LLOYD, M.A., read a paper on "The Aryan Cradle Language."\*

## SEVENTH ORDINARY MEETING.

ROYAL INSTITUTION, January 20th, 1890.

REV. H. H. HIGGINS, M.A., President, in the Chair.

The PRESIDENT exhibited a case of Lepidoptera, presented to the Museum by Governor Maloney, of Lagos.

Mr. F. W. EDWARDS, M.S.A., read a note on "The Adoption of a more Perfect System of Technical Instruction by the Liverpool School Board."†

Mr. OSMUND W. JEFFS read a paper on "Records of the Rocks by the Aid of Photography."

\* See page 147.

† See page 67.

## EIGHTH ORDINARY MEETING.

ROYAL INSTITUTION, February 3rd, 1890.

REV. H. H. HIGGINS, M.A., President, in the Chair.

Sir Alfred Maloney, K.C.M.G., Governor of Lagos, and Capt. John Ferguson, were elected Corresponding Members of the Society.

The PRESIDENT exhibited some Bones of the Cats from Mummy Pits in Egypt, Carved Ivory Balls from China, and a Japanese Doctor's Medicine Box.

Mr. B. L. BENAS read a paper on "The Ethics and Poetry of the Chinese, with Phases in their History." \*

## NINTH ORDINARY MEETING.

ROYAL INSTITUTION, February 17th, 1890.

REV. H. H. HIGGINS, M.A., President, in the Chair.

Mr. NEWTON made some remarks on "The Mummified Cats of Egypt," and the PRESIDENT read a letter thereon which appeared in *The Liverpool Daily Post* of February 5th.

The Rev. S. FLETCHER WILLIAMS read a paper on "Copernicus and his Work." †

## TENTH ORDINARY MEETING.

ROYAL INSTITUTION, March 3rd, 1890.

MR. B. L. BENAS, Vice-President, in the Chair.

Mr. Henry Cairncross Duncan was duly elected an Ordinary Member.

Mr. R. F. GREEN read a paper on "Christianity and Buddhism." ‡

\* See page 113.

† See page 167.

‡ See page 299.

# ELEVENTH ORDINARY MEETING.

ROYAL INSTITUTION, March 17th, 1890.

REV. H. H. HIGGINS, M.A., President, in the Chair.

Mr. McLINTOCK read a paper on "Johann und Gretchen."

# TWELFTH ORDINARY MEETING.

ROYAL INSTITUTION, March 31st, 1890.

REV. H. H. HIGGINS, M.A., President, in the Chair.

Mr. R. J. LLOYD, M.A., read a paper on "The Physical Nature of Vowel Sounds." \*

# THIRTEENTH ORDINARY MEETING.

ROYAL INSTITUTION, April 14th, 1890.

REV. H. H. HIGGINS, M.A., President, in the Chair.

A *Conversazione* was held, and examples illustrating the History and Development of Writing, Printing, and Engraving, were exhibited.

The following books from the Free Public Library were exhibited by the PRESIDENT and Mr. COWELL:—

*Epistles of St. Jerome* (in Latin), printed at Mayence, by Peter Schoeffer, folio, 1470. A fine specimen of early typography.

*Quintiliani Institutionum Oratoriarum libri XII*, printed

\* See page 243.

by Aldus, Venice, 1521. An octavo in Aldine or Italic type throughout. Beautifully bound after the Grolier style by Gruel, Paris.

*Caesaris, C. Julii quae extant*, printed by Elzevir, Leyden, 1635. One of the rarer duodecimos, and bound by Derome.

A collection of Historical Prints, engraved from pictures by the most celebrated painters by Sir Robert Strange. A large folio containing fifty plates by this eminent master of line engraving.

Engravings from the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Two folio volumes of exquisite portraits in mezzotints.

*Galerie Royale de Dresde*. Containing the principal pictures of this important gallery finely executed in lithography.

*Palæographie Universelle*, by J. B. Silvestre. An important work, giving illuminated facsimile specimens of ancient and mediæval manuscripts, with letterpress descriptions.

*The Royal Gallery*. Ancient and modern engravings from the collections at Windsor Castle, Buckingham Palace, and Osborne. Fine specimens of steel engraving.

*Illustrated Biographies of Modern Artists*. A volume of fine etched portraits and other engravings.

*Société d'aquarellistes français*. Two volumes folio, Paris, 1883. Choice specimens of *photogravure*.

*General History of Quadrupeds*, the figures engraved in wood by Thomas Bewick.

*History of British Birds*, with wood engraving by Thomas Bewick.

*Polychrome Meisterwerke*, edited by H. Köhler, a large folio, with fine plates in chromolithography.

*Keramic Art of Japan*, by G. A. Audsley and J. L. Bowes, plates in chromolithography.

Amongst other objects exhibited were the following :—

“Specimens of Writing on the Talipot Palm, with the Instruments used in Writing,” by Mr. F. W. Holder.

A Series of Etchings, Engravings, etc., from the Portfolio, by Mr. McLintock.

Books of Alchemy and Early Chemistry, by Dr. Campbell Brown and Mr. Watt.

Northumbrian Gospels, by Dr. Nevins.

Manuscript Books of Hours with Miniatures, Printed Books of Hours, German Bible (1483), with coloured illustrations, Nuremberg Chronicle (1493), with large Maps and Woodcuts, and Der Schatzbehälter (1491), with Maps and Woodcuts, by Dr. Newton.

Examples of Photoprocess Printing, and Blocks used in the Art, by Mr. O. W. Jeffs.

#### FOURTEENTH ORDINARY MEETING.

ROYAL INSTITUTION, April 28th, 1890.

REV. H. H. HIGGINS, M.A., President, in the Chair.

Mr. B. L. BENAS was elected President of the Society for the next two Sessions.

The following resolution was then passed :—“That the Society expresses its feeling of the loss sustained through Mr. Isaac Roberts leaving the neighbourhood, and congratulates him on his distinguished achievements in celestial photography.”

Mr. H. L. HIGGINS read a paper on “Browning’s View of the Shadows and Minor Keys of Life.” \*

Principal RENDALL read a paper on “Robert Browning.” †

\* See page 195.

† See page 273.



PAPERS READ DURING THE SESSION.



## WHAT IS RELIGION ?

BY REV. H. H. HIGGINS, M.A.

*The design of the following address is to show that in the presence of the sceptical movement now in progress, it is not good to substitute Ethics for Theology—as advocated by the earlier Positivists, and the author of “The Service of Man”—but to accept, from the life and personal teachings of the Founder of Christianity, a faith in entire harmony with his spirit, and with the newly-acquired knowledge we possess of Nature.*

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RELIGION, in common with other great natural gifts of the Eternal, has this quality—its benefits are enjoyed by multitudes who are quite incapable of describing the origin of their happiness therein.

In the course of this address, it may be needful for me to show that much of what is often taken for religion is more commonly its adversary ; but that, as is seen in the judgment parable, those who are unconscious of any specially religious motive, may very possibly be most genuinely under active religious influence.

Within the last half century a well-marked division into two classes has separated Theistic cosmogonists into—such as believe that the Eternal originating Mind created all things, animate and inanimate, spontaneously, discretely, and from without, *i.e.*, at a distance—and such as believe that the Eternal originating Mind, ever from the beginning immanent in all things as the Life of the universe, constituted the whole, not discretely, nor from without, but by a most wonderful method, and in an order capable of being apprehended and, in some measure, appreciated by man.

It is evident that the phenomena of Nature, as presented to the former of these classes, are deficient in much of the beautiful connection and unity which is recognised in them by observers of the second class. The conception of Nature entertained by Christian Theists of the second class will probably afford materials for an extensive literature in all ages of the future. I can only now attempt to illustrate the bearing of a few undisputed facts upon a great change which has commenced in our own day, and which will, I believe, find a happy result in the vast promotion throughout the world of the true mind and spirit of the Founder of Christianity.

#### THE TOTAL MEASURE OF RELIGION IN THE WORLD.

The first, and perhaps the most stupendous fact calling for our notice, is the existence of fourteen hundred millions of mankind now living on the earth (*Statesman's Year-Book* for 1888, p. 21).

All these, with the exception of a very small residue, are worshippers, and have some kind of religion. Of the inconceivably vast kingdoms of animal and vegetable life, *these only* are worshippers. There is, therefore, such a thing as a totality, or a total amount, in the religion as there is in the rainfall of the world, the latter being a physical, but the former a psychical, fact. An inquirer who should direct his thoughts to the study of man, taken collectively, as the representative of religious life upon the earth, would probably find a very limited amount of literature directly available for his help.

The ancient sacred writings of various nations were extant amongst tribes with capacities quite undeveloped towards such a conception as the "human race." Themselves and their great hereditary enemies they knew, but none beyond. The Assyrians had foes on the north and on

the south whom they recognised; and if the ships of Phœnicia, creeping from horn to point along the coast, went far and returned, the natives where they had been were to them scarcely more than animals who could trade.

The Jews, so small a people and yet so mighty in history, and in the imperishable character of their remains, had sublime thoughts—sublime, yet incompatible with the extended knowledge that was to be—knew in fact little of what in their own days was going on in China, India, and Japan; perhaps also in Mexico, and in the “*Cradle of the Aryans*.” The Jews would not, I think, have written all that they wrote if they *could have* had an adequate idea of the human race. Yet, if they had not written, it is doubtful whether we now had known so much.

The ideas for which many ancient words *seem* to stand, were then, in the main part, not in existence. The expression “mankind” of to-day, was not the mankind of the nearest word in the arrow-headed character. There is no evidence that the concept had then arisen, and there is probability that it had not.

At the dawn of history the habitable globe was divided into oceans, islands, and continents, very much as it now is; at all events, there is no reason for limiting the human family to a few regions on the borders of a land-locked sea, with Phœnicia and Egypt on its shores, the early homes of men. Antiquity as great as may be found in any race of men may possibly belong to the natives of northern Japan—the Ainos—living almost at the antipodes of the Mediterranean; and it would be most unnatural to conceive the intermediate regions destitute of population.

At the epoch when the western hemisphere was first peopled, it is at least possible that in the eastern, or, as it is called, the Old World, several centres of civilization had been developed, each sufficiently advanced to possess a

national cultus of great dignity and some spirituality; but without the technical knowledge of good inventions that would enable them to have free communication with worshippers living at a distance. *We* have the secular knowledge necessary for free intercommunication, and with it the assurance, confirmed by recent science—that One Power “hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth.”

On such ground I venture to speak of desiring a bird's-eye view of the religions of the world, taken, as if from a little distance, out of the war of controversy, and enabling the observer to discern the ethnic faiths occupying territories side by side or mingled in one country. All being children of one Father.

But though this is a real thing, and of the nature of a fact, it has been found very difficult to attain and preserve upon it the attitude of steadfast contemplation necessary for deriving reasonable inferences therefrom. Nevertheless the idea sought for is of grave importance, and its absence has led to results for which wise men have grieved.

In support of the genuineness and authenticity of a written, supernatural, revelation, it was declared by Paley and others to be highly improbable that the Creator of man should have left the human race without any direct testimony of his own divine character and work.

But if we admit this to be a reasonable statement, its application in the case of a revelation limited to one small section of mankind—yet claiming to possess an universal, infallible authority—changeless for all ages—and utterly excluding every child of man, except through the gate of nationalisation with the Jew—to say no more, takes from such an *a priori* argument, as an appeal to what is reasonable, the whole of its powerful prestige. It is most improbable that *such* a revelation should have been given by

a wise and loving Creator. A misconception of such fearful magnitude might, humanly speaking, have ruined the prospects of Hebrew theology; and so it would, but that there is very much of healthy feeling in man's nature. His heart has ever been better than his logic, and noble minds moulded on the Jewish Scriptures of their day have worshipped their Jehovah, in whom they felt no blemish by reason of the, to us, strange, and contradictory things they found themselves told concerning Him. To them, by reason of their deficiency in knowledge, they were neither contradictory nor strange.

It seems probable that the worst ethical results of the Hebrew worship of a Divine Being devoted to Israel, but indifferent, comparatively, to all the world besides, were not developed until many years had passed after the coming of Christ, or even till after the reformation. Calvinism with its stern logic, and the Inquisition in the depth of its inhumanity, could have gained no hold on the Jews of the Old Testament. Humanly speaking, what shall we say of the worship of Baal in comparison with these fruits of a far higher civilization?

It seems but yesterday when I attended the annual meeting of the Church Missionary Society, held in the Court Theatre, then the Amphitheatre of this city. The building was crowded to the very roof; and I well remember the breathless silence which prevailed amongst the masses, when an earnest voice, trembling with impassioned, but, as I believe, genuine emotion, delivered solemn warnings against yielding to the delusion that there *could* be any solid ground for hope that a single heathen could be saved from endless burning except by being converted to the Christian faith. Mark, it was not said that no heathen could be saved. No, for all things are possible with God. But to suppose that *we* could have any solid ground for hope in the case of a heathen was only a mournful delusion. Trusting in the

character of the Almighty, without pledge, or sacrament, or written promise, was reckoned wholly unwarrantable or even inconceivable. Surely this way of putting it, as also the sentiment in the rubric on the death of unbaptized infants, is more hurtful to theology than St. Paul's straight-forward appeal respecting vessels *made* to honour, and vessels *made* to dishonour.

How would an assembly so instructed have received an expression of the larger hope not unfamiliar to us now? Led by such pioneers as David Livingstone the missionary work still continues, and a better foundation for it than "Tophet" is found in the parable of the Good Samaritan.

The nations around seem to demand a hearing. Some short notice must be taken of the character of that large majority of the world now left to uncovenanted mercies which no pious Christian, it is said, will presume to determine in favour, even of a brother.

In reply to the momentous question: "What is Religion?" we have attempted to regard the subject synthetically. We pass on to notice briefly a few of the great religions of the world.

We may commence with the mighty and ancient religion of Buddhism, which is about 500 years older than Christianity, and was founded by Sakya-muni who afterwards became the Buddha, "one who knows." The name is retained in the Anglo-Saxon "bode" and "fore-bode," meaning to know. Buddhism embraces nearly or quite three hundred millions of human beings. It is the popular religion of China: the state religion of Thibet and of what was formerly the Burman Empire. It is the religion of Siam, Assam, Nepal, Ceylon, in short, of a vast portion of Eastern Asia.

"The Buddhist morality is one of endurance, patience, submission, and abstinence, rather than of action, energy, enterprise. Love for

all beings is its nucleus, every animal being a possible relative (through transmigration). To love our enemies, to govern ourselves, to avoid vices, to reverence age, to provide food and shelter for men and animals, to despise no religion, show no intolerance, not to persecute, are the virtues of these people. Woman too, is better treated by Buddhism than by most other Oriental religions."\*

Buddhism has made all its conquests honourably by a process of rational appeal to the human mind, and was never propagated by force. The pure and gentle character of its founder, the spirituality of its sacred writings, only recently known in the west, its purity and freedom from idolatry, its heroic struggle against the tyranny of the Brahman priests and the evils of caste, may well be contemplated with admiration.

But the extension of Buddhism by its northern disciples presents the fellowship of Buddha in a form widely contrasted with that of its earlier years, yet not perhaps so entirely devoid of truth as some have reported it to be; for Lamaism, as it is known in Tibet, is a religion of conspicuously high ceremonials, headed by a supreme pontiff supported by huge monasteries, one of them containing 4,000 Lama priests bound, for the sake of an uninstructed populace, to maintain certain superstitious uses.

Few writers of travels, and even few missionaries, care to record whether this religion of high ceremony makes its votaries treat their wives and children well; but they are sure to be profuse in describing prayer wheels, in the hands of the people, and for public use in the markets, and turned by water in the streams.

The origin of the prayer wheel, where myriads of Lama priests are ever turning over the palm leaves on which are written the laws of Buddha, may well be a desire to help the uninstructed millions to join in an act of supposed veneration.

\* J. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, Paris, 1860.

tion, connecting the going forth of the sacred law with the daily course of the sun, the source of light and life.

The prayer sentence multiplied in the wheels is Om Mani Padmi Hoong. Om, corresponding with the Hebrew Yah, here applied to Buddha. Mani, Jewel, a title of Buddha. Padmi, Lotus; on the Lotus throne, as he is frequently represented. Hoong, Amen.

The visitor who sees the poor Tibetan peasant grinding away at the public iron prayer-crank, for himself and his wife and his little ones, may jot down in his journal, "Of course this banishes all possibility of real prayer." Nevertheless, when he gets home to England he finds a satisfaction in applying to himself and his friends such aphorisms as, "*Laborare est orare*"—"He prayeth best who loveth best." What is true for the polished Anglican worshipper in the orthodox faith, is true also for the many millions of poor Buddhists who sweat at the heavy prayer-wheels if so be that a blessing may come on themselves and their friends.

Brahmanism, the religion of the Hindoos, although numbering more than one hundred millions of adherents had no personal founder. There seems to have been in many religions a tendency to recognise a Divine Triad. In Egypt, Osiris the Creator, Typhon the Destroyer, and Horus the Preserver; in Persia, Ormazd the Creator, Ahriman the Destroyer, and Mithra the Restorer; in Buddhism, Buddha the Divine Man, Dharma the Word, and Sangha the Communion of Saints. So out of races who had developed the most ancient Vedas came the Hindoo Triad of Brahma Creator, Vishnu Preserver, and Siva Destroyer. 500 years B.C. the burdens imposed by the Hindoo priesthood had become intolerable, and Sakya Muni, the reformer, arose founding a religion which was established by Asoka 150 B.C.

Left to itself, and in the presence of an antagonistic religion, Buddhism, forbidding idolatry altogether, Brahmanism became extravagantly symbolical. It must, however, be admitted that "the Hindu religion has been more unjustly described than most others, owing to the superficial views, or more frequently the religious bias of popular writers. Thus the absurd points have been dwelt on, and the indecent hinted at, till the whole system of the religion appears to be almost entirely made up of these incidents which are merely the later growths of allegory, and chiefly the invention of the poets. The initiated and the educated, adored One Eternal Mind, the self-existing, incomprehensible spirit known as Brahm."—*E. Hodges, F.S.Sc.*

Sir William Jones, followed by Mr. Max Müller, have made us acquainted in our own language with those astonishing productions, the Vedas, the oldest works in the Hindu literature. The hymns of the Rig Veda are of unknown authorship or age, and they are very numerous. R. W. Church, dean of St. Paul's, says of them, "They stand out like constellations, projected singly and in isolation against an impenetrable depth of dark sky behind them."

Want of space compels me to select one only of these Vedic hymns, and that the shortest accessible to me. It is addressed to Varuna, the God of the sky—the Greek Ouranos, or Heaven, and also the name of the God who resides in the sky.

Let me not yet, O Varuna, enter into the house of clay; have mercy, Almighty, have mercy.

Through want of strength, thou strong and high God, I have gone on the wrong shore; have mercy, Almighty, have mercy.

Thirst came upon the worshipper though he stood in the midst of the waters; have mercy, Almighty, have mercy.

Whenever we men, O Varuna, commit an offence before the heavenly host;

Whenever we break thy law through thoughtlessness ; have mercy, Almighty, have mercy.

Dean Church, in his volume on *The Gifts of Civilisation*, quotes at full length this and several much longer Vedic hymns, and he appears to feel their simple grandeur.

“We find in these hymns,” the Dean says (p. 374), “unquestionably the idea of righteousness and sin ; we find also, less distinctly, the idea of a life after death ;” (p. 350) “The heart of a religion passes into its poetry—all its joy, its tenderness and sweetness, if it has any, its longings and reachings after the Eternal and the Unseen.”

(Page 367.) “They seem like men striving after a great truth apparently within their reach, but really just beyond it . . . Seekers after God, and of the invisible things of Him they may have been. But who will say that they were the *finders* ?”

The italics are Dean Church’s, and they have indeed a sad significance. We all know what is meant by Dean Church as involved in the failing to find God.

Such was the religion of our first Aryan forefathers. Bunsen says their worship was the infantile prattle of that early world on the deepest of all subjects. One wonders that the allusion to the hosannas of children did not take some effect. But the Dean has only a *non possumus* in reply. (P. 372) “There is no bridging over the interval between the one Supreme, Almighty, Most Holy God, and any idea of divinity or of divine powers, many or few, which comes short of it. The belief is there or it is not.” Of these early Eastern religions the Dean goes on to say—(page 386) “their singers sought Him, it may be ; but it was in vain !” Alas, that it should be regarded as a point of honour to think thus of God.

Eastward of India lies the marvellous territory known as

the Empire of China, with a population of 400 millions, which is more than a quarter of the inhabitants of the world. The bulk of the people are Buddhists, and with them in their elaborate ritual are joined the Taoists; but whilst Buddhism is generous, benevolent, humane, seeking to help others, Tao-ism is selfish, and addicted to magic and spiritism.

Confucianism alone has any claim to the title of a state religion, and its system, taught by competitive examinations, rules the thought of China, merely tolerating other religious professions as suitable to persons of weak minds.

Although Confucius did not himself worship a personal God, the last years of his life were devoted to the reproduction of certain very ancient books called *Kings*, from the webs of cloth on which they were written. In his days, 500 B.C., these books had become almost forgotten. They teach that there is one Supreme Being who has an intelligence which nothing can escape, and who wishes men to live together in peace and brotherhood. He commands not only right actions, but pure desires and thoughts.

The worship of Confucius was directed to ancestors, to propriety, to the state as father and mother of its subjects, to the ruler as in the place of authority. Perfectly sincere, deeply and absolutely assured of all that he knew, he said nothing he did not believe. Many beautiful and noble things are related concerning the character of Confucius—of his courage in the midst of danger, of his humility in the highest position of honour. His writings and life have given the law to Chinese thought. He is the patron saint of that great empire.

A people with institutions and such a social life cannot be despised, and to call them uncivilised is as absurd in us as it is in them to call Europeans barbarians. They are a good, intelligent, and happy people. The degraded popula-

tion of the suburbs of Canton, and other parts of China, corrupted as they have been by intercourse with some of the lowest classes of Europeans, are as nothing compared with the four hundred millions of living men women and children that owe much to the wholesome wisdom and prudence of Confucius.

Another great and very ancient religion still survives, though in exile, and with diminished numbers in its ranks. It is the religion of Zoroaster and the Zend Avesta, probably an offset from the original Aryan stock, and established as the national religion of Persia in the third century of our era. Driven thence by the Mahomedan power, the followers of Zoroaster found refuge in Bombay and other parts of India, where, to the number of 85,000, they are at present known and highly respected as the Parsis.

One of the most conspicuous features in the religion of Zoroaster is his unflinching support given to two antagonistic powers, Ahura Masda, the All-Good; and Ahriman, the Evil-One.

From early ages, in certain channels of religion, it has been made a supreme essential to acknowledge one God only. But if this involve ascribing to the One Power acts, the principles of which would not be tolerated in man, ethically it might be better to own the existence also of an adverse Power. There is not necessarily anything intrinsically evil in dualism. It is inevitable without sufficient light.

It is better to have an Ahura Mazda, and to cast in the lot with him, and be wholly on his side; and an Ahriman to hate, and to struggle against, and defy with all the heart and soul—than to boast of having one God only, but to be very mistrustful of him, and to think him capable of doing things we should be sorry to hear charged against a human friend. Real monotheism demands man at the summit of his capacities, and then it is a perilous height.

Zoroaster was probably a man whose deep and honest feelings towards the object of his worship admitted not of his tampering with the attributes of the divine character. His thoughts were sternly just, and unable to be appeased in the sight of evil. They were not attractive, as those of Sakya Muni, but they left to his followers a lesson which has apparently had lasting qualities; for if the Parsis are not numerous, a considerable proportion of them are wealthy, and have taken the lead in voluntary munificence, and in the promotion of free education and works of public benevolence.

Our thoughts have been directed to those only of the great religions of the world which, commencing long before Christianity, have remained to this day active and influential powers.

1. Brahmanism : a sacerdotal hierarchy, mystical, cruel, proud, ascetic : exercising over its devotees a strong influence, used obviously for much evil, but ultimately, it may be hoped, for some good.

2. Buddhism : moral, gentle, communicative, domestic, loving ; but liable to extreme perversion.

3. Confucianism : systematic, politic, worldly wise ; weak in emergency but strong in ancestral veneration.

4. The Religion of Zoroaster : strict, honourable ; and, amongst the four, pre-eminent in the generous treatment of women. Laying much stress on right principles of action ; not afraid of Ahriman, but never treating the evil power with levity or subserviency.

More than half the world is here before us, and we have yet seen nothing of the millions of Islam, or of the Turanian, or the Aztec, or any of the barbarous races—or of Christianity. What a stupendous scheme of manifold religion has been developed, and for how wide an extent of the habitable earth ; and for what long ages. Is this Creation or Evolution ? Either way it is of the Eternal.

But most astonishing of all are the contrasts between one development and another : between the Brahman mystic and the Confucian law-observer—the Buddhist, satisfied with endless reiterations of his prayer sentence, Om Mani Padmi Hoong, and the Parsi lost in contemplative veneration before the sacred fire, the emblem of Ahura Mazda—and between all these and the lisplings of those who dwell in the shadow of the valley where the light of knowledge shineth not. It is hard on pain of loss of faith to be driven to believe that all this means nothing, or worse.

#### THE SPIRIT OF ALLIANCE.

Such a revelation as must attend a glimpse, ever so slight and imperfect, of the world and its human population can hardly do otherwise than make us feel painfully the want of focus in our mental organs of perception, adjusted as they are to closer vision. Yet the thought cannot be avoided—as animals, all mankind are of one blood ; but where is the psychical bond ?

We shall not find such a bond of union in any object of worship in systematic theology. Our own monotheism is gained at the expense of such a conception of the Supreme as Zoroaster would have been unable and unwilling to entertain towards Ahura Mazda.

Nor can the world be united in any mode of sacrifice or substitutionary worship ; or in anything involving faith in the historic character of the fall of man, and of the cursing of the earth by its Maker for man's sake.

Nor would it be reasonable to hold out hope of union in anything requiring a general renunciation—the Buddhist to renounce Gautama the Buddha ; the Parsis, to renounce Zoroaster ; the Christian, Christ. It is not meant after being proselytized ; but now. What is there to bind us together just as we are, now ?

Not with any expectation of being able to give a great answer to this question is it brought forward, but in order that it may be asked after *some* effort has been made to show the deep interest of the subject. The question has never had a fair chance, and many will be unable to be satisfied as to its serious importance. My hope is that it may bring some help to us in our thoughts of the shadows that coming events are casting on our path.

No better name has occurred to me for such a link, if there be one, than the Spirit of Alliance.

It will readily be granted that what is termed natural affection is co-extensive with the human race.

See o'er Greenland, cold and wild,  
Rocks of ice eternal piled,  
Yet the mother loves her child.—MONTGOMERY.

It is shared by lower animals, but that is of no consequence in our enquiry. Natural affection is an active principle, and, intentionally, always leads to the good of the object. Few moral generalisations are more reliable than this; and upon it may at once be founded the recognition, throughout all the world, of an immeasurably vast amount of thoughts, desires, and actions continually occurring, not instigated by selfish motives, nor by such as are termed religious, but springing naturally from a feeling for the benefit of the object. The whole of this is good, though not always highly intellectual, and of course it is liable to be overcome by stronger passions, but it is as natural as hunger. Its native sphere is in the family, which is the unit of the human race.

It is, however, the same principle that actuates men in relations which spring up amongst themselves, wider than the family, when they become members of a society, a church, or a community.

It is a feeling born not, I think, of a sense of duty, but of inclination,—a natural instinct, active on account of the relations into which men enter, and their liking for others who are with them in the same sodality—making them willing and anxious to act not for self, but for those of their fellows with whom they are associated. A school-boy will act in the most unselfish way for the credit of his school. For its sake he will give up his place in the 14, or the 11, or the 8—a bitter trial to him—without murmuring. The power of personal affection is thus brought to bear upon conduct, rendering it unselfish and generous.

When we reckon up the ways in which men, women, and children are banded together for various purposes, and that each segregation throughout the world, so far as it promotes a mutual interest between the members of the body, gives them an impulse to act unselfishly—the field for training in a generous use of life is seen to be vast indeed.

We need, then, some concise statement as to what it is that we are endeavouring to uphold as good. Shall we say it is the spirit that prompts us to do well for the sake of those with whom we are banded? If this be received as not objectionable, the next thing needed is a name for it.

Such good old words as “kindred,” brotherhood,” “fellowship,” and the like, express facts of unity, but not the active spirit that springs therefrom. The French have an expression—*esprit de corps*—fairly answering the required purpose, though requiring to be modified when applied to the affairs of a family. But the fact of having to borrow a French expression seems to put the matter beyond the earnest, homely, teaching that leads to salvation; *i.e.*, to a healthy condition of mind.

And so, it comes to pass that, with half a dozen names for every kind of thing that is bad, we are without a word

to express that which, take the world through, is at least one of the most powerful motives for well-doing.

The spirit that prompts us to do well for the sake of those with whom we are allied. For want of a better name we may call it the Spirit of Alliance, and find, as we have already done, our first and most obvious example in the relation which subsists between the members of a family—a bond so perfectly according to nature that Jesus the Christ, in what he said about "*corban*," seems to give the spirit of alliance priority in claim to obligations urged on the ground of religious authority; and St. Paul thus writes: "If any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel." There are, then, worse people than infidels, according to St. Paul.

I have already said that the spirit of alliance is probably the strongest *and the most abundant psychical motive power for good in the world*. What striving and pinching! What cruel words from masters and mistresses, borne without reply! What suffering endured in silence—all for the sake of the family; and not always from ties of blood affinity, for how many servants have there been of the type of Caleb Balderston!—at whose quaint heart-overflowings one could almost cry, at the bottom they are so sweet and good.

And what a restraint on old and young is laid by the spirit of family alliance. O the pang, more bitter than death, of bringing disgrace upon a family. O the joy, in a distant land, when some soldier lad gets the Victoria Cross pinned on, as his very first thoughts fly homeward—"What will mother say to this?"

It is hard to prefer motives that require perpetual whipping up by stringent doctrines, or to be inflamed by gorgeous ceremonies, or galvanised into semblance of life by threats of endless future torment. Why, here is a

motive stronger than death, and that many waters cannot quench.

Moreover, this Spirit of Alliance is active in every place throughout the world, though increasing with the measure of civilisation and genuine religious influence prevailing therein. For the spirit of alliance is not supposed to take the place of faith, or to be a substitute for the Christian or any other religion. It has incomparably greater opportunities for action amongst the various friendly relations found in races which possess a civilised cult, most of all in Christian races. Yet it acts powerfully in the hearts of young children, and decays not where the almond tree blossoms. The parents do well for the sake of the children, and the children for the sake of the parents, even though the name of Christ be unknown.

Can this be regarded as more than the fruit of animal instinct? Yes, it is not the result of mere brute instinct, and to attribute it to human instinct is no disparagement. The whole spirit of Christ's teaching shews his wondrous regard for *natural* good qualities, such as might be found in little children, or shared by the Samaritan and the Pagan with the Christian and the Jew—thus acknowledging the natural right instincts of humanity as his Father's own work.

I am not disposed to draw an impassable gulf between the noble qualities possessed by some animals and their yet higher counterparts in man; but in the spirit of family alliance there seems to be something of the nature of such a gulf, for the passionate attachment of the brute mother turns to indifference, or even hatred, as the young are growing up, but the human spirit of family endearment becomes stronger and stronger to the very last.

And how marvellous is the spontaneous activity exerted through the spirit of alliance. I do not see that any

genuine line of distinction can be drawn between the human instinct that with love clasps the hand of a brother, and that which draws a tear into the eye at the remembrance of "home, *sweet home*." The spirit of alliance can be moved by things supposed to be without life—stones and trees—"the streamlet"—"our alley," perhaps only a poor place after all. And thoughts thus begotten are almost always fresh and pure.

For the most part they lead in the way of well-doing. There are conspiracies for evil deeds, but they are like ropes of sand; there are alliances for wickedness—thugs and assassins, but like bats they hide in holes and corners of the earth; the villain is more or less of a solitary man, and if he has a companion he turns his knife on him, perhaps sooner than on any other man.

But as for alliances for good—the time would indeed fail me to tell of countless federations in which the members are encouraged to act honourably, and justly, and benevolently—such bodies as the Freemasons, and the Odd Fellows, and a hundred others. Who knows not the enthusiasm of the soldier for his regiment, that makes the mention of its number an exorcism to drive away all such thoughts as are shabby and base? Again, what mean those ringing cheers when a knot of old British seamen hear the name of the good ship in which they fought for their country?

Such is the spirit of alliance; it has no name; it is not one of the cardinal virtues; it is not limited to any profession of faith, but is a pure instinct of the human spirit; not therefore the less, but the more, the work of the Divine Spirit; and few can claim that they are out of hearing of its friendly voice, or beyond the reach of its upright promptings.

You have been asked to judge of the human race by what it has of the Spirit of Alliance. It is impossible—you

cannot have the adequate materials before you. Herein lies a great and distressing peculiarity. The bad side of life makes most of the noise in the world and is suffered to attract an immoderate share of public notice.

There is not an overt evil result of man's conflicting qualities but it flames through the land. Actions utterly insignificant and contemptible, but for the evil in them, sell the newspapers; though the greater number of the editors hate to have it so, but are unable to apply a remedy.

On the other hand, how entirely beyond all power of computation are the good actions and results of the Spirit of Alliance in one day, or in one hour, in a single city; not one of them to be found in a newspaper, *all unrecorded*, except in that memory where a cup of cold water is not forgotten.

Judging by the loud things of life the pessimists have it all their own way, and find strenuous supporters in *doctrinaires* who assert that by nature man is utterly corrupt and without goodness of any kind; so that the spirit of alliance itself being instinctive, and of unregenerate origin, must, say they, without doubt be of the nature of sin. Can it be a ground for surprise that on moral points of this sort unbelief is spreading?

I will endeavour very briefly to reply to this question in the next section of my paper—On Altruistic Worship.

#### ALTRUISTIC WORSHIP.

The use of the expression Altruistic Worship has been suggested by the prevalence in the present day of a kind of unbelief comparatively unknown in former years.

It is found in men, not of the schools but of the world; men of business, of politics, or of some recognised profession; men whose unbelief is not a trembling doubt, but a wonder how they could ever have been brought to believe

such things. Of course, judged by *doctrinaires*, these men are simply reprobates ; but they are often honest, generously disposed, and possess sincere reverence for things they hold to be sacred. They *are like men taken by surprise*, but their scepticism is not in matters of high revelations, of which they are too proud to confess their ignorance,—which is the clerical idea of scepticism,—but in ordinary things which they can understand very well, and feel that they *must* regard them with grave disapprobation.

Nevertheless, their whole inner man is not thus revolutionised ; they have no unfriendly feelings towards believers. They would not sit in the seat of the scornful, and as to throwing up their religion because of not believing what they feel they ought never to have been asked to believe, they would as soon forswear the sunshine because they had learned that there are many black spots in the sun.

Hence has arisen in the churches a very peculiar condition of affairs. An eminent bishop, at the late Church Congress, asserted openly—"The unbelief of the day is not only aggressive but almost omnipresent." And it is true enough that thousands attend public worship regularly, on the Sunday morning especially, knowing that in every part of the service occur expressions with which they can no longer sympathise. They may have good and sufficient reasons for attending, but their position has become a painful one, and prompts the thought—Why is it thus?

It would be unreasonable to expect the speedy removal of the difficulty, but its alleviation would confer a benefit so widely spread that a few moments may be well spent in seeking for an answer to this enquiry.

It falls to the lot of comparatively few to pass their Sundays within reach of public worship with every point in which they can heartily agree. Is it better for a man who disagrees, and who cannot permit indifference to truth to

rule his conduct, altogether to abstain from public worship? He may act either way conscientiously.

But if he decide to go, in what light is he to regard the sanction that he gives by his presence to the promulgation of what he holds to be serious error? Circumstances may leave him little choice in the matter of attendance; and such seems to have been the case with the first example of altruistic worship on record—that of Naaman the Syrian.

He had acknowledged Jehovah of Israel. Could he be pardoned if, in future, he bowed his head when the king leaned on his hand in the house of Rimmon? Strictly speaking, it was not a case of compulsion. He might at once have thrown up his commission and high command in which he had been a national benefactor, and thus have saved himself from the act of idolatry. The Prophet did not suggest such a course of conduct as some of our modern prophets might have done, but sent him away, healed of his leprosy, and cheered—as to his scruples—by a valedictory blessing, “Go in peace?”

Was this a compromise? The answer to this question *for us* depends on the view we may be able to take of altruistic worship. It was but very little that Naaman had really learned of the God of Israel—chiefly, as it would seem, that soil of the earth was better than stone for building an altar to Him, and that he was a jealous God, but one whose prophet could heal a leper. Naaman’s altruistic worship was the bowing of his head before the national god of Syria after having declared himself a worshipper of Jehovah.\*

We need not, in our days, look for an exact parallel. But very frequently indeed it happens that a worshipper

\* The very limited knowledge of the Jewish religion possessed by Naaman could hardly have altogether stamped out his Rimmonism. We know the abominations practiced by the priests in the name of Rimmon. Probably Naaman knew, or thought he knew, much that was good in the National Religion of Syria.

finds himself joining in a service, including hymns, or a creed, or a psalm, or a sermon, conceived in a spirit with which it has become difficult for him to unite. Such discrepancies are the unavoidable occasions of altruistic worship. Can it be justified?

On the basis of our old conceptions of public worship, which we have so long honoured and loved, and in which we have found true and pure happiness, I see no hope of reconciliation. Liturgies, and hymns, and sermons have been framed with the express purpose of keeping out such thoughts as are suggested by altruistic worship. The need of such a thing has never before been felt, and, as far as I know, the name has never been heard.

So it has been with "totality in religion," meaning the whole of religious influence throughout the world, perfect or imperfect; being all from the same source,—the thought has never been wanted, but is it not needed now? May we not, moreover, say that the thought put into words as "the spirit of alliance," not opposing the true doctrine of an imperfect nature in every child, but coupling with it the recognition of an universal instinct tending most powerfully to good, and incompatible with a totally corrupt nature. All these belong to the same class of expressions, developed by circumstances.

It may be objected that altruistic worship implies indifference to truth. But we do not regard errors, maintained in the religion of our forefathers, as any the more true because those errors have been held as parts of a whole which has proved to be of inestimable value.

We, Christians, possess not the only religious systems that the Eternal has made helpful to his children on earth as the ages have rolled along.

It may be said—You expect far too much of the men you have characterised as likely to find relief in altruistic

worship. Men of ordinary habits of thought may be quite capable of modern scepticism, but are also quite incapable of losing themselves in grateful feelings for benefits bestowed on others.

Is it not, however, true that more of this altruistic spirit is the very greatest need, for believers equally with unbelievers, in religion, which is encouraged to be unduly selfish and subjective. Perhaps a man sufficiently thoughtful to have a strong sense of difficulty in certain points of faith, may not be unfavourably conditioned towards thankfulness for others whilst not ungrateful for his own less undisturbed belief.

If we enter a building where a Christian congregation is worshipping, how certain we may be that the stream which for the hour is bearing onwards and upwards the spirits of fathers and mothers with their families, has for hundreds of years, and with many variations, brought healing to broken hearts, and hope, and peace, and wisdom.

What if the visitor receive the impulse of the healing stream in this or that century, joining in the worship, it may be, in an *Ave Maria*, or in one of Toplady's most Calvinistic hymns? His altruistic worship, even if his knowledge were ever so high, need not be disloyal to truth, but only a submission of himself to a sense of the overwhelming greatness of that salutary ocean tide on which he feels himself borne. He well knows that the congregation could not assimilate *his* own thoughts, if placed ever so clearly before them. Is there no way in which he may feel himself one in heart and mind with them? He really *is* so, the obstacles being verbal.

The question is of high practical importance. It affects all congregations alike, whether Churchmen, Nonconformists, or even Romanists, diminishing their numbers, and, in the more highly educated portions of society, creating an

unsatisfactory state of feeling on occasions which ought to be, and which are, in the absence of this trouble, the brightest hours of family reunion in the week. Ordinarily the father is the missing link. If all go heartily and well with him, the Sunday is what it ought to be. It is he who chiefly feels the trouble which lasts through the week. He has been to church, but he has not had his day of rest; cares, and the consciousness of a want of sympathy, have spoiled it, and he begins the business of the week listless and uninvigorated.

What has he done that he should be made so keenly to feel himself a defaulter? Possibly no charge can be brought against him beyond this—that he has been reading Tennyson and Matthew Arnold, George Eliot, Mrs. Ward, *The Hibbert Lectures*, or the *Nineteenth Century*, and on the Sunday he has been brought into contact with thoughts and words not permitted to be judged by the progressive knowledge of the age; in accordance with which Religion has been defined to be “Those perceptions of the infinite (or of the unseen) which are able (favourably) to influence the moral character of man.”

#### NATURAL RELIGION.

We have had before us three expressions coined in the mint of Natural Religion—the subject on which I have something to say in conclusion.

It is probable that Natural Religion owes much of its discouragement to prejudice against its name. I do not extenuate the evil of unreasonable contempt for the teachings of Nature in spiritual things; but it seems probable that tens of thousands of good men desire to have, in public worship and in their lives, a reverential awe and a genuine gladness they cannot have without there be, in worship and in life, a substructure of Natural Religion. Such is

the inference drawn, after a long and most laborious life spent in studying and translating the sacred books of various nations, by Professor Max Müller. We are more indebted to him than to any other man, for the ability to judge for ourselves what the great religions of the world have been and are. Professor Max Müller is not, I think, likely to have a bias towards Natural Religion, unless his studies had irresistibly led him thereto.

In a volume entitled *Natural Religion*, published this year, Max Müller quotes his own Gifford Lecture, given at Glasgow, 1888:—

“It is easy to say it before an audience like this, but I should not be afraid to say it before an audience of Brāhmans, Buddhists, Parsis, and Jews, that there is no religion in the whole world which in simplicity, in purity of purpose, in charity and true humanity, comes near to that religion which Christ taught to his disciples.”

In his next sentence, he alludes to the episcopal address already mentioned:—

“There may be other reasons for this omnipresent unbelief, but the principal reason is, I believe, the neglect of our foundations, the disregard of our own bookless religion, the almost disdain of Natural Religion. Even bishops will curl their lips and toss their heads when you speak to them of that natural and universal religion which existed before the advent of our historical religions, nay, without which all historical religions would have been as impossible as poetry without language.”

There has been in the history of each religion a widening severance between the real and the conventional. Not all which is conventional is worthless—not all which is real is practically available; but the active presence of some such great and simple thoughts as may be suggested by natural religion is most desirable.

It is the absence of humanizing thoughts, on sacred

occasions, that is so disastrous; for when their place is habitually preoccupied by considerations doctrinal or ritualistic, the human worshipper, whether Brahman or Buddhist, Mahometan, or Christian, is lost in the devotee—often extremely pious and zealous of good works, but believing himself bound to cherish, as the highest gift from heaven, feelings of strict caste towards those that are without.

No, Religion was made for man, and not man for religion. I think that God has given us, not miraculously, but through a perfectly natural mode of development, desires and capacities that this life cannot satisfy. I know He loves beauty, and beauty does not chiefly lie in bright colours and graceful forms, but in fitness and conservation. Shall conservation apply only to every thing that is *not* spiritual?

It is said that our longing for that which lies beyond an earthly life is no proof that we shall possess it. Perhaps it holds out a fairer inference than many allow,—especially if evolution be admitted.

Proof it is not; but I have learned, in the things of God, to hate what are called infallible proofs, and not to desire pledges or covenants, oaths or bonds. It is best with Him to live from hand to mouth, as the Jews were taught by their beautiful allegory of the manna, and we by the prayer of our Lord.

And what a harvest of much needed lessons might we thus gather. With higher thoughts of God, how many stubborn errors would right themselves; how many a root of religious bitterness would cease to poison the minds of men; how many troubled ones would possess their souls in peace; and we should learn to live with God as with One who is not ever engrossed in awarding prizes to the good, and showering strokes of wrath upon the wicked, becoming charged with anger as a cloud with electricity, but who has leisure to love what is beautiful, as well as to comfort those that

are cast down ; who recognises, notwithstanding abounding ignorance, and sin, and misery, that His purposes are not thwarted, but that earth-life is passing through another and a higher of its countless stages. For that we—wonder of wonders—that even WE may be fellow-workers with the Master Worker in that divine order which He “from before the beginning hath set for Himself to do all things by.”—*Richard Hooker.*

## THE BOOK OF KING ARTHUR.

BY EDWARD R. RUSSELL.

So far as I remember, the stories of King Arthur and the Round Table have not been made the subject of any paper read before this Society, at least for a considerable number of years. I am not a special enthusiast in admiration of those legends. But I think they may be worthy of an evening's attention. The Society is well aware of the kind of contribution which on any subject of this nature I can bring to its transactions. Nothing of erudition; nothing of special research: all I pretend to is an endeavour to see and to estimate the literary value of the work criticised, exactly as it is. That is to say, without preconception, without taking a side, without any indulgence of affectations or of peculiar or acquired taste. The literary value of any work is its value to the world. Its style may mould the language of succeeding centuries—nay, may help to establish what has been so well called “the perpetual supremacy of literature in the high sphere of thought and conduct” among myriads of men unborn. Its ideals may inspire the ambition of all goodness and truth in human hearts for generations. Its poetry as long as time shall last may waft weary spirits from the dull and enfeebling surroundings of mechanical life-routine into regions of ethereal animation. Its pathos may sanction the emotions of all humanity. Its characters may become models and types and tests of mankind, in its “proper study,” the study of man. Its incidents may embalm in memorable form, in form that cannot be forgotten, the most remarkable exigencies of human life. Of

such a work every thinking person should have an intelligent opinion. There is a kind of honour on this point in every mind that has been tinctured with literature. There is a sort of feeling that we are not entitled to the casual profit and enjoyment which we derive from a book of old and world-wide fame without rendering it that best homage which is involved in duly appraising it. How, for instance, can a man of literary mind be happy in the enjoyment of *Don Quixote*—how can he use or even be merry over its wealth of illustration and of fun—and not address himself with earnestness and candour to the heart of the book and to the mind of the writer? A true and worthy reader of great books develops what may be called a fine sense of literary honour. Just as one would not accept a gift from a friend without some thought of the character which had prompted it, and the trouble and taste expended in choosing it, and even perhaps of the worthy labour or brilliant enterprise which had yielded the means to be generous, so one would not lightly enjoy a quip of Sancho Panza, or freely use an extravagance of the knight of the rueful countenance, or call a rustic innamorata a *Dulcinea*, or a sorry steed a *Rosinante*, without having at some time of our life measured the lofty height and plumbed the rare depth of Cervantes' great and most human conception.

It cannot always follow that on such a complete review the dimensions and proportions of the edifice will exceed and excel, as in *Don Quixote*, the popular specimen bricks that we carry freely about with us to build into any literary structure upon which we may be employed. There may be some who think that the very noble aspect of the Arthurian legends in the fine poems of Tennyson does not correspond with the *Book of King Arthur* which Caxton printed from the manuscript of Sir Thomas Malory in 1485. On the other hand, some are of opinion that in reading into the old tales the

spirit and the didactic and exactly developed morals of our time, the Poet Laureate has deteriorated the fabric. Whoever is right in this debate it must be a fit undertaking for a Literary Society to consider what the old foundation work really was.

In attempting the task under the conditions which prevail in such a Society as ours, the line must be drawn between telling one's audience a great deal that they are supposed to know, and leaving all matters of common literary knowledge and easy reference entirely unmentioned. Any introduction to an edition of Sir Thomas Malory's book will inform the general reader in a brief space, and in a concise form, of facts which, nevertheless, in order to be intelligible, I must, though more briefly and more concisely, recount.

"The noble and joyous book entitled LE MORTE D'ARTHUR, notwithstanding it treateth of the birth, life and actes of the said King Arthur, of his noble knights of the Round Table, their marvellous enquests and adventures, the achieving of the Sangreal, and in the end the dolorous death and departing out of this world of them all, which book was reduced into English by Sir Thomas Malory, Knight,"—such, in quaint spelling, is the old title page—was one of the first books printed by Caxton, and was accompanied by a very fine preface, in which the father of English printing exhibited a high sense of all that was greatest in the capabilities of the book. The preface also proves the existence so late as 1485, not only of a high estimation of chivalry, which we know lasted more than a hundred years later, but a frank belief, in spite of rising scepticism, in the reality of the King Arthur incidents. The "noble men" of Caxton's day were told to "see and learn the noble acts of chivalry," "the gentle and virtuous acts that came to honour," "how they that were vicious were punished and oft

put to shame and rebuke." "Renowned acts of humanity, gentleness and chivalry," were promised where much of what was narrated was mere conventional and purposeless mutual banging-about and maltreatment of knights in the conventional name and practice of chivalry, though much was of a better-justified type. Caxton recognised in a Shakspearian spirit the mingled character of the scene and the personages: "chivalry, courtesy, humanity, friendliness, hardiness, love, friendship, cowardice, murder, hate, virtue and sin. Do," said he, "after the good and leave the evil. . . . All is written for our doctrine and for to beware that we fall not into vice nor sin, but to exercise and follow virtue, by the which we may come and attain to good fame and renown in this life, and after this short and transitory life, to come unto everlasting bliss in Heaven."

To this admirable teaching must be at once appended the statement, afterwards to be attested more at large, that the sermon is not in every sense warranted by the text. While the finest and supreme ideal of the book, associated with the pursuit and achievement of the Holy Grail is uncompromisingly pure, almost to the edge of miracle, the ordinary and working standard hypothesis of virtue is in one point, most essential in human life, extremely low; much lower than is now professed or, it may be hoped, practised. Significantly enough King Arthur himself, though nearly as good as men are made, is not brought into the quest of the Holy Grail at all. The one man who achieves it is almost miraculously as free from stain as the Saviour of the world himself. And unquestionably the finest type of intelligent and conscious virtue presented except Arthur, Galahad and Percivale, is that of a man who lives his active life through in deliberate and permitted, but always on one side of it, faithful sin—the knight of whom Tennyson in one of the most perfect and pregnant of epigrams says, that—

His honour rooted in dishonour stood,  
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.

In all such comments now and throughout the paper I am not troubling to find fault. It is superfluous. We have but to observe. The morals here mirrored are the morals of Errant Knighthood—errant in a double sense. The interest lies in this as an historical phase of evolution in ethics—in the curious place which it held in point of time—and in the question (too large for our debate) how far such toleration is a necessary element in the highest imaginative literature: possibly in all generous judgments of human life.

To what extent the moral atmosphere of Morte D'Arthur was that of Sir Thomas Malory's time—the time of Edward the Fourth; to what extent it was merely the moral atmosphere attributed to mythical times and scenes in earlier and cruder romances—to what extent it accurately represented the moral atmosphere of chivalry, when chivalry actually existed—each must decide for himself. The tendency of knighthood from the first, as of every other transcendental code and system, would be to become more and more conventional. As it grew more conventional it would be less operatively and spiritually moral. It always had an ingredient—namely, the worship of women—which, while it made greatly for civilisation, and in a general way would promote morals, must of necessity lead to laxity in one important respect. Human experience is that, with large exceptions in the case of the very noblest spirits, an ardent worship of women is apt to fail to preserve that highest tone of adoration which is incapable of either conceiving or exciting in the person worshipped emotions other than spiritual and refined. Possibly, women, inheriting unconsciously from grosser civilisations, may have been prone to regard as cold

and therefore dubious, worship which did not impel the worshipper at least a little beyond Platonic limits. Or, what is more likely, men may have thought that women were prone to these suspicions and exactions, and may have been spurred beyond the limits of spiritual chastity by an impulse which was inward and not objective. Once the line—the faint and sometimes untraceable line of pure ethereal communion—was passed, sex would act and react upon sex. In a society where there was little subtlety and no casuistry—where the majority of well-bred persons were nominally governed by ideals too high for common human nature—and where the received and obligatory observance of these ideals consisted of devotion to women, the most dangerous pursuit of unregenerate, or half-regenerate man—it was inevitable that the majority of men, ill-educated in spite of their rank, and of necessity coarse, in spite of refining conventions, should be addicted to forms of woman-worship wholly irreconcilable with the highest chastity. In a vast proportion of cases the formal worship of ideals artistically blended with Christian ideas was carried on along with free indulgence in enjoyments which were not chaste at all, and where a special degree of virtue was attained and maintained it was rarely that of continence, but only that of continuance in one faithful long protracted *liaison*. When all else of chivalry except this and belligerent personal bravery had died out, we can well imagine that Sir Thomas Malory would know of much in his own times which would enable him to give point and effect to everything that he had to say of the relations of men and women in framing from the old French stories and any other materials the epic of King Arthur.

That it is a prose epic, and that he did so frame it, I shall assume without discussion. The chronology appears to be something like this: King Arthur—a King Arthur of

some sort—lived and did deeds of kingly (if not knightly) prowess about the beginning of the sixth century. Three centuries later the stories of King Arthur began to take form in various writings of chivalry, and these composed in bulk a quite considerable literature. Scholars say that Sir Thomas Malory used these materials very much as we know Shakspeare to have used his—improving the stories, and adding bright touches of nature, of pathos, of grace, and of moral interest. Sir Edward Strachey calls him a Shakspeare-like or Homeric man. We know little, perhaps, of how Homer composed his epic, but if we are of opinion that Homer wrote Homer we can imagine that in an infantile manner, and with childish material, Malory did in prose for a chivalry literature spreading over centuries, and having supposititious roots in ages of myth, what Homer did for the material which tradition had accumulated for him. And here again we must be struck with what I have already hinted at—the curious position of these legends, whether as written by Malory or as prepared in the rough from the ninth century downwards—their curious position in point of time. Childish they are in comparison with the adult majesty, and scope, and pregnancy of Homer written two thousand years before. Infinitely greater is the contrast between their childishness and the perfected, the God-like manhood of Shakspeare, written about a hundred years after Malory was composed and printed.

Of the literary status of Sir Thomas Malory I shall say nothing, though I may convey impressions incidentally. His latest editor, Dr. Oskar Sommer, says of him that he is “not alone interesting to the archæologist of words and manners, but has exercised an abiding influence over the subject-matter of English literature, and over the technical form of English prose.” The bibliographical situation of the matter is that the text is being exactly reprinted from Caxton in a very

noble edition published by Mr. David Nutt, and that the second moiety of this work is to contain an essay on Malory's prose style by Mr. Andrew Lang. This prospect will keep my mouth closed. I might presume to differ from Mr. Lang, or even to criticise his criticism, but I am not so fatuous as to precede him in a task in which he cannot but exceptionally distinguish himself.

Although the book is familiar, it may be as well to put ourselves in the key of it by reading an extract or two. Here is one which affords an excellent specimen of Malory's prose, a good example, and not an extensive one, of his descriptions of combat, and an illustration decidedly out of the common of his occasional power of pathos. It will well enable us to understand at all points the observation of Dr. Sommer which has just been quoted.

"At that time there was in King Arthur's court a knight that was the king's son of Ireland, and his name was Lanceor; and he was a proud knight, and he counted himself one of the best knights of the court, and he had great spite at Balin for the achieving of the sword, that any should be accounted of more prowess than he was, and he asked King Arthur, 'If he would give him leave to ride after Balin, and to revenge the despite that he hath done.' 'Do your best,' said King Arthur, 'for I am right wrath with Balin; I would he were quit of the despite that he hath done to me and my court.' Then this Lanceor went to his hostel to make him ready. The knight of Ireland armed him in all points, and dressed him his shield on his shoulder, and mounted upon horseback, and took his spear in his hand, and rode after as fast as his horse could run: and within a little on a mountain he had a sight of Balin, and with a loud voice he cried to him, and said, 'Abide, knight, for ye shall abide, whether ye will or will not: and the shield that is before you shall not help you.' When Balin heard that noise, he turned his horse fiercely, and said, 'Fair knight, what will you with me; will ye joust with me?' 'Yes,' said the Irish knight, 'therefore am I come after you.' 'Peradventure,' said Balin, 'it had been better to have holden you at home; for many a man weeneth to put his enemy to rebuke, and often it falleth to himself.

Of what court be ye sent from?' 'I am come from the court of King Arthur,' said the knight of Ireland, 'that am come hither for to revenge the despite that ye have done this day to King Arthur and to his court.'

" 'Well,' said Balin, 'I see well I must have ado with you, which me forethinketh for to grieve King Arthur or any of his knights, and your quarrel is full simple to me,' said Balin; 'for the lady that is dead did great damage, and else I would have been as loth as any knight that liveth for to slay a lady.' 'Make you ready,' said the knight Lanceor, 'and dress you to me; for one of us shall abide in the field.' Then they took their spears in all the haste they might, and came together as fast as their horses might drive, and the king's son of Ireland smote Balin upon his shield, that his spear went all to shivers. And Balin smote him with such a might, that it went through his shield and perished the hawberk, and so pierced through his body and the horse croup; and Balin anon turned his horse fiercely, and drew out his sword, and wist not that he had slain him, and then he saw him lie as a dead corpse. Then he looked by him, and was ware of a damsel that came riding as fast as her horse might gallop upon a fair palfrey. And when she espied that Sir Lanceor was slain, then she made sorrow out of measure, and said, 'O Balin! two bodies hast thou slain and one heart, and two hearts in one body, and two souls thou hast lost.' And therewith she took the sword from her love that lay dead, and as she took it she fell to the ground in a swoon: and when she arose, she made great dole out of measure, which sorrow grieved Balin passing sore, and went to her for to have taken the sword out of her hands, but she held it so fast, that in nowise he might take the sword out of her hands but if he should have hurt her; and suddenly she set the pommel of the sword to the ground, and ran herself through the body. And when Balin saw her dead, he was passing heavy in his heart, and ashamed that so fair a damsel had destroyed herself for the great love she had unto Sir Lanceor. 'Alas!' said Balin, 'me repenteth sore the death of this knight, for the love of this damsel; for there was much true love between them both,' and for sorrow he might no longer behold them, but turned his horse and looked toward a forest, and there he espied the arms of his brother Balan; and when they were met, they put off their helms and kissed together, and wept for joy and pity. 'Brother,' said Balin, 'let us go hence, and well be we met.' The meanwhile as they talked there

came a dwarf from the city of Camelot on horseback, as fast as he might, and found the dead bodies; wherefore he made great dole, and drew his hair for sorrow, and said, 'Which of you knights hath done this deed?' 'Whereby asketh thou it?' said Balin. 'For I would wit,' said the dwarf. 'It was I,' said Balin, 'that slew this knight in my defence; for hither came he to chase me, and either I must slay him or me, and this damsel slew herself for his love, which me sore repenteth, and for herself I shall owe all women the better love and favour.' 'Alas!' said the dwarf, 'thou hast done great damage unto thyself; for this knight, that is here dead, was one of the most valiantest men that lived, and trust thou well, Balin, that the kin of this knight will chase thee through the world till they have slain thee.' 'As for that,' said Balin, 'I fear it not greatly; but I am right heavy, because I have displeased my sovereign lord, King Arthur, for the death of this knight.' So as they talked together, there came a man of Cornwall riding by them, which was named King Marke; and when he saw these two bodies dead, and understood how they were dead by one of the two knights abovesaid, then made King Marke great sorrow for the true love that was between them, and said, 'I will not depart from hence till I have on this earth made a tomb.' And there he pitched his pavilions, and sought through all the country to find a tomb. And in a church they found one was rich and fair, and then the king let put them both in the earth, and put the tomb on them, and wrote both their names on the tomb, 'Here lieth Lanceor, the king's son of Ireland; that at his own request was slain by the hands of Balin, and how his lady Colombe and paramour slew herself with her love's sword, for dole and sorrow.'"

In the subtler and more religious vein of the book, take the following brief example:—

"There came in a white dove, and she bare a little censer of gold in her bill: and anon there was all manner of meats and drinks; and there was a maiden that bare the Sancgreal, and she said openly, 'Wit ye well, Sir Bors, that this child is Galahad, that shall sit in the Siege Perilous, and also shall achieve the Sancgreal; and he shall be much better than ever was Sir Lancelot du Lake, that is his own father.' And then they kneeled down and made their devotions; and there was such a savour, as all the spicery in the world had been

there : and when the dove took her flight, the maiden vanished away with the Sancgreal, as she came."

" ' I let you to wit,' said King Pelleas, ' here shall no knight win no worship, but if he be of worship himself, and be of good living, and that loveth God and dreadeth God ; and else he getteth no worship here, be he ever so hardy.' ' This is a wonderful thing !' said Sir Bors : ' what ye mean in this country I wot not ; for ye have many strange adventures : therefore I will lie in this castle this night.' ' Ye shall not do so,' said King Pelleas, ' by my counsel, for it is hard that ye escape without a shame.' ' I shall take the adventure that will befall me,' said Sir Bors. ' Then I counsel you,' said King Pelleas, ' for to be confessed clean.' ' As for that,' said Sir Bors, ' I will be confessed with a good will.' So Sir Bors was confessed ; and for all women Sir Bors was a virgin, save for one, which was the daughter of King Brandegoris. And so Sir Bors was led to bed into a fair, large chamber."

" And anon forthwith there came an old man into the hall, and he sat him down in a fair chair, and there seemed to be two great adders about his neck ; and then the old man had a harp, and there he sang an old song, how Joseph of Arimathy came into this land. And when he had sang, the old man bade Sir Bors to go from thence ; ' for here shall ye have no more adventures ; and full worshipfully have ye done, and better shall ye do hereafter.' And then Sir Bors seemed that there came the whitest dove that ever he saw, with a little golden censer in her mouth ; and anon therewithal the tempest ceased and passeth, that before was marvellous to hear. So was all the court full of good savours. Then Sir Bors saw four fair children, that bare four tapers, and an old man in the midst of the children, with a censer in his one hand, and a spear in his other hand ; and that same spear was called the spear of vengeance.

" ' Now,' said that old man unto Sir Bors, ' go ye unto your cousin Sir Launcelot, and tell him of this adventure, the which had been most convenient for him of all earthly knights. But sin is so foul in him, that he may not achieve such holy deeds ; for, had not his sin been, he had passed all the knights that ever was in his days. And tell thou Sir Launcelot, that, of all worldly adventures, he passeth in manhood and prowess all other : but, in these spiritual matters, he shall have many his better.' And then Sir Bors saw four gentlewomen coming by him, poorly beseen ; and he saw whereas they

entered into a chamber, where there was great light, as it were a summer light: and the women kneeled down before an altar of silver, with four pillars; and he saw as it had been, a bishop kneeling down before that table of silver: and, as Sir Bors looked up, he saw a sword like silver, naked, hovering over his head; and the clearness thereof smote so in his eyes, that, at that time, Sir Bors was blind. And there he heard a voice that said, 'Go thou hence, thou Sir Bors; for as yet thou art not worthy to be in this place.' And then he went backward to his bed, till on the morrow; and on the morrow, King Pelleas made great joy of Sir Bors: and then he departed, and rode to Camelot; and there he found Sir Launcelot du Lake, and told him of the adventures that he had seen with King Pelleas at Corbin."

The following morsel is somewhat in the quaint vein of Shakspeare's clowns, only that the humour is more left to be made by the reader's imagination:—

"Forthwithal there came a poor man into the court, and brought with him a fair young man, of eighteen years of age, riding upon a lean mare. And the poor man asked all men that he met, 'Where shall I find King Arthur?' 'Yonder he is,' said the knights; 'wilt thou anything with him?' 'Yes,' said the poor man, 'therefore I came hither.' Anon, as he came before the King, he saluted him, and said, 'O King Arthur, the flower of all knights and kings, I beseech Jesus save thee. Sir, it was told me, that at this time of your marriage ye would give any man the gift that he would ask, except it were unreasonable.' 'That is truth,' said the King, 'such cries I let make; and that will I hold, so it impair not my realm nor mine estate.' 'Ye say well and graciously,' said the poor man. 'Sir, I ask nothing else but that ye will make my son here a knight.' 'It is a great thing that thou askest of me,' said the King. 'What is thy name?' said the King to the poor man. 'Sir, my name is Aries, the cowherd.' 'Whether cometh this of thee, or of thy son?' said the King. 'Nay, sir,' said Aries, 'this desire cometh of my son, and not of me. For I shall tell you, I have thirteen sons, and all they will fall to what labour I put them to, and will be right glad to do labour; but this child will do no labour for me, for anything that my wife or I may do, but always he will be shooting, or casting of darts, and glad to see battles, and to behold knights: and always both day and night, he desireth of me that he might be made a knight.' 'What is thy name?'

said the King to the young man. 'Sir, my name is Tor.' The King beheld him fast, and saw he was passingly well visaged, and passingly well made of his years. 'Well,' said King Arthur to Aries, the cowherd, 'fetch all thy sons afore me, that I may see them.' And so the poor man did, and all were shapen much like the poor man; but Tor was not like none of them all, in shape nor in countenance, for he was much more than any of them. 'Now,' said King Arthur unto Aries, the cowherd, 'where is that sword that he shall be made knight withal?' 'It is here,' said Tor. 'Take it out of the sheath,' said the King, 'and require me to make you a knight.' Then Tor alighted off his mare, and pulled out his sword, kneeling, requiring the King that he would make him a knight, and that he might be a knight of the Round Table. 'As for a knight I will make you,' and therewith smote him in the neck with the sword, saying, 'Be ye a good knight: and so I pray to God ye may be; and if ye be of prowess, and of worthiness, ye shall be a knight of the Round Table.' 'Now, Merlin,' said King Arthur, 'say whether this Tor shall be a good knight or no.' 'Yea, sir, he ought to be a good knight, for he is come of as good a man as any is on live, and of king's blood.' 'How so, sir?' said the King. 'I shall tell you,' said Merlin: 'this poor man, Aries, the cowherd, is not his father, he is nothing like to him; for King Pellinore is his father.' 'I suppose nay,' said the cowherd. 'Fetch thy wife afore me,' said Merlin, 'and she shall not say nay.' Anon the wife was fetched, which was a fair housewife, and there she answered Merlin full womanly; and there she told the King and Merlin, that when she was a maid, and went to milking, 'there met with me a stern knight, and he begot my son Tor; and he took from me my greyhound, that I had at that time with me, and said that he would keep the greyhound for my love.' 'Ah!' said the cowherd. 'I weened not this; but I may believe it well, for the boy had never no likeness to me.' 'Sir,' said Tor to Merlin, 'dishonour not my mother.' 'Sir,' said Merlin, 'it is more for your worship than hurt; for your father is a good man, and a king, and he may right well advance you and your mother; for ye were begotten or ever she was wedded.' 'That is truth,' said the wife. 'It is the less grief to me,' said the cowherd."

If there were time, several other passages might be read with more advantage than can result from any description.

An especially striking one is an apostrophe to the month of May. But it is difficult to bring extracts within the compass of a paper.

Phrases and short passages are more manageable, and of these there are many which go straight to the heart and mind and seem as if they must cling there for ever. Sir Thomas Malory was one of the first to develop in our vernacular a fertility of such locutions, which to Englishmen seems to distinguish the English language in strength and wealth and mellow, venerable beauty before all others.

"We have lost two good knights for the love of one," says Sir Gaheris. "We must all change our life," says Sir Percivale solemnly, when he hears of the death of his mother. The knights when they are overthrown and invalided are always described as getting "big and strong again." Launcelot exhorts his son Galahad, and Sir Galahad in his ecstatic death moment, after achieving the quest of the Holy Grail, sends word to his father to "remember this unsteadfast world"—that is, to bear in mind the unsteadfastness of the world. Sir Galahad is described as a knight of such living—that is to say of such life-conduct—that "he shall slay no man lightly." We meet here the good phrase "new-fangled," and it is curiously applied to the English—"for there is a great default of us Englishmen," says Malory, "for there may nothing please us no term." "He that hath a privy hurt," says the sententious romancist, "is loth to have the shame outward." "I will never hate a noble knight for a light lady," says Sir Segwarides. King Marke is described as "a fair speaker and false thereunder;" and when other knights are disgusted with his unworthy qualities they anticipate Fletcher of Saltoun, and send a song into Cornwall with a view to ruin him with his people. Sir Dinadan declared that never a man would get over King Marke by fair speech.

“But,” said he, “ye shall see what I will do. I will make a lay for him. And when it is made I shall make an harper to sing it afore him.” “So anon he went and made it, and taught it an harper that hight Eliot, and when he knew it he taught it to many harpers. And so by the will of Sir Lancelot and of Arthur the harpers went straight into Wales and into Cornwall, to sing the lay, which was the worst lay”—meaning the most injurious—“that ever harper sang.”

This Sir Dinadan was almost the only knight of the time that would have nothing to do with love. He was a sort of Benedick; but a very dull one. In fact the humour of the book is scanty and poor—childish in the extreme. To dress Dinadan up in woman’s clothes appears to have been thought a joke of immense force, and Dinadan is pronounced by La Beale Isoud as the merriest knight and the maddest talker, though he is about the “unfunniest” jester in all literature. He was best, like Mr. Gilbert’s Point, when not droll at all, even in intention. In “marvelling what ailed Sir Tristram and other lovers to be so mad and so sotted upon women” he hit upon the following melancholy and beautiful lament—“For the joy of love is so short, and the sorrow thereof, and what cometh thereof, dureth over long.”

Some of the little touches of character and of remembered incident are very good. Lancelot is depicted surveying a young knight, and finding him “seemly and demure as a dove.” This would make a good picture. So would Sir Gawaine carrying the dead lady away towards Camelot on horseback, with her headhanging about his neck and the whole body of her lying before him on his horse’s mane. So would the fine scene where Arthur’s malignant enchantress sister Morgan Le Fay, essays to kill him as he sleeps, and her damsel brings her the sword “with quaking hands.” So would many other incidents of the Book of Arthur which

as yet have escaped the observation of painters. But to return to our phrases, effective in their simplicity and their sufficing brevity. This same Morgan Le Fay treacherously sent to King Arthur a sword purporting to be his Excalibur. "And he thanked her and weened it had been so, but she was false, for the sword and the scabbard was counterfeit, brittle, and false." When Sir Aglovale heard Sir Persides speaking of his brother, Sir Percivale, he said "He departed from me unkindly." One of the knights is pathetically named "The knight that has trespassed." Another knight is quaintly addressed "Oh! knight, full of thought and sleepy." Twelve knights introduced in one of the stories "had countenances like unto men that were overcome." "I am slain," exclaims one of the characters, "by this traitor knight that rideth invisible." Merlin prophesies of Sir Tor that he shall be "passing true of his promise and never shall do outrage." Of the same young knight Sir Pellinore, his father, says: "There is no better knight, loth to do any wrong and loth to take any wrong." When "the meddle waxes passing hard" the lances are "all-to shivered"—a compound seeming to the unlearned to be of American quality. Queen Guenever thus lauds Sir Kaye, the seneschal, "Ye spake a great word and fulfilled it worshipfully." "A knight without mercy is without worship." Worship, of course, throughout the book means honour. "Strange men ye should debate with," says one, "not brother with brother."

It is a quaint touch of instinctive nature when a lion and serpent are fighting, and Sir Percivale helps the lion "because it is the most natural beast of the two." The following is equally quaint, and very keen and sly: "Solomon was wise and knew the virtues of stones and trees; and so he knew the course of the stars, and many other things. This Solomon had an evil wife, where-through

he weened that there had never been no good woman ; and so he despised them in his books." Four hundred years later John Stuart Mill wrote that the source of most of men's knowledge worth having of women was their wives, and that one might to an almost laughable degree infer what a man's wife was like from his opinions about women in general. Women's knowledge of each other is rather intuitive. "So when dame Elaine"—who was very fond of Lancelot—"was brought unto Queen Guenever, either made the other good cheer by countenance, but nothing with hearts."

If the sentimental occupation of the Knights was love, their actual business was adventurous fighting. An enormous proportion of Malory's Book is taken up with narratives of their combats, in which there is little merit, and what there is is spoilt by being repeated, and repeated over so large a surface. One can well understand how a bored world may well have sighed for a Cervantes to deliver it by caricature from such endless and bald repetitions of the same old mauling about. Indeed if those ages had by miracle prophetically sighed for a Mark Twain it would not have been by any means wonderful, under such dire and wearisome provocation. The old language and the men being encased in knightly armour of course makes a difference, but intrinsically there is no more intellectual interest in those slashings, and staggerings, and buffetings, and piercings than in an account of prize fighting in *Bell's Life*, and they are entirely devoid of that ingenuity and invention of cant synonyms which made *Bell's Life in London* fifty years ago a respectable precursor—well, no—but a lively precursor of the most slangy American journalism.

The accounts of knightly struggles given in Sir Thomas

Malory's work may almost be said to be drawn in a common form. There is just a little variety in the terms in which the knights challenge each other and vaunt themselves, and in the manner in which they behave when their opponents are completely at their mercy.

In the latter situation there is the notable case of Launcelot, with whom Guenever's wishes, right or wrong, were always a law. He had brought a knight to his knees in fighting for her honour (but without good ground—nay, much the reverse); and this knight submitted himself, "Slay me not," said he, "for I yield me as an overcome knight." Launcelot looked towards the queen if he might espy by any sign or countenance what he should do. She wagged her head as though she would say, Slay him. Full well knew Sir Launcelot by the wagging of the head that she would wish her enemy dead, so he required the beaten knight to rise and fight the battle to the utmost. Sir Meliagraunce would not rise except to be taken as yelden and recreant. So Launcelot was obliged to do the queen's pleasure. But it went against his noble grain, and he proposed that, before proceeding to extremities with the defeated knight, he should unarm his head and the left quarter of his body, and that he should have his left hand tied behind him. Upon this Sir Meliagraunce sprang to his feet quite ready to fight. King Arthur asked Launcelot if he abode by his offer, and Launcelot replied, "I will never go from that I have once said." And so he fought, thus handicapped, and his adversary's head was soon "carved in two parts."

There is nothing very agreeable in this. A thousand years before it was supposed to have happened, and fifteen hundred years before it was described, it would have been thought in Rome and in Greece too low and coarse for literary use; but it is at least out of the common.

The average fight of two knights is incessantly repeated *ad nauseam* in the absolute identity of phraseology. First they come on the field like thunder. Then they feuter their spears and come upon each other with a great crash. One usually unhorses the other. Then the knight still on horseback requires the knight who is afoot to yield. He always refuses, and in quite a large proportion of cases shouts out what on the first occasion of its use may have seemed a witty and original saying—that he has been betrayed by the son of a mare, but is not going to give in to the son of a woman. Then they avoid their horses and pull out their swords, and lash together as men that are wild and courageous, and often their shields fly in cantels, and the place all around streams with blood. Then they leave their strokes and foin at their breathes and visors. When they see that that may not avail them, they hurtle together like rams to bear either other down. Both are wounded passing sore that the blood runs freshly from them to the ground; but one waxes more fresher than the other, and better winded and bigger; and so with a mighty stroke he smites the other on the helm such a buffet that it goes through the helm, and through his coif of steel, and through the brain pan, so that the sword sticks so fast in the helm and in the brain pan that the victor knight pulls thrice at his sword or ever he may get it out from the other's head; and then the conquered knight falls down on his knees, the edge of the other's sword left in his brain pan.

This palls. Once or twice one may bear with it. When it is multiplied indefinitely with only a little bit of separate character to refresh the wearied reader it forfeits all claim to be literature, and becomes mere traces of customs and tastes, which if they cannot be got out of civilisation are at least unworthy and incapable of being glorified by good writing.

There is a special Providence—so to speak—that watches over fighting for a good cause. Literature has found few finer tasks than to describe great acts of needed valour. But the mere chronicle of frivolous fighting has added scarcely anything—except in the two extremes of Pindaric diction and modern slang—to the real literature of the world.

The noblest and most interesting struggle in the Book is that in which Arthur himself fights Sir Accolon and successfully resists for many hours both the bravery and skill of his antagonist, and the acts of the wicked Morgan le Fay, by which the antagonist has been feloniously armed. Sir Accolon did not know he was fighting King Arthur. The king's abominable sister had possession of Excalibur and its scabbard, and sent, as we have mentioned, counterfeits to Arthur while furnishing Accolon, her lover, with the real sword and scabbard. He knew she had wrought enchantments, but, as he was fighting for his lady-love, may be presumed to have thought all fair in love and war. But it was a dreadful matter for King Arthur, and the combat of ever-weakening force and ever-strengthening will extending over many hours—Arthur's sword in his hand "not still as it was wont to do, therefore was he sore adread to be dead"—is described with genuine and moving power. "Always King Arthur lost so much blood that it was marvel that he stood on his feet; but he was so full of knighthood that knightly he endured the pain." When he paused Sir Accolon cried "It is no time for me to suffer thee to rest." King Arthur, nothing daunted, dealt him a blow that made him nigh fall to the earth, but therewith King Arthur's "sword brake at the cross and fell in the grass among the blood, and the pommel and the handle he held in his hand. When King Arthur saw that he was greatly afraid to die, but always he held up his shield

and lost no ground, nor abated any cheer." "If it were possible to me to die a hundred times I had rather so often die than to yield me to thee, for though I lack weapon and am weaponless, yet shall I lack no worship, and if thou slay me weaponless it shall be to thy shame." The king fought with shield and sword pommel, and after a time by counter enchantment Excalibur fell from Sir Accolon's hand; and the king lightly leapt to it, and perceived clearly that it was his good sword; and cried "Thou hast been from me all too long, and much damage has thou done me." He tore the scabbard from Sir Accolon's side and threw it from him as far as he might; and then the fortune of the long day soon changed. "Ye are the best knight that ever I found," said Sir Accolon, "and I see well that God is with you." It is clear that the literary merit of the book rises here, because there are novelty and scope in the incidents. It is not mere fighting. The rival enchantments, the heroic defiance of an extraordinary fate, the fearsome failure of the better knight's weapon, the noble continuance of the battle disarmed, and the dramatic recovery of Excalibur make up a splendid scene and story, and the language in which they are presented is such as may well fill any literary Englishman with reminiscent pride and fervent gratitude.

In the vein one degree removed above the mere fighting level, but consisting largely of fighting detail, is the story of Tristram—the knight of sorrowful birth but very cheerful life. No part of it, either in narrative of conflict or any other element, rises to the point of interest attained in the combat between Arthur and Accolon; and the whole creation is infinitely below the standard of moral interest sustained throughout the story of Sir Launcelot of the Lake. Tristram had no conscience to speak of on the subject of marriage and

connubial fidelity. He does not appear, however, to have had any wayward or merely animal passions, and he was a fine, manly, trusty, courteous, cordial, powerful and unconquerable knight errant. La Beale Isoud, another knight's wife, was "the causer of his honour," and to her he was always true; and without any of the qualms and scruples and crises by which Sir Launcelot's love for Guenever was chequered. In the general run of the lives, and especially in his going mad, there was a considerable parallelism between the two careers. With Launcelot he was immediately compared by every one who knew them both, and the reader finds that this instinct is soon bred in him as naturally as it existed among the knights and ladies of Arthur's society. Launcelot himself recognised the supreme knightly merit of Tristram. It was one of Launcelot's noble qualities always to be generously just. Tristram's open and admirable knightliness is thrown up into high relief by the dark and sinister meanness of his enemy King Marke. The fact that he was the known lover of Marke's queen did not derogate from his popularity in Arthur's or probably in Malory's time—when the only penalty of a knight's adultery was that he was not considered fit to be one of the two knights in all the world who found the Holy Grail. Even in our day the very treacherous manner in which King Marke behaves wins sympathy for the successful paramour and provokes disgust towards the injured husband. The love of Tristram and Isoud is, however, common-place. It is just a noble-hearted man and a loving woman. Anything else has to be read into it by modern poetry or composed upon the rude theme of it by modern music.

The women in general of Sir Thomas Malory's Legends are not supremely interesting except in the reflected glory of

the worship that was paid them. The face of Elaine is most beautiful in the light thrown upon it from Lancelot's shield. The ladies, however, are in intellectual expression quite on a level with the knights. Sir Thomas Malory was in a mere infant-school as compared with the great academy of Elizabethan thought and colloquial eloquence which placed men higher in power of expression than they have ever been before or since, and represented women as well holding their own in all interchanges and conflicts of intellect. But there is no lack of cultivation or of capacity in his women. Such of them as speak speak well and sententiously. Isoud was a great enjoyer of conversation. Guenever bore her part in counsel and was always ready with the right thing to say. She had a keen sense of what was unknighly, and condemned the envious. She gloried in the great fellowship of the Round Table, and, woman-like, marvelled that her husband could let it be broken up for the quest of the Sancgreal. The ladies, for good reason, were not allowed their part in this sublime undertaking. Many of those that loved knights would gladly have gone with their lovers, but an old knight came among them in religious clothing and explained to them that it could not be. The hermit Nacien had sent them word by him, "that none in this quest lead lady nor gentlewoman with him, for it is not to do so in so high a service as they labour in, for I warn you plain," said he, "he that is not clean of his sins he shall not see the mysteries of our Lord Jesus Christ; and for this cause they left those ladies and gentlewomen." And the Queen, her mind on Launcelot more than on the Grail, went off and told spotless Sir Galahad that he was Launcelot's son, to which he said neither yea nor nay. Then the knights went to the minster and heard service, and Queen Guenever betook herself to her chamber that no man should perceive her great sorrow. And when Launcelot missed her he went

to her in her chamber, and in her usual way she reproached him for going, and especially declared that his leaving her husband would be her death. Launcelot told her he would soon come again with honour he had won. "Alas," said she, "that ever I saw you; but He that suffered death upon the cross for all mankind be to you good conduct and safety, and all the whole fellowship."

The pair had many love passages after this, but when all was over, and Arthur had mysteriously departed, as was supposed, in death, Queen Guenever appeared to be really converted. Becoming a nun, she was made ruling abbess—"as reason would," says Sir Thomas Malory. When Launcelot sought her she remembered that it was through them that Arthur and his noble knights had been destroyed. She besought him heartily for their old love that he would never more see her face, but forsake her company and keep his realm from war and wrack. Well as she had loved him, she said, she could not bear to see him, because through him the flower of kings and knights were destroyed. So he was to get him a wife, and live with her in joy and bliss, and pray for Guenever that she might amend her misliving.

Converted or unconverted, the queen was consistently unreasonable to her lover, and he went on loving her just the same from first to last, buffeting all the rest of the world as need arose, and being buffeted by her at her good pleasure. She was not devoid of intelligence, and always had at command sufficient dignity, but her intelligence was not fruitful, and her dignity did not raise her above the faults which are most lightly attributed to her sex—especially that waywardness by which some men are fascinated, some bored, and some fascinated first and bored afterwards. In excuse it may be considered that though she lived in an age of wizardry it may not have been so easy

for her as for modern slightly interested readers to believe that Launcelot's few infidelities were committed under the influence of supernatural illusions.

Of Guenever's great sin nothing is to be said here; first, because this is not a sermon; secondly, because it could not be spoken of in due reprobation without going out of the tone of the book we are criticising. The morality must be taken as it is. Allowing for different periods and manners, it is that which is supposed to be the morality of the French novel. The only commandment which was greatly respected at King Arthur's and King Marke's courts was that which forbids being found out. Nor can I agree that, except in the most conventional way, and in reference to sins that knighthood had no mind to, the writer endeavours to distinguish between vice and virtue. All that is written about the quest of the Holy Grail is as solemn as it is superstitious. When set to Wagner's unparalleled music it is capable of obtaining the most profound command over the heart. It is touching too to find Launcelot, noblest of men, prevented from succeeding in the quest by the Divine cognisance of his sin. The transparent beauty of the virgin Sir Galahad and Sir Percivale must also live luminous for ever in the imagination of mankind. But it is impossible not to feel that, according to the view of Sir Thomas Malory and of knighthood, purity is a virtue "too bright and good for human nature's daily food."

Our review would be too long if discrimination were made between the characters of the knights; and though very distinct and interestingly distinguishable, the majority of these personages are not important enough to demand detailed description. But it is due to the literary and dramatic excellence of the work to recognise that much as

they are necessarily alike each is different from the other as real man must differ from real man.

The story and character of Launcelot are probably unique. Here we are in a separate atmosphere—an atmosphere which, so to speak, the hero carries about with him. Although it is an atmosphere of sin it is a nimbus of glory. It protects him not against the vicissitudes of a life not wholly pure. It shields him not from the searching penetration of omniscience. “Thou God seest me” might be emblazoned upon the cloud by which Launcelot is environed—might be the text of all the sermons that good men preach him. But his sin is so glorious; his unfaith is so faithful; the single line of evil in his course is so arrow-straight and undeviating; even his treachery to his sovereign is so full of love and so devoid of any injury or malfeasance beyond the one great, continuous wrong of it; his recognition of his sweet guilt as inevitable is so solemnly and simply absolute; his reverence for abstract purity is so evidently genuine; his submission to spiritual verities is so heartfelt though inoperative; his final penitence is so loyal and yet so curiously and magnificently imperfect and unreal from the inconceivableness of his being stable in the avoidance of Guenever; and in every other respect and relation of life his character is so perfect and yet so free from pretention—so simply transparent, so strong and manly, so powerful in mind and body, so gracious and so ready in self-sacrifice, so easy in confiding, so frank and natural in forgiveness, that this sinner, this disloyal knight, this adulterer, this man unworthy to participate in Christian mysteries, stands among the very highest in the intuitive and indefeasible admiration of the Christian world. Launcelot is a sort of irresistible proof, put in evidence by a genius capable of establishing its creations indisputably in the credence of mankind—an irresistible proof that sin is not necessarily Satanic—

that in the most damning guilt there may be no malignity—that, explain it how we may, sexual guilt (perhaps any guilt) does not always “harden all within and petrify the feeling.” The subtleties of sin have often been tracked and dissected, but never with such classic simplicity—never with such restraint of diction—never with such a marvellous combination of sharpness and tenderness in the analysis—never with so perfect a perception under rudimentary forms of the good that abides in evil—never with so perfect an avoidance of the mawkish—never with such unconscious and gospel-like literary severity. When one remembers how plain, unadorned, uncomplicated and unsophisticated the story of Launcelot is, one feels almost ashamed to have used so many words in praising it; but the very simplicity of a great work of art may demand copiousness and detail in the criticism of it. In sum, what must be said of the story of Launcelot in the Book of King Arthur is that its classic merit is incomparably superior to everything else in Malory’s work, and that, elementary as are its style and scope, it places its author among the six or seven really great “makers” of the world—with Homer, with Shakspeare, with Cervantes, with Goethe, with Sterne, with Thackeray, and with George Eliot.

It is the story of the problems and passages of a knightly life, in which one darling sin is not resisted, but takes the place of virtue. From the beginning of the *Morte D’Arthur* the singular power of this conception exhibits its hold alike upon the author and upon his personages. The nobleness of Launcelot is always prominently mentioned. Early in the book Merlin the enchanter constructs a bed in which no man shall ever lie without losing his wits; but it is interpolated that Launcelot “fordid that bed through his nobleness.” That is to say, he lay in it and did not go out of his mind.

He is never mentioned without, as it were, a bating of the breath, part admiration, part sorrow. Other knights were as knightly, and by any standard of chivalry Sir Tristram would be accounted his equal alike in prowess and in character; yet about Tristram's peccadilloes and great sin neither author nor personages seem to be troubled. The moment Launcelot comes in sight the minds of author, personages, and readers become attuned to a sad yet delightful sympathising melancholy. Although the judgment perforce condemns him, it is only by a positive moral effort that one can wish him other than he is. He is made so pathetic a figure by his devotion to Guenever; by his impeccable persistence in that devotion, from which in spirit he never falters, and only degenerates from it in act, under magical influences which persuade him of the identity of other women with the queen; by the sufferings which he undergoes in consequence of his loyalty to his illicit but romantic love; by the curt and pettish, if not harsh, treatment which he receives from Guenever without moulting a feather of his devotion; by the noble courtesy of the unmoved indifference with which he receives the affectionate demonstrations of other ladies whose hearts are set upon him; and by the pensive resignation with which he accepts, as a proper and just disability, that exclusion from the highest spiritual privileges that falls upon him in consequence of his sin, although he is admitted to be the noblest and best knight among sinful men.

While it may be allowed that on the whole Tennyson's Launcelot is a fine and sympathetic version of the character, it must be added that in labouring and refining upon it the modern poet has detrimentally changed its precise effect upon the reader of Sir Thomas Malory's book. And the numerous living persons who are acquainted with the Arthurian stories only through Tennyson, need also to be told that King Arthur, excellent husband as he is, shows no sign

of making himself understood by Guenever, or of carrying her along with him, from first to last. They agree. They perform their royal functions in harmony. Their mutual demeanour and relations correspond with the conceptions most of us have of the probable life of husbands and wives in very high places. They never wrangle. Arthur, we are told, from the time he first saw her never loved any other woman. But there is not much sign that ever Guenever loved him except in a very matter-of-fact way; and Arthur was too serious and too seriously occupied to worry himself about the precise complexion and temperature of her love. Probably he thought it was all right, though everybody else knew it was all wrong, and whenever his queen's honour was impeached he confidently and warmly committed the defence of her honour to Launcelot. Launcelot was certainly the knight most bound to defend her, though the last upon whom, if he had known everything, King Arthur would have called. He did not know everything. In fact, the trouble was to get him to know anything. Repeatedly, Launcelot's strong arm re-established the queen's honour according to the absurd fashion of the time. She was fortunate in having a lover of such prowess. And at last, when under circumstances of glaring scandal, King Arthur had to recognise his wife's guilt and to break with Launcelot, it was made evident by his swoonings and his laments that the loss of his friend was the greater trouble of the two.

The simplicity of Sir Launcelot's character was most remarkable. He appears never to have had a double thought. His hold upon the affections of those around him was complete. He is not described as having any of the arts of a squire of dames, and so far from laying himself out to captivate them, his thoughts were ever on Guenever, but one after another fell desperately in love with him. None did he encourage. To all he was sweetly kind. It cannot be said

that he made any real effort to break the golden chains of his infatuation, through his sense of deprivation when not allowed to behold the Holy Grail appears to have been none the less severe. But he was told on all hands, what was true, that he was "feeble of evil trust and good belief." He was a man of evil faith and poor belief. He trusted more, and his heart was more set on an earthly good, and that by no right his, than on the great mystic verities of which he yet had a stronger feeling, as became the depth of his nature, than any other knight. He made his prayer to a cross after being encouraged to hope that he might see the Sancgreal; but he was ever unstable in the one matter, and this infected his otherwise beautiful life. He all but saw the Holy Grail in a vision, and lay in a consequent trance many days; and when he awoke and "saw folk he made great sorrow, and said 'Why have ye wakened me, for I was better at ease than I am now. Oh! Jesu Christ, who might be so blessed, that might see openly the great marvels of secret-ness, there where no sinner may be.'" But he was never stable, so the Book says, or always stable, as you may say if you prefer it. "By his thought he was likely to turn again," even when, as was rare, he resolved, or rather prayed, to avoid the besetting frailty which had become his very life. It was after this that he indulged with the queen in the amour at the castle of Sir Meliagraunce, and indeed there never was a question whether he would yield or not when her fascinations were around him. To think most highly of him, you must observe how it was only she that ever could lead him from the true path of moral loyalty—how faithful he was to her—how exquisitely gentle—how firm as a rock he was in holding off other women—how gracious and self-sacrificing he was in his jousts and in his deadliest combats—how he worshipped the King he was daily wronging, and would have fought for him with entire self-abnega-

tion, as always so to the close, had not his and the Queen's love, as she expressed it, "come to a mischievous end."

With the breach between Arthur and Launcelot ended the glory and dominion of the King. The fall of Arthur's kingship, his mysterious passing away, and Launcelot's single hearted melancholy compose the climax of the epic. "Alas!" said Sir Launcelot, "this is the heaviest tidings that ever came to me."

It is easy to imagine—it is difficult not to imagine, when you have surrendered yourself to Launcelot's beautiful and subtle though primitive story—the half puzzled brooding into which his mind would be thrown by the ruin brought upon those he most loved by a sin the heinousness of which he had never realized, even under the sharpest Divine reproofs, and which even then he would have resumed if opportunity had been afforded him. It is a sufficient literary vindication, if this is true, to some phases of human nature, as well as finely done. I hold that it is both, and that the achievement is a remarkable one.

Scarcely less remarkable is the extremely delicate portraiture of King Arthur. That a husband so egregiously trustful, and so perpetually deceived, should be clearly and uncompromisingly exhibited in this character in a rough age, and never be subjected to a word of despite or contumely, or made a butt for ridicule, is extraordinary. When one of Guenever's acts of infidelity is rudely exposed by uncouth knights, it is finely said that King Arthur would not have displaced her curtains. Alike to men and women, this mirror of chivalry always presented a surface at once true and smooth. He was never untrue of his promise, never deficient in charity, never failed in courtesy, never misdoubted a seeming friend.

Any general observations that I can offer in conclusion

must be confused and complicated by a profound difficulty which I feel in reasonably making out the place of the Book of King Arthur in literary development. For those who accept Tennyson the question is easier. His Idylls are at once more capable of being sympathised with by rational readers of this century, and more what we should expect a thousand years after the coming of Christ. Even they are below the level of moral manhood reached in the educated life of Greece and Rome fifteen hundred years before. And though the roots of Tennyson are in Malory we cannot be sure, and in fact we feel it to be most unlikely, that anything like Tennyson grew from them until centuries of cultured imagination had imbued them with a higher life not their own. Thus we are landed with what seems a problem—the existence in the thousandth year of Christianity, and amidst a full provision of Christian ordinances, almost exactly corresponding with those existing to-day, of a state of society most elementary and primitive, infinitely less advanced in its reasons and motives than the society of ancient Greece and Rome. Is it or is it not true that an ordinarily cultivated man of to-day finds his mind moving freely about with Thucydides, Plato, Livy, Tacitus and Pliny, while he can only take a perfunctory interest in the manners, doings, and modes of thought of the period of the Round Table? Regarded seriously the Book of King Arthur is very much as if men had descended to become interesting dumb animals, even lacking the wistfulness under limitations which is seen in dumb animals by those who understand them.

On the other hand Mr. Rhys, in his General Introduction to the Camelot Series, seems to approve the modern realism which makes the “artistic spirit inevitably recur to the Ideal, and try to solve the problems of Nineteenth Century life by a reference to the romance problems of

timeless Camelot." Is this mere sentimental literary affection—a mood of unreal æstheticism into which it is possible to ecstasise oneself—or is there in it any ethical substance—any actual correspondence with permanent human needs? I ask; I do not pronounce; only confessing that Mr. Rhys' words convey to my mind no meaning whatever.

If the Nineteenth Century has any perplexities which can be solved by the problems of Camelot, it must be in a very babyish condition. Some of the ideals of knighthood have been very properly discarded. Others have been developed into high and spiritual perfection, so that the Nineteenth Century has no need to recur to the beggarly elements of the Tenth or the Fifteenth. Comparing the ideals of Camelot with the life of Greece and Rome, some might allege that the spirit of sacrifice for others was a new moral element in the former. But this might be strongly contested in view of the municipal and imperial public spirit, and the many instances of self-abnegation recorded in classic story; and Grecian and Roman government were both too good to allow of regions being oppressed with "bad customs" or distressed damsels needing to be rescued at the point of the lance. Sir Edward Strachey, in his Introduction to the Book of Arthur, quotes from Von Sybel a most unfavourable description of society in the middle ages: "Petty, lawless tyrants trampled all social order under foot, and artistic pleasures were as effectually crushed as the external well-being and material life of the people. It was a dark and stormy period for Europe, merciless, arbitrary, and violent. It is a sign of the prevailing misery and hopelessness that when the first thousand years of our era were drawing to a close the people in every country in Europe looked with certainty for the destruction of the world. Some squandered their wealth in riotous living, others bestowed it for the good of their souls upon churches and convents. Weeping multitudes lay

day and night around the altars. Some looked forward with dread, but most with ardent hope towards the burning of the earth and the falling in of Heaven. Their actual condition was so miserable that the idea of destruction was a relief, in spite of all its horrors." If such was the state of things when the Christian era was a thousand and more years old, and if knight-errantry was the best and most imaginative distraction that the wealthier and better taught could find, my humble advice, or, at all events, suggestion would be that we should just take a mild interest in knight-errantry and its ideals and its grade of religious feeling, as notable features of a departed past. But we should recognise that if there is evolution in human society this was a Darwinian degradation from the state of things in ancient Greece and Rome. We should recognise also that it is very difficult to assign the times and usages of chivalry any place in the progress of Europe. As to our disturbing the long laid ghost of chivalry, and making believe to solve our problems in the dim dark-lantern-light of its ideals, after entertaining this æsthetic idea as charitably as I can, I can only say that my own feeling is that it is trivial and artificial.

And yet—there is always an "And yet"—do we not find among us a strange recrudescence of childishness? In learned literature we go back to Sagas. Adults revel in the dramatic childishness of fairy tales provided expressly for them, and flavoured for them with subtleties of the adult mind, though having the guise of juvenile reading. And in religion the vice of our age is more flagrantly imbecile. I may not perhaps notice with freedom the curious fact that the Mass the Knights of the Round Table constantly heard before setting out on their frivolous adventures may be presumed to be the Mass which is said every Sunday now, and which is produced in the vernacular as closely as may be in our own Protestant Service. There

is scope enough in that sacred service for all degrees of intelligent and unintelligent devotion, and, if our President will allow me the expression, we can worship altruistically with Arthur's knights as we can with the peasants of Galway or with the loftiest intellects of the Catholic Church. But it is impossible to shut our eyes to the rapid extrusion of intellectual spirituality from our worship—to the growing and indeed full-grown popularity of superstitious ritual—to the utter degradation of much of our hymnology, which has held a high place in Christian literature very long only to find itself now largely disused in favour of barren mediæval crudities, simplicities and dogmatizings. Are we then to be made to confess, after all, that for the bulk of mankind these puerilities are necessities, and that above them the bulk of mankind cannot permanently rise? Is it to be understood that religion in the philosophy of its hold upon mankind is to be a species of will-worship, a deliberate self-abasement to the most inferior levels of infantile understanding, and that thus and thus only in the application of childish things to deliberately simple minds is Christianity to supply from age to age its regenerating influences?

I must say that I shrink from these conclusions as much in the philosophy of religion as in the evolution of literature. And in both we have the great encouragement of experience for a contrary opinion. Simple incidents and simple emotions alike in religion and in literature must always have their place and power. In all ages they have retained their place and power. But that they might do so it was never necessary that the play of the intellect should be limited to the mere rudimentary thoughts and feelings which are identified with the most childish forms of literature and the most ceremonial types of religion. The primitive composition of Sir Thomas Malory, having bequeathed the fair and

noble music of its language to the English of the future, was soon followed by the translation of *Utopia*, by the authorised version of the English Bible, by the *Essays* of Lord Bacon, by the *History* of Sir Walter Raleigh, and by the wonderful productions of the Elizabethan age in almost every region of human thought. Theology and spiritual life never relinquished the basis upon which the religious part of Sir Thomas Malory's book was built; but in successive ages great divines and preachers have substituted for the bald and almost blind devotion of a monastic cult and of miraculous legends a vast range of inspiring contemplations and exhortations, in which the spirit of man expatiates not by means of the lowest and most abject, but through the highest and most soaring of his faculties. And from this height there should be no declension in the operative and working mind. What I mean is, that although it may be good and interesting to read and even study the stories of King Arthur or any other memorials of an inferior past, there should be no taking them or their spirit for serious guidance.

You will observe that in the Book of King Arthur magic and enchantment are in full play. It seems as if in the early conceptions of human life man cannot be left alone. The full responsibility of action cannot be conceded to him. The results of human will are so formidable that they have to be veiled beneath the control of some form of fate. This is the stage of King Arthur, and it is also, we must admit, the stage at which the Greek tragedies arrived, though these are so much higher and greater in the intellectual scale. Then comes the stage of Shakspeare, where the supernatural is not left out, but where the behaviour of the characters is not really swayed by supernatural beings. Finally we reach the less poetical but sounder platform from

which supernatural invention is entirely excluded. The Book of King Arthur treats of a mythical age, and deals with mythical people in a manner which would be easy enough to understand if it dated from an earliest age. Written about 1480, and narrating supposed events of from 800 to 1100, it puzzles us, as to how such a period could have been so mythical, and as to how the ethical spirit of such an age can have become so elementary. The charm of it must be admitted; the value of it is but moderate. Its simplicity and primitiveness are part of a great enigma—the decay of literature and intelligence during the first thousand years of Christianity. In the rapid advance of literature and intelligence from Sir Thomas Malory's point of time—an advance so much more rapid than any that followed the productions of Chaucer—we may perhaps detect an illustration, not only of the value of printing, but of that extraordinary action of prose language in exploiting and generating mental power which has still to be taken into due consideration in accounting for the beginnings of civilisation.



## THE ADOPTION OF A MORE PERFECT SYSTEM OF TECHNICAL INSTRUCTION BY THE LIVER- POOL SCHOOL BOARD.

BY FREDERICK W. EDWARDS, M.S.A.

COMPARING England with the Continent, the late Matthew Arnold said that the fault of popular teaching at home lay in its being so little formative. This is probably the reason why *Punch* once satirically asked whether there was anyone at the Education office who had ever seen a child. It also had something to do with the assertion of Sir Lyon Playfair, that three-fourths of the Education grants were wasted.

It may, therefore, be of interest and use, and tend to emphasise a new era in local educational work, if an attempt be made to state briefly, and in a popular and consecutive form, a few facts connected with an extended curriculum of Technical instruction about to be introduced in the Board Schools of Liverpool. The recent Technical Instruction Act undoubtedly gives all elementary schools power to adopt its provisions for any scholars who are no longer receiving instruction in the standard or obligatory subjects. It is but just to recognise, however, that the Liverpool School Board had anticipated the measure, in ascertaining, in the form of an exact legal opinion, that they were able to do so under their earlier Elementary Education Acts, and also by proceeding to initiate an efficient scheme throughout the standards.

It had previously been a matter of some uncertainty as to whether elementary schools could provide technical

instruction, or earn grants thereby, but the statement of Sir Horace Davey appears to be entirely in their favour. He says :—

I am of opinion that, provided that elementary education continues to be the principal part of the education there given, instruction in any secular subjects, as well as in religious subjects, may lawfully be given in a Board School, unless and except so far as the conditions required in order to obtain a Parliamentary grant contained in the minutes of the Education Department, in force for the time being, prohibit any subject to be so taught. The Code of 1887 (which I assume to be the one now in force), by Clause 17, expressly permits instruction to be given in secular subjects, in respect of which no grant is made. I am, therefore, of opinion that a School Board, under existing circumstances, and subject to any regulations which may be made by the Education Department hereafter, may give manual instruction and defray the cost of it out of the school fund, and charge such cost, or a *pro rata* proportion (as the case may be) to the school or schools where it is taught.

A majority of the English nation has at last apparently arrived at the happy state of admission that it is imperative that elementary education must be henceforth of a more real and practical nature, and better adapted to the requirements of an artisan population. In this connection it should be a matter for congratulation that the Liverpool authorities have had the courage to inaugurate what is probably the most complete system up to the present time, and one which will ere long be fully organised throughout the whole of their schools. The first important step towards this was the conference held between the School Management Committee of the School Board and the Committee of the conference of Public Elementary School Managers, at which several valuable resolutions were agreed to. These may be summarised in the following manner :—

- (1.) The introduction of the Kindergarten system of instruction in all Infant schools.

- (2.) The continuance up to Standard IV of some branches of Kindergarten instruction, such as modelling in clay, etc., in addition to a series of object lessons leading up to the later science instruction.
- (3.) Throughout all the standards instruction in drawing, at least to boys.
- (4.) In Standards IV or V and upward, instruction in elementary science by means of actual demonstration.
- (5.) Manual instruction to be given to boys in the upper standards, at centres to be established by the Board, which shall be, as far as legally possible, available also to Voluntary schools.
- (6.) The retention of scholars in elementary schools as long as they can be induced to remain, and the inauguration of a special curriculum, including Science and Art Department subjects for scholars beyond Standards VI or VII.
- (7.) Permission to be given to Voluntary schools to avail themselves of the services of the science demonstrators engaged by the School Board, and also the use of their apparatus, together with the advantages of instruction to Voluntary school teachers by any special demonstrators that may be employed by the School Board.
- (8.) Centres for manual instruction not to overlap or encroach on the accommodation of any existing school, and to be provided by hiring workshops or any suitable premises.
- (9.) The City Council to be requested to exercise their powers as regards Elementary schools under the Technical Instruction Act of last year.

It will be observed there is nothing very revolutionary in the reforms that have been adopted, and that their introduc-

tion will not militate against the obligatory subjects of the code being still the principal part of the instruction given in Elementary schools. It would appear rather that the resolutions referred to have been drawn up mainly with the view to being successfully grafted on to, or co-ordinated with, the existing requirements of the code. If this be so, we may at least hope to realise ere long that theory and practice have joined hands to the greater advantage of both. The value of Kindergarten instruction up to the Fourth Standard, and the necessity of drawing being continuously taught, have been so repeatedly discussed and acknowledged that more extended comment is superfluous.

It will be noticed that the proposed manual instruction is to be given at centres, and as it will probably take place partially out of school hours, it will not be a serious burden to the present curriculum. It should be exceedingly satisfactory to learn that not only is the manual instruction to be available to the Voluntary schools, but that the Voluntary schools are to have extended to them other privileges as to apparatus and training of their teachers, wherever legally possible. It is evident that the resolutions have been drawn up with wisdom and care, and as they have been formulated by an ample representation of the concentrated interests of the Elementary schools, it ought to be unnecessary to take exception either to their scope or demands. A prevailing idea appears throughout in an attempt to provide for the training of the hand, the eye, and the brain in conjunction with the memory, suitably and continuously throughout the standards. There is strong evidence of the conciliatory spirit which has guided the deliberations of the joint committee in the practical arrangements which they have made to allow the Voluntary schools to participate in the new scheme wherever legally possible. This is but another proof that the School Board owes and deserves much of its success

to the broad and generous manner in which it has always dealt with the whole of the elementary interests of the city, whether Board or Voluntary.

The great point of importance is the retention of scholars as long as they can be induced to remain. This is somewhat in the nature of a blank cheque, and, while it may be misconstrued by some, will possibly be adversely commented upon by others, who believe that they are ratepayers first and educationalists after. With a little thought it will be seen that the proportion of scholars who, from various reasons, are able to remain beyond the Seventh Standard will be exceedingly small. The enhanced cost to the ratepayer, *if any*, will be unappreciable, owing to the fact that the grants earned (for the specific subjects which will be taught) from the Education and Science and Art Departments will probably cover the outlay involved. Those who doubt the value of continued elementary instruction may be reminded that in Scotland the most promising scholars are successfully retained up to the age of seventeen or eighteen, and that they practically receive a similar instruction principally at the cost of the British nation. Their retention may be looked forward to as the best devised connecting link between the elementary and secondary school, and the managers of local voluntary higher grade institutions anticipate with pleasure that it will offer to them many students whose training has been carried up to the exact point at which their secondary education commences. Hitherto it has been painfully clear, in numberless instances, that youths who have left an elementary school at twelve or thirteen, and who desire several years later to learn the theory of any handicraft they are apprenticed to, have forgotten most of what they knew, and in their ignorance feel degraded in being put through an elementary course ere they can be allowed to attack the ordinary curriculum of a

technological class. Many will eagerly desire to see this decision supplemented by a syllabus of specific subjects of a less rigid character. Such a definite departure in elementary education demands greater power of variability, differentiation, and local option. The academic requirements of all class subjects might, without any fear of a tendency to teach trades still further, give place to the needs of so large a manufacturing, agricultural, and domestic people. This will appear clearer, and be insisted upon more strongly, when it is generally realised how much economic, as well as educative force, will ultimately result from the giving of a reasonable amount of manual instruction. The voluntary experiment made last year by the Liverpool Technical Association was so successful that the School Board have decided to bear the cost themselves of carrying on the work for another season. The two subjects of manual instruction chosen were: wood-carving and fretsaw work. Ten schools were selected as centres, and each class consisted of fifty boys taken from the Sixth and Seventh Standards. The classes were held after school hours, and the instruction, tools, and materials, provided free. The reports of the head masters, in whose schools the classes were held, unanimously testify to the interest and enthusiasm exhibited, the benefit received, and the desirability of extending the work throughout all the boys' schools. The council of the Technical Association are quite satisfied that the movement in favour of manual instruction only requires such a fostering influence as this in order to insure its universal adoption as a voluntary subject in all Elementary schools.

Attention may be further drawn to the fact that the joint committee, not satisfied with the laborious attention already given by themselves to the subject, invited delegates from the principal voluntary educational agencies of the city, asking and receiving from them an expression of opinion as

to the best method of inducing the City Council to put promptly into motion "The Technical Instruction Act" of 1889. The fortunate results of this will be seen shortly in a unanimous scheme drawn up by representatives of all the public educational institutions of Liverpool, to be presented to the City Council in due course. The credit of its initiative will belong largely to the School Management Committee of the School Board, whose action has brought about an amount of loyal co-operation and friendly feeling that could scarcely have been hoped for under any other circumstances. Liverpool is indeed fortunate in possessing a public official like Mr. Hance, whose wide knowledge of the whole politics of education, and whose courteous treatment and consideration to other higher institutions providing Technical Instruction, has made many things possible that might have been conflicting in so large an undertaking.

The resolutions already epitomised were unanimously passed as a report by the School Board, at their monthly meeting in November last, and the meeting on the 2nd instant of the School Management Committee announced that they had appointed Mr. J. C. Pearson as instructor in applied drawing, to give and direct, under the Board's science instructor, the manual instruction contemplated by the approved report. Mr. Pearson, though a stranger, is not only an efficiently trained teacher, but has had considerable experience in the organisation of manual instruction under the City and Guilds of London Institute in conjunction with the London School Board, and is thoroughly conversant with all its details. There is every reason to assume that his work will grow in importance and success, as has that so ably carried out by Mr. Wm. Hewitt, B.Sc., who was made Science Demonstrator in 1877. Those who at the time opposed or depreciated the introduction of science teaching, may be aptly told that the general intelli-

gence of scholars has since largely increased, and that the passes in elementary subjects which were 79 per cent. in 1877, the year alluded to, rose gradually until they reached 92 per cent. in 1884, and were last year 95 per cent. This ought to be accepted as a fairly conclusive proof that any form of Technical Instruction is a help, and not a hindrance to ordinary primary education.

One paragraph only of the report need be noticed to illustrate its scope and value. Fully recognising the many difficulties of a redistribution and reform of the existing curriculum, it points out that the amount of Technical Instruction that can be given in Elementary schools may never be large, but that the principal importance lies in the fact that the preliminary training necessary to enable young people to avail themselves of the new Act at a later stage can only, in the majority of cases, be given in such schools. It also truly states that the extent to which scholars are likely to desire further benefit will largely depend upon the bias for or against Technical Instruction imparted to them in the early standards.

Caligula wished that the Roman people had but one neck that he might cut it off at a blow. It would be impossible, perhaps, under any circumstances, to deal in so summary a manner with the hydra-headed problem of education, but is it not encouraging to find the School Board doing its utmost to diagnose the difficulties of the situation, and at the same time offering an intelligent and comprehensive solution of what they deem necessary for its amelioration and future progress?

## THE CHURCH AND THE STATE IN MEDIÆVAL EUROPE.

By JAMES BIRCHALL.

### II. THE LIBERTIES OF THE GALLICAN CHURCH.

THE attitude assumed by the Christian Church in the presence of the barbarians who overthrew the Roman Empire presents one of the most impressive spectacles in European history. Of all the ancient institutions she alone withstood the invaders, subduing them by the calm and undaunted front of her priesthood, and rendering herself necessary to them in the transaction of business and the legislative proceedings of their national assemblies. But the influence which the Christian ministry then maintained in temporal affairs, although beneficial both to conquerors and conquered, was prejudicial to their spiritual authority. They sank into the position of worldly courtiers, flattering when they should have denounced, and involving themselves in the crimes and intrigues of the rough barbarian courts. Their vast wealth and political aggrandisement at length roused the envy and jealousy of the chieftains. These fierce warriors at first held in contempt the ease and inaction of the ecclesiastical office, and so left it in the exclusive possession of an enslaved and despised race. But the frequent appearance of bishops in arms at the head of fighting men, soon taught them that spiritual honours were not necessarily incompatible with the career of a soldier. Rough and uncivilised Teutons then began to supersede the comparatively refined and polished Latin hierarchy, and although many illustrious men thus entered the Church, the majority were utterly unscrupulous,

hard and worldly, and reckless plunderers of their neighbours. Even the stern rule of Charles the Great failed to reduce such turbulent churchmen to order. The feudal tenures imposed on their lands nourished a passion for warfare, in spite of laws which prohibited their engaging in arms; while their enjoyment of exceptional powers and immunities fostered those ideas of ecclesiastical independence which shortly gave birth to that demand for "Liberties," for complete freedom from control, whether of Rome or the State, which forms the most striking feature in the history of the Gallican Church. The appropriation of all the richest benefices by princes and nobles further developed the new-born spirit of independence. In the course of a few years the spiritual aristocracy greatly excelled the lay nobility in wealth and numbers, and Feudal France, as it gradually evolved out of the chaos of that eruptive age, assumed the aspect of a Feudal Theocracy, in which the episcopal order appeared as the dominant power, and ecclesiastical councils almost superseded, as they did in Gothic Spain, the national assemblies.

None laboured at this time with greater ardour, to establish the national character of the Gallican Church, than Hincmar, the great Archbishop of Rheims—the almost absolute ruler of Church and State in the reign of Charles the Bald (840–877). Equally a courtier and a churchman, he preserved friendly relations with all the contending factions of the time, without wavering in fidelity to the Carolingian princes whom he zealously served. But he enforced the sovereignty of the spiritual power over that of the civil, almost to the point of usurpation, repelling at the same time the growing pretensions of Rome, whose spiritual primacy he nevertheless acknowledged. In his resistance against the latter power, Hincmar was often successful. Of all the pretensions which Rome then advanced, that of her

appellate jurisdiction most deeply undermined the rights of metropolitans and the authority of provincial councils. The custom of appealing to the successor of St. Peter was originally confined to important questions, *causæ majores*, on which bishops demurred to the decision of their metropolitan, it being always understood that the Pope in pronouncing judgment, only gave expression to the statute law of the Church as set forth in the canons. Under the exceptional government of Charles the Great the custom fell into abeyance, but the dissensions which agitated the rule of his incapable successors soon afforded pretexts for its renewal. Appeals to Rome, even by ordinary clerks, then became common; and refractory bishops, like Rhotad of Soissons, and Hincmar's nephew and namesake of Laon, always had recourse to the supreme pontiff, assured, by the general tenour of papal policy, of receiving a favourable decision.

Rhotad had been cited by Hincmar, his metropolitan, to answer certain charges before the provincial council. Refusing to appear, he appealed to Pope Nicholas I, and on a repetition of his contumacy, was deposed and committed to a monastery. The pontiff thereupon demanded his restoration, and summoned all the parties concerned to argue the matter before him in Rome. Led by their metropolitan, the Gallican bishops resented this interference as wholly illegal and expressly contrary to the canons. Nicholas pointed to the Isidorean Decretals, then first published, as the warrant for his action, affirming that they prohibited the deposition of a bishop without papal sanction. And if, as was objected, these decretals were not to be found in the Canonical Code, it must be understood that all injunctions issuing from the Vatican were of equal authority with the canons, whether included in the code or not, and superior to the edicts of ecclesiastical councils.

This arrogant assumption keenly offended the Gallican bishops. It deprived their synods of all independent action, and as Nicholas also declared, on the same authority, that no council was lawful unless held by permission of the Holy See, it led to a further infringement of clerical liberties in the extension of the system of legations.

Previous to this time the Pontiffs had been generally represented in each Christian State by some eminent native metropolitan, appointed for a special purpose, with the consent or at the wish of the reigning sovereign. Such occasional vicars were now superseded by Legates *a Latere*, entrusted with undefined powers, which authorised them to hold councils, promulgate decrees, depose bishops, and issue interdicts at their discretion. The gross misconduct and overbearing pride of these new emissaries, and the excessive abuse of their authority, in defiance of the ancient customs, soon provoked wide-spread indignation. At the same time, much of the odium they incurred was due to the reforms which legates, like Hildebrand, rigidly enforced, and the severe penalties they inflicted upon clerical offenders. By the time of St. Bernard of Clairvaux (1091-1153) more mischief than good had been produced by these papal ambassadors, and when the French monarchy grew stronger, their powers were considerably abridged. They were then forbidden to enter the kingdom without the previous consent of the sovereign—their letters patent were scrutinised by the Courts of Parliament—their functions were strictly defined—and they were prohibited, under pain of forfeiting their licence, from trespassing upon the royal prerogatives, the laws and ecclesiastical liberties of the realm, or the privileges of the universities.

Meanwhile, the bishops themselves endangered the liberties of the Church by their possession of feudal estates. Feudalism was essentially repugnant to Ecclesiasticism,

organising society on a different basis. Aforetime, the clergy formed a class apart from the laity, and free from the burdens of the state. Now their immunities were curtailed; feudal services admitted of no exemptions; and all fief-holders, whether lay or spiritual, were bound by the one common law which fixed the terms of their tenures. All were subject to a pecuniary fine on entering into possession; the lay tenant paid a *Relief*, and the ecclesiastical feudatory a *Régale*; the lay heir, if a minor, became the ward of his lord, who administered the estate; but as no such contingency could happen in the Church, the lord kept his benefices vacant as long as he could, drawing the revenues in the interval.

Again, no estate could be transferred to another without the permission of the lord, who exacted a fine for granting the privilege on every occasion. But when lands were bestowed upon the Church, they remained with her for ever and could never be alienated, for which loss of prospective revenue a pecuniary compensation was demanded called the *Droit d'Amortissement*. The increasing number of these alienations in mortmain at length brought them under the cognisance of the law, and no transactions of the kind were permitted without the express licence of the sovereign, who demanded heavy dues on each occasion.

Other feudal customs peculiarly exposed the Church to the domination of the great seigneurs. These naturally claimed their right to the patronage of any abbey, prebend, or chapelry founded by them or their ancestors, and the claim was rarely disputed. But under the titles of *Aroués* or *Vidames*, by which they guaranteed protection to particular churches or abbeys, or agreed to render such feudal services as it was uncanonical for ecclesiastics to perform, they not only extorted a territorial recompense for their championship, but often inflicted upon their clients

wrongs as grievous as those they had undertaken to prevent. All this feudal control, with the pecuniary dues connected therewith, was transferred to the crown, as the monarchy developed, the process of change beginning with Philip Augustus (1180-1223), and ending with the reign of Lewis XI (1461-1483), when the Gallican Church exchanged the bonds of feudalism for those of an absolute monarchy.

The Church, however, had felt the strong hand of the chief secular ruler from the earliest times, especially in the disposition of her episcopal dignities. Her primitive right to elect her own chief pastors was generally admitted by the Frankish kings, but rarely respected. Leaving creeds and formularies which they did not understand, to be settled by the clergy, these rough princes seized upon the temporalities and disposed of them at will. Arrangements which satisfied the Church were frequently made, and as often broken; and it was eventually decided that after being canonically elected, a prelate should wait for the royal confirmation before he ascended his spiritual throne. Breaches of this compact led to the custom of soliciting permission from the crown to proceed to an election; and this again induced the practice of issuing royal letters of recommendation, specifying by name the person to be elected. Then came the ceremony of Investiture, which did not excite serious controversy in France, since the Gallican Church admitted the right of the suzerain on certain conditions, which were generally observed until the crown monopolised the patronage of the higher preferments by the Concordat of Bologna.

In the course of these successive encroachments, the ancient custom of electing bishops by clergy and people passed away, and was superseded in the twelfth century by the practice of capitular election. Even then, and for some time afterwards, the choice of bishops was not subject to any fixed or generally recognised rule. Most frequently, the

chapter of the diocese elected the bishop, and then applied for the approbation of the king and the pope. Sometimes each of these potentates appointed directly and independently.

Royal control over these elections would seem to have been justified by that essential principle of feudal law which stipulated that no suzerain could have a vassal placed in any of his fiefs without his consent. But it was an abuse of the *Régale* when the sovereign wantonly prolonged a vacancy for the sake of appropriating the revenues. The Capets were very jealous of any interference with this unjust stretch of their prerogative, and the famous Philippine Ordinance of the first king of the House of Valois extended the *Régale* not only to benefices actually vacant, but also to those which were held without a legitimate canonical title, and therefore ought to be considered vacant.

All these innovations of the temporal ruler were not observed with indifference by the pontiffs on the Tiber. From the time, at least, of Nicholas I, it had been their settled policy to make Rome the seat of a sacerdotal empire : to transfer to the Holy See the patronage of all the benefices in Latin Christendom, and centralise at the Vatican the judicial administration of the whole ecclesiastical commonwealth. National churches lost their independence by the promotion of appeals and the perpetual citations of their dignitaries to Rome. Their metropolitans could not act until the pallium had been received direct from the pontifical hands ; their bishops were obliged to await confirmation before assuming episcopal functions. These and other advances to supreme control, which marked the policy of Gregory VII were followed up by Innocent III, who not only assumed the right of determining all contested elections, but claimed authority by what was termed the Right of Devolution to supply the want of election, or the unfitness

of the elected, by a nomination of his own. Then came Mandats and Provisions whereby the popes, at first under the form of requests, and next of commands, asserted their absolute right, as universal patrons, to dispose of all preferments whether vacant or in reversion. The court of Rome thus gradually acquired a predominant influence in the disposal of all the higher preferments in France, and exercised an almost absolute sway over the Gallican Church.

It was destined by the irony of fate that this career of aggression should be arrested by the most devoted son which the Church could claim in that age—Lewis IX. With all his austere piety, this royal saint possessed too deep a sense of religion to become the slave of the clergy, and too lofty an opinion of the kingly office to abase its authority before the spiritual power. He appointed his own bishops, and recognised none of their excommunications unless they were first examined and justified by his own courts; and he firmly maintained that the representative of St. Peter, as lord of consciences, should keep to his own sphere and not encroach upon the authority of temporal potentates. In this policy he was boldly supported by the civil lawyers who now began to surround the throne, and the famous Ordinance, known as the Pragmatic Sanction, considered by some to be erroneously attributed to him, is in perfect harmony with his principles. The six articles it contains enforced—first, the rights, liberties, and internal canonical usages of the Gallican Church, particularly with regard to freedom of election, and respect for the rights of patrons; and next prohibited the payment of all exactions and pecuniary impositions demanded by the court of Rome, except with the free and express consent of the sovereign and the church of the realm.

It should be observed that the new legal force which now pressed upon the clergy was directed rather against

ecclesiastical than against papal encroachments. The latter generally affected the Church more than the State; and it was the enormous powers exercised by the spiritual tribunals, and the exemption from civil jurisdiction claimed by the clergy, which aroused the fiercest hostility of the lawyers and the laity generally. In 1246, a confederacy of the nobles, sanctioned by St. Lewis, bound themselves by oath not to permit the spiritual judge to take cognisance of any matter except heresy, marriage, and usury; and they further resolved that, if one of their number were excommunicated on account of this oath, they would all resist in common to the utmost of their power.

In the early days of anarchy and general insecurity of life and property, the Church was the only power able in any degree to curb violence and lawlessness; bishops arbitrated in every quarrel, and, on the whole, succeeded in enforcing some respect for order and justice. But as the secular authority developed the ability to rule, judicial functions were gradually transferred to lay magistrates, and ecclesiastical interests began to be subordinated to those of the state. The study of the civil law in the universities, and the rise of an intellectual body of laymen, whose erudition was as profound as that of the clergy, immensely accelerated this movement. The temporal courts then began to fall under the exclusive control of the lawyers; churchmen were removed from the offices of mayor, sheriff, bailiff, and other lay positions which they had hitherto occupied. They were compelled to withdraw from the parliaments, and abandon all share in the business of the civil administration; and when the great Parliament of Paris, solely composed of laymen, and guided by legal minds, became in 1302 the central machine of government, the whole administration of the kingdom, civil and ecclesiastical, fell into the hands of the legists.

The bishops first evinced their perception of this continuous diminution of their influence and authority during the twelfth century, from which time they strained every effort to recover themselves and extend the jurisdiction of their courts. Orphans, widows, strangers, pilgrims, lepers, and the poor, classed as "persons in distress" (*miserabiles persone*), were already under their protection and free from the control of lay tribunals. The like immunity extended to Crusaders and those who took the crusading vow; while the indefiniteness of the term "*spiritual causes*" afforded them an unlimited number of pretexts for drawing cases into their courts. By virtue of the right of the Church to chastise "*sin*," Innocent III vindicated his pretension to control national quarrels, and, for the same reason, the episcopal judges claimed the right to adjudicate in all the common differences of individuals, in breaches of contract, violations of oaths, and unfaithful discharge of trusts. At a memorable conference held before Philip of Valois in 1329, Peter de Cugnières, Advocate-General in the Parliament, delivered a long speech in which he enumerated the instances wherein the spiritual courts had transgressed their powers. They compelled laymen to bring their cases before them under threats of excommunication. In order to swell the list of their subjects, bishops conferred the tonsure without any discrimination of persons as to fitness, character, and scholarship; even upon those who sought the privileges of the Church for the sake of escaping the just punishment of their crimes by the secular court. Episcopal officers treated persons excommunicate after the most rigid manner of modern boycotting. They prevented men from trading with them, working for them, or holding intercourse with them; they stopped the cultivation of their land; and it was a common occurrence for considerable numbers of individuals to be brought up in the episcopal courts and fined for

associating with those who lay under the ban of the Church.

The bishops present, unable to deny these charges, only sought to justify them, on the ground of law, ancient custom, and the superiority of the clerical order, but they promised to redress any reasonable grievances. No active measures immediately resulted from this remarkable debate, but several regulations were made before the end of the century which withdrew from the spiritual courts the cognisance of testaments and other causes, and considerably narrowed the immunity of the clergy in criminal matters.

The Church courts at length brought about the loss of their independence by their own action. Having only spiritual censures at their command, they were thrown upon the lay magistrate for the enforcement of such sentences as fine and imprisonment. This furnished the temporal courts with pretexts for revising their proceedings. Appeals against their decisions were encouraged; and finally, about the beginning of the sixteenth century, the famous form of procedure known as the "Appeal because of Abuse" (*Appel comme d'Abus*) subjected all their judicial acts to the revision and correction of the Parliament of Paris. The spiritual courts then ceased to exercise their ancient independent jurisdiction; laymen were forbidden to resort to them; and, in 1539, a royal ordinance restricted their authority to questions purely spiritual, and to cases in which personal actions might be brought against clerks in holy orders. From that time they gradually fell out of use.

I pass now to the memorable conflict between Pope Boniface VIII and Philip the Fair of France, which forms an era as important in the constitutional system of mediæval Europe as in the relations between Church and State. The papal dream of a universal monarchy then vanished in confusion; nations felt in themselves the manhood which works

out its own destiny—and the Gallican Church, with all the external dominion enjoyed by the hierarchy during the preceding ages, succumbed to the crown.

Many issues were involved in the conflict.

The State resisted the Church in the person of its supreme head. The lawyers, jealous of the clergy and their privileges, asserted the authority of the civil law over canonical law. It was a contest for the strengthening of French interests in Italy; while the personal hostility which existed between the two chief combatants infused a bitterness into the quarrel that excluded all hope of reconciliation. Both antagonists were well matched in ability and resolution. Each was alike confident of the justice of his cause; each equally determined to uphold his sovereignty unfettered—the king over all the estates of his realm; the pope over all sorts and conditions of men, princes or subjects, as members of the Christian community, of which he was the sole supreme and divine ruler.

Neither of the two potentates took into account the revolutions which had so considerably altered the character of their respective dignities; although Philip possessed some advantage in this respect, under the direction of the lawyers, his chief counsellors. Ever since the reign of Lewis the Fat (1108–1137) kingship in France had gradually emancipated itself from the feudal system; it had acquired a sovereignty of its own, above and beyond the right of the suzerain over his vassals; and the contending feudal elements had become so much welded together under its authority that Philip was supported in the strife by the entire nation. It is from this date that we can clearly trace the growth of that absolute monarchy from which the French people did not deliver themselves without the convulsions of the Revolution of 1789.

The popedom likewise had grown to a supreme position;

but moral and intellectual, from which the pontiffs looked down upon all terrestrial powers. While Philip Augustus was extending and consolidating the royal authority in France, Innocent III was successfully confirming the spiritual dominion which Gregory VII had set up. The two powers thus developed contemporarily, and there grew around each a body of able and daring men ; on the one side, lawyers learned in all the maxims, principles and precedents of the Roman law, to whom the king was what Cæsar had been to the empire ; and on the other side, canonists and profound theologians who maintained the absolute sovereignty of the spiritual power over all earthly princes, on the ground of its divine origin.

During the long warfare between Pope and Emperor, the French monarchs, jealous of imperial aggrandisement in Italy, had generally allied themselves with the papacy ; and the popularity of this policy had given expression to the saying “that it was a goodly match to marry the church to the fleurs-de-lis.” Boniface had been connected with the French party in the Italian peninsula long before his elevation to the Apostolic Chair ; he owed his promotion to its influence, and declared his willingness to serve it still. He was moreover well known to the French king, having been legate in France only four years before, so that Philip had many reasonable grounds for regarding him as a friend and ally.

The real origin of the quarrel arose out of Philip’s fiscal necessities. So long as the Capets were little more than great feudal lords, the revenue of the royal domain was equal to their needs ; but it was totally inadequate to support the machinery of a monarchy, with its hosts of officials and its army of mercenaries. Philip, moreover, was entangled in wars here and there : with the Flemings, with the First Edward Plantagenet in Guienne, and with revolts in the

South. All these severely trespassed upon his ordinary resources, and compelled him to resort to questionable expedients. He plundered the Jews and the Lombards, sold privileges to the towns, tampered with the coin, and taxed the nobles with sumptuary laws. In 1296, two years after the elevation of Boniface, his treasury was again exhausted, and for its replenishment he imposed a general levy upon his subjects, clergy and laity alike. Now Church property was originally exempt from all liabilities to the State. But when its domains were converted into feudal fiefs, the clergy, as military tenants, paid the regular dues, and also, at least from the time of Philip Augustus, a pecuniary composition for those services in the field which they were unable to render in person. Moreover in great public exigencies, they acknowledged their duty to contribute, like all other subjects, to the defence of the kingdom, only that such contribution should be sanctioned by their councils, and collected by their own officers. In short, they demanded that at such times they should not be taxed without their consent. The clergy, therefore, did not object to the Evil Toll which the king had imposed, but to the arbitrary manner in which it was enforced, without any consultation with pope, bishop, or council. Two-tenths were demanded; the Cistercians refused to pay, and appealed to Rome. Boniface rushed to the quarrel, and forthwith issued the bull *Clericis Laicos* (Feb., 1296), which forbade, in peremptory tones, the payment of any tax upon church property without the direct permission of the Pope. Ecclesiastics who submitted to such taxation were declared deposed and incapable of holding any benefice; secular rulers and their officers who received such money thereby placed themselves absolutely under excommunication. The Gallican clergy did not relish this bold interference in their relations with the State, and in an address to the pontiff they deprecated his action as conducive

to disturbance. Thus deserted by his natural allies, and threatened with the loss of his own supplies by a royal ordinance forbidding the export of money and valuables from the kingdom, Boniface withdrew from his assumed guardianship of ecclesiastical property, and acknowledged the king's full right to tax the clergy with their consent whenever State necessity required it. An interval of apparent reconciliation followed; but it soon appeared that the Pope was temporising. The obnoxious bull was not withdrawn, it was only disavowed in the case of France; in all other countries it was still in force, and it was evident that Boniface meant to declare himself the one sole trustee of all the lands, goods and property held by the clergy throughout Christendom. Philip, on the other hand, showed no disposition to abate the least of any of his prerogatives, and he continued to vex the Church with many petty arbitrary acts. One of these which involved him in a dispute with the Archbishop of Narbonne drew forth a strong, but not intemperate, remonstrance from the Pope, and the unfortunate, if not insulting, choice of a legate to adjust the difference precipitated a rupture. Instead of entrusting such a delicate mission to some affable and diplomatic cardinal of the papal court, Boniface selected a turbulent intriguer, whose notions of sacerdotal power were as inflexible as his own, and who, being a native of Languedoc, was also possessed with the hereditary hatred of the South against its new French masters. This envoy, named Bernard de Saisset, had been recently made Bishop of Pamiers by the Pope, under circumstances which had given considerable dissatisfaction to the king, so that on every ground he was of all men the one who should not have been despatched as an ambassador to the French court. It was manifest that Boniface, whose high office imposed upon him the character of the pacificator of Europe, was bent on provoking a

quarrel, and that with the most passionate and unscrupulous of contemporary sovereigns. Hardly had de Saisset entered upon the duties of his mission than he was arrested on a charge of treason, and committed to the custody of his metropolitan, the Archbishop of Narbonne, ambassadors in the meantime being sent to Rome with charges of a spiritual nature which demanded his degradation. The chief of these ambassadors was Peter Flotte, Keeper of the Seals, one of those lawyers who were so passionately attached to the crown, and so resolutely determined to withstand the domination of ecclesiastics. The choice of such an emissary was equally as imprudent as that of de Saisset. The Pope, already incensed at the violation of all ecclesiastical and legatine privileges by the arrest of his envoy, was further irritated by the fearless language of the French minister, and he forthwith fulminated, with furious impatience, bull after bull against the king and his clergy. In one of these, known as the Greater Bull, *Ausculat carissime fili* (Dec., 1301), Boniface arrogantly proclaimed the supremacy of his see in things temporal as well as spiritual, and called upon Philip to acknowledge this and submit. Another bull renewed the prohibition of ecclesiastical payments to the lay authority, and a third was addressed to the prelates, cathedral chapters and doctors of the universities, citing them to attend a council in Rome to consider the affairs of the kingdom and the conduct of the king. This daring assumption of authority over the secular administration, and the attempt to set the whole hierarchy in revolt against their sovereign was a fatal error. It was a blow struck at the national independence, laity and clergy alike felt deeply offended, and Philip and his counsellors, accurately sounding the general mind, promptly resolved to set clearly before the people the Pope's pretensions and their consequences, and appeal to the national patriotism. He published a summary

of the Greater Bull, and caused the document itself to be publicly burnt in his presence, and then convoked the three estates of the realm to advise and aid him in his extremity. The nobles, and the burghers of the towns and cities now rising into notice and wealth, promptly responded to his call, and pledged themselves to resist the unbridled pretensions of Rome, and maintain inviolate the sovereign rights of the crown. The clergy, embarrassed by their spiritual allegiance, tardily assented to the decision of the lay estates, requesting at the same time permission to obey the papal summons and attend the council at Rome. They further addressed a respectful appeal to Boniface protesting against the doctrines he had enunciated, as well as the numerous invasions he had made upon their special and distinctive liberties. In reply to this protest, the Pope sharply rebuked them for their cowardice and apostacy, and when the council assembled he issued therefrom another bull, *Unam Sanctam*, wherein the powers which he had assumed, and would not surrender, were fully and deliberately defined. The Church, it was asserted, had one body and one head. She had at her command two swords—the one spiritual, held by herself; the other temporal, wielded by kings and soldiers, with the assent and by the sufferance of the supreme pontiff, to whom every human being was subject. Belief in this was necessary to salvation.

Notwithstanding the royal prohibition, the council at Rome was attended by forty-five French bishops and abbots, mainly from Bretagne, Burgundy and Languedoc, where the royal authority was least respected. Philip now seized and confiscated the property of these prelates, which Boniface retaliated by the excommunication of all who should molest them, or any one proceeding to or returning from Rome. The king then renewed his prohibition, and a second time forbade the export of money and valuables. So the quarrel

went on, varied with fruitless overtures for reconciliation. At last the Pope despatched a legate with an ultimatum containing twelve demands, requiring Philip, among other matters, to revoke his ordinances against the clergy, release them from the jurisdiction of the temporal courts in civil actions, and, while acknowledging the right of the Pope to dispose of all the benefices in the kingdom, to declare his own inability to touch the property of the Church. French arms had recently sustained a disastrous defeat in Flanders, at the battle of Courtrai (24th March, 1302), and Philip returned a moderate answer to these demands, conceding some, but distinctly affirming his resolution to follow the customs of the realm and maintain the liberties and privileges of the Gallican Church.

Under the impression that Philip was thoroughly humbled by the reverse in Flanders, Boniface commanded his legate to excommunicate the king, and all who supported or countenanced him. But papal thunder had no terror for Philip and his legal advisers: Peter Flotte, slain in the ditch at Courtrai, had told the pontiff to his face that he cared not for his spiritual power—it was only nominal, while that of the king's was real. Philip, therefore, stood unmoved; and, supported by the nobles, prelates, and legists in parliament assembled, he caused a formal indictment to be presented in which the Pope was accused of usurpation of his office, and of being guilty of many abominable crimes and heresies. These grave charges he demanded should be heard in a General Council; to this council he appealed as the supreme tribunal of the Church, and forthwith published his appeal throughout France and the neighbouring countries; William of Nogaret, a fearless and unscrupulous lawyer, being despatched to Rome in the meantime to do whatever was necessary to secure the pontiff's attendance. Not a single churchman uttered a word of remonstrance

against these unheard-of proceedings. Twenty-six prelates actually signed the appeal ; no fewer than nine cardinals also concurred in the measure ; and seven hundred cathedral and conventual bodies in France alone signified their approval. It was impossible that a man of such a fiery temper as Boniface should calmly observe this defection of many who had hitherto been his most ardent and servile partisans. Repudiating with scorn the notion that the successor of St. Peter could be arraigned before a General Council, he forged for his last and greatest blow, a thunderbolt hurling Philip from his throne, and blasting his kingdom with the curse of an interdict. This threatening missive never fell. Anticipating the attack, Philip caused Boniface to be seized in Anagni by a band of the Colonnas, his hereditary foes, who treated him ignominiously and with shameful brutality. Indignant at the outrage, the townsfolk, with whom he was a fellow citizen, rescued the aged pontiff, and conducted him to Rome. Here, however, he found himself once more in the power of his enemies. This fresh mortification, added to the indignities and barbarity he had already endured, was more than his spirit and enfeebled frame could bear. He fell into a burning fever ; and in delirium and frenzy he left the field of strife, pursued even beyond the grave by his vindictive foe, who sought through his successor to damn his memory with the anathemas of the Church.

The contest which thus came to such a tragical end was speedily followed by the subjection of the papacy. Within a few months, Philip secured the election of a pontiff wholly devoted to his interests. Clement V, in return for the honour conferred upon him, removed his court to Avignon, where he and his successors continued to reside during the years of the so-called Babylonish Captivity. The Church of France then fell a prey to both king and pope. Each gave the other license to make free use of its property ; the king

extracting his tenths whenever his need required; the pope demanding his annates and firstfruits with increasing rigour. The lower clergy especially suffered under the burden of these exactions; but the oppression became almost insupportable during the years of the Great Schism.

The jurisdiction of the Avignon popes being then confined to France and a few smaller countries, the pomp of their courts and their retinue of cardinals mainly depended for support on the revenues of the Gallican Church. The intolerable extortions of this time, together with the shameful lives of these reputed successors of St. Peter, and the evils which threatened to destroy the whole Christian organisation, at length excited universal alarm, and the University of Paris, the recognised organ of public opinion, began a movement for putting an end to the Schism by an appeal to a general Council.

At an extraordinary assembly of prelates and nobles, held at Paris in 1395, it was decided to call upon the pope reigning at Avignon to resign. A royal ordinance confirmed this decision, and the French clergy, catching at an opportunity which promised the restoration of their ancient franchises, withdrew their allegiance. Their expectation was doomed to disappointment. The State at once stepped in as the only supreme authority, and it was at this time that the secular tribunals gained those advantages over the spiritual courts which have already been noticed; the parliaments widely enlarged their jurisdiction, and the sovereign was left in the exclusive possession of the right to convoke the national councils of the Church.

Such a national council was summoned to meet at Bourges, by Charles VII, in 1438, amid the distractions of the English occupation. In the series of assemblies at Pisa, Constance, and Basle, by which the Great Papal Schism was at last terminated, several important principles

had been enunciated destructive of the long established supremacy of the Roman pontiffs. The Gallican divines, led by the illustrious Jean Gerson, Chancellor of the University of Paris, took a prominent part in the discussion of these principles. Adhering with the severest orthodoxy to Catholic doctrine, they demonstrated the absolute superiority of General Councils and their canons over all popes and papal rescripts, and they showed that the traditional primacy of St. Peter was not indispensable to the existence and authority of the Church. These ideas now inspired the assembled hierarchy at Bourges; and they were further influenced by the opinions which had been held from the days of Hincmar respecting those peculiar rights and privileges which placed the national church in distinctive and almost exclusive independence of Rome. The new Pragmatic Sanction which resulted from their deliberations gave the force of law to these principles and sentiments. It declared that it was the bounden duty of the Pope to convene a General Council every ten years; and that the sanction of such council was necessary to the validity of his bulls and decrees. He was deprived of all patronage in France except in a few specified cases; reserves, mandates, provisions, and all other devices for appropriating benefices were forbidden, and annates and firstfruits condemned; while such impediments were placed in the way of appeals that papal interference in this respect was practically abolished. In the matter of ecclesiastical elections, the new Sanction enjoined that they were to be freely made in strict accordance with the canons by the respective chapters; but the king and other princes might occasionally recommend or request the promotion of persons of special merit, a clause which, in effect, took away the freedom granted. The publication of this unprecedented vindication of the liberties of the Gallican Church caused the greatest satisfaction

throughout the kingdom; but at Rome it was severely censured, with threats of an interdict. Charles VII declared himself equally determined to uphold the law, but his son, Lewis XI, partly out of blind hatred of his father's memory, and partly to gain papal support for the House of Anjou in Naples, abrogated the decree, and allowed all the hateful usurpations of Rome to be resumed. The nobility and clergy stoutly resented this renewal of aggression; the Parliament of Paris absolutely declined to admit the king's prohibitory ordinance in the records, and Lewis, discovering that the hope which had tempted him proved to be groundless, and that his action met with universal reprobation, revoked his concession. The Pragmatic Sanction thus remained on the statute book, but its provisions were never sufficiently enforced, although the secular courts and the theologians of the Sorbonne formally acknowledged it as the foundation of the ecclesiastical constitution of France.

This unsatisfactory condition of things continued throughout the reign of Charles VIII. Lewis XII, drawn into collision with Pope Julius II, by his ambitious enterprises in Italy, then took a decided step. He republished the Pragmatic Sanction, and ordered the exclusion from office of all who had obtained benefices from Rome contrary to its provisions. The Gallican clergy warmly supported their sovereign in this proceeding, and a conflict with the Pope began which the fortunate death of Julius alone prevented from growing into a formidable schism. Leo X, who succeeded, adopted a more conciliatory policy. In an interview with Francis I, at Bologna, after the great victory at Marignano which gave the French possession of Milan, he succeeded in obtaining from the king a concordat which literally sacrificed the liberties of the Gallican Church to the interests of her temporal and spiritual sovereigns. Ever since the Council of Bourges, the French kings had upheld

the supremacy of general councils, and asserted a right to demand their convocation, in conformity with the Pragmatic Sanction and the Councils of Constance and Basle. These claims Francis silently abandoned to Leo, and by a silence equally significant restored to him the right to reimpose the odious annates and firstfruits. The popes, on their side, had never ceased the assertion of their indefeasible right to fill up vacant sees, and to appoint to every other ecclesiastical dignity. This right Leo surrendered to Francis, reserving only a formal and ineffectual veto, as an acknowledgment of his theoretical supremacy. Such an iniquitous measure created the utmost amazement throughout France. The Parliament of Paris stubbornly refused to give it legal authority; the University vehemently resisted it almost to the point of sedition. But the despotic power of the crown bore down all opposition, and in 1527 the king, by his own arbitrary command, deprived parliament of all jurisdiction over ecclesiastical affairs, and transferred it to the Council of State. The general doctrines, however, on which Gallican "Liberties" were founded, had taken too deep a root to be easily suppressed. The clergy frequently urged the sovereigns to relinquish the privileges they had acquired by the concordat; and the Council of Trent would not only have deprived the secular ruler of his control over the temporalities of the Church, but restored all the jurisdiction and immunities of the clergy as they had existed in the most sacerdotal times. The same Council also attempted to infringe Gallican "Liberties" by reserving all criminal causes affecting bishops to the sole cognisance of the Pope, in contravention of the ancient discipline which rendered them, in the first instance, amenable to the Metropolitan and the Provincial Council. All these and other decrees of a like character were repelled by the Parliament on the ground that they were at variance with the primitive coun-

cils, derogatory to the rights of the king and the authority of his edicts, and repugnant to the liberties and immunities of the National Church. The decrees of the Council of Trent were consequently rejected in France, except such as were not contrary to the laws and constitution of the realm. The Papacy, however, supported by the Ultramontanes, made repeated efforts to recover its lost control. But French statesmen, churchmen as many of them were, remained firm in their maintenance of the royal authority, and none presented a more determined front than Cardinal Richelieu. The extortionate pecuniary demands of the Roman Chancery on promotion to episcopal sees, the increasing assessments of annates, and the long time during which sees remained vacant, on account of the bishops-designate being unable to obtain their mandates for consecration from Rome, created great offence, and Richelieu at one time threatened to annul the concordat and place the Gallican church under an independent patriarch. Lewis XIV was also engaged in a controversy with the Holy See, which had a very important result. The difference arose out of a declaration issued by the king, affirming that the Right of Régale and the guardianship of the temporalities belonged to him in *all* the sees of his kingdom, except a few in the south, where feudalism had never been in force; and those bishops whose dioceses had hitherto been considered exempt were summoned to register their oaths of allegiance at once, in order to save their temporalities. Two prelates defied the summons, on which their sees were declared vacant, and successors nominated. Innocent XI warmly resented this encroachment, notwithstanding that he was barred from all interference by the Concordat of Bologna. Lewis then convened a National Council of the Clergy, and this assembly, led by the illustrious Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, drew up a "Declaration concerning the Ecclesiastical

Power," which has been always appealed to as the clearest statement of Gallican "Liberties" to be found in the archives of the Church. This famous document affirmed that the authority of the Pope and the Church was exclusively spiritual, and that kings and princes are not subject to any ecclesiastical power, with respect to their temporal government, nor can their subjects be released from the duty of obedience. That the spiritual power of the Pope is subject to the authority of General Councils. That the ancient rules, customs, and institutions received by the realm and church of France are inviolable; and that, while the Pope has the principal place in deciding questions of faith, and his decrees extend to all churches, his judgment is not irreversible until confirmed by the consent of the Church. The Declaration containing these Four Articles was issued as an edict by royal proclamation, and accepted by the Church and the Universities. The Pope judiciously refrained from passing any judgment upon it; but he manifested his displeasure in refusing to institute any bishops nominated by the king, and there followed a renewal of the threat of Richelieu to sever all connection with Rome. The Ultramontanes furiously attacked the measure, and Bossuet, feeling himself responsible for it, wrote his memorable Defence (*Defensio Declarationis Cleri Gallicani*). In this noblest of all his works, he reviewed with consummate talent, and in a calm and moderate temper, the entire history of the manifold feuds between Popes, Emperors, and Kings. He showed the traditions of Councils, examined the controversies which arose from them, and appealed to the writings of the Fathers, the schoolmen, and the most illustrious doctors of the Church. The impression he produced upon all parties was profound—his Defence was felt to be unanswerable; the Vatican dared not censure or proscribe the work, and the long controversy

between the Gallican Church and the Papacy came to an end.

Such was the final stand against Rome made by the clergy of France. It now only remains in conclusion to show briefly how the undisputed exercise of State patronage affected the internal welfare of the Church. One article of the notorious concordat practically asserted that royal or noble birth was in itself, apart from scholarship or pastoral fitness, a sufficient passport to preferment. The Gallican hierarchy throughout their history had been essentially aristocratic, and this article intensified their character. Noble and royal houses appropriated all the wealthiest offices; some prelates held as many as ten bishoprics and abbeys at once: and only a few small sees here and there could be found in the occupation of men who, by some extraordinary chance, had been promoted from the plebeian clergy. The Church, in short, was converted into a great State department whose treasury, equal to two-fifths of the entire national revenue, constituted an almost unlimited source of reward at the disposal of the crown. Qualification for the sacred office was considered to be of no account in these State promotions. The favourite advanced generally earned his reward by civil or military services. If he had a wife, or was reluctant to assume the clerical office, he could delegate his duties to a spiritual person, himself retaining the income. Most of the great abbeys were held in this way. The abbots neither observed vows nor presided over their communities. Their duties were discharged by the prior, who held his office at their pleasure, while they lived abroad in the world, enjoying their high rank and ample revenues. A remarkable example of this system of State patronage, which so thoroughly secularised the higher clergy, is that of the Viscount de Bourdeille, Abbé de Brantôme, historian and biographer, who lived

during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, in the reigns of the Angoulême princes, when the concordat had had full time to show its effects. His income was mainly derived from the abbey which had been granted to him for service in the field. Leaving the duties to be performed by his titular abbot, Brantome spent his time amidst the gaieties and profligacy of the court, the *Memoirs* he left behind showing an apparent unconsciousness of the objectionable character of the scenes described. This bland acceptance of royal vices directly resulted from a system which brought bishops and high dignitaries to the court in quest of preferment. The total indifference which princes and ministers displayed for the spiritual needs of the people was a still greater evil. Pluralities and absenteeism became the standing reproach of the Gallican Church, so much so, that one of the first decrees of the Council of Trent was specially directed against it. The spirit of worldliness and disregard of duty spread downward from cardinals and archbishops to the most insignificant curate, and the germs were then sown of that corruption and scarcely concealed infidelity which some regard as the prime cause of the Revolution. A much more powerful cause, however, lay in the broad and impassable chasm which separated the parish priests from the princely hierarchy. The condition of the country curates throughout the whole history of the Gallican Church was a sad and hopeless one. Taken entirely from the *roturiers*, their plebeian birth perpetually barred them from promotion—feudal arrogance claiming all ecclesiastical dignities as the exclusive heritage of the nobly born. These unfortunate men were for ages tied down for life to the diocese in which they were ordained, and little removed in social rank from the serfs to whom they ministered whatever spiritual comfort and edification lay at their command. In the representative assemblies of the Church they had no voice and rarely a seat. Their

revenues, drawn from the tithes, were mulcted by the great tithe owners, who gave to them thereout a pittance barely sufficient for decent maintenance. Even then they were not free from plunder. The burden of taxation authorised by councils where they had no advocate, or by pope and king, in whose eyes they were of mean account, fell with a grievous pressure upon them. Thus despised and oppressed by brethren who felt for them no sympathy, they contracted in the long duration of their bondage, feelings of the deepest bitterness and distrust of their superiors. On the eve of the meeting of the States General (May, 1789) they inundated Paris with their lampoons and satires; they set forth their grievances and the selfishness of the "illustrious do-nothings" in a Petition to the Throne. The effect of all this upon the electors was so great that when the Estates met, their elected candidates exceeded those of the higher clergy by nearly two to one. At that eventful moment the hierarchy relaxed none of their haughty reserve and overbearing pride; and the irritated and long suffering curés cast in their lot with the Left, and identified themselves with the Revolution. When they found the National Assembly bent upon a destructive policy, they perceived their error, and went over to the Right. It was then too late. The doom had come; and the Gallican Church was swept away with the Monarchy which had done so much to ruin it.

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NOTE.—In addition to the authorities mentioned in the previous paper of this series, I desire to express my obligations for much of the material used in the present essay to *The History of the Church of France from the Concordat of Bologna to the Revolution*, and *The Gallican Church and the Revolution*, by the Rev. W. Henley Jervis, M.A.; the *History of the Rise of the Huguenots*, by Professor Baird, of New York; and Sir James Stephen's *Lectures on the History of France*.

# THE ETHICS AND POETRY OF THE CHINESE, WITH PHASES IN THEIR HISTORY.

BY B. L. BENAS.

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I PROPOSE in this paper to lay before the Society a sketch of the inner life, aims and aspirations of more than three hundred and eighty millions of our fellow-creatures; the only family of human beings who can claim to have from the remotest ages to the present day, kept the cradle of their race and themselves in an unbroken historical continuity. The Jews, who have marvellously retained their ethics and racial instincts perhaps longer than any other Caucasian race, must yield to the Chinese the merit of having preserved both their territory and their political organisation intact.

I am not entering into the field of comparative ethics, nor do I wish to impress anyone with the idea that I at all disparage our western ideal of civilisation. I only ask for an impartial and philosophic enquiry as to the claims the Chinese have to hold a place among the nations of the world, who have contributed their share to wean mankind from a state of primitive savagery, to a useful form of communal life.

It is most difficult for us, perhaps the most serious task, for the philosophic mind to free itself entirely from inherited prejudices. I remember conversing once with the great Indian reformer, Chunder Sen, a man of transcendent intellect, who had a supreme admiration for all that was health-giving in our European customs and ethics, yet he admitted to me that he himself could not easily overcome his inherited prejudice against the use of flesh meat.

It has been jestingly observed, that if the pockets of some of the agnostics of Latin countries were searched, possibly an *Agnus Dei* or a sacred heart might be found on their ring of charms.

No people had a greater prejudice against the bearded strangers (barbarians) than had the great Roman nation; yet in the end the traditions of Rome would have been lost but for these very barbarians. If anyone could have foretold that the Roman people would in later years adopt the poems of, what was in their estimation, the barbarian Jewish king David, as sacred hymns, and chant and re-chant these verses daily in all the Basilica of the Eternal City, it would have seemed as ludicrous then, as though someone to-day were to venture to predict that in a future time, some Chinese poet might take rank with a Shakespeare or a Byron.

In fact, do we not ourselves associate ideas with modes of expression, I will not say thought, which our educated conscience warns us are erroneous? For instance, we asso-

ciate a German band with a wretched out-of-tune brazen performance, whilst we at the same time know that Germany produces some of the most tender and exquisite writers of harmony, and many of the most skilful executants. Again, an Italian organ-grinder and an Italian plaster-of-paris image man revolt our artistic instincts, the one by its machine-made inartistic harmony, the other by the soulless lifeless lump of dough which seems to burlesque art; and yet Italy, of all other countries, is the mother of much that is true and beautiful, whether in the domain of harmony, the brush, or the art plastic. It is just because both Germany and Italy are artistic nations, that where the cup is full to overflowing, there we find, as a rule, the froth and bubble as well; and we are apt to associate the froth and bubble oftentimes with the generous liquid itself. It is a matter of fact that those Germans and Italians, to whom none of their countrymen would fling a centime, get a few coppers from the country folk of people not their own. Hence so many of them emigrate, and thus give a false impression to the uncultured, untravelled, and unthinking multitude, respecting the character of the masses of their countrymen at home.

There is another pitfall from which we have to be warned, and that is the influence of the unscientific and superficial chronicler. For instance, the foreign professor, who may live in Soho, or the neighbourhood of Leicester Square, and who corresponds with some continental journal, professes to instruct the people abroad about the English nation, whereas he hardly knows the parish of St. Giles. What does such a critic as this know of our sturdy Lancashire men and their busy hives of commerce; our Yorkshire centres of industry; the charm of our lake district; the brawny Highlander and his wild and romantic country; our beautiful Devonshire meads and their gentle yeomanry;

or the grimy iron puddler of Dudley and West Bromwich; yet such writers profess to instruct about England. You have, again, the foreign Commission Agents, who live a few years in some of our important manufacturing centres. They attend their lager beer houses in London, Liverpool, Manchester, or Bradford; they go occasionally from Friday to Monday perhaps to Brighton, Southport, Buxton, or their nearest watering-place; they remain with us just long enough to make the money they want; they go back to the Vaterland, and these people tell you they know all about England and the English; nay, how many native born Londoners are there who know extremely little of the land of their birth. So that before presenting to you a few examples of the ethics and poetry of the Chinese people, I venture to entreat you to divest yourselves of any possible prejudice, which I regretfully admit exists against the Chinese, in many English-speaking countries, in the same degree as I warn you of the prejudice which clings to the Italian organ-grinder and the German brass band. I wish you also to take *cum grano salis* the opinions of many Europeans who happen to have lived a few years in the Treaty ports of China, who have possibly associated only with the English "set" over there, and have become saturated with our prejudices, going to China only to make money, and on their return venturing to tell you they know all about China and the Chinese. Their knowledge perhaps is about equal to, or possibly slightly less than, that of our foreign friend located in St. Giles, who presumes to be a popular educator with regard to Great Britain.

To study the history and tendency of a people, we must not merely visit the country as a tourist or as a commercial adventurer, but it is necessary to take a deep introspective view into their literature, religion, laws, ethics, and proverbs, as well as to their political and social organisation. A

Gibbon, or a Mommsen, has described the inner life of ancient Rome perhaps better than a local Roman *quidnunc*, who may have been in the flesh in the Eternal city centuries ago. These historians that I have mentioned have seen with their brains what the other merely thinks he sees with his eyes. Of course, those students who are satisfied without examination that they are only dealing with the "heathen Chinees," are no better than the prejudiced Chinaman of the lower orders, who calls Europeans barbarians and whiskey-drinking devils. These persons on both sides do not count for much in the domain of philosophic thought, though, alas, they do sometimes influence the material and political relations of mankind with each other, and oftentimes prejudice gains a temporary victory. A child may not like the multiplication table, but whether he likes it or not, it does not alter the fact that twice two are four.

Suppose a Chinese author quoting the opinion of an American Ex-Consul as to the position of womanhood in Germany, the so-called typical land of culture. Now this is what Ex-Consul Mr. Henry Ruffles says :—

I would not like to be a German peasant woman, I would much prefer to be a German horse, for German horses are well treated and well fed. The Germans are naturally kind to all dumb animals. Women, however, receive none of these kind attentions and considerations at the hands of the male portion of the community, but are treated as if they were of a species lower than the brutes, with no feelings and no souls. Woman is made to perform every kind of degrading labour. She prepares the fields for planting, she drives the oxen and holds the plough, and not unfrequently she takes the place of the ox before the plough. She sows the seed and tills the soil, she shovels, she hoes, she reaps, she gathers the harvest, she thrashes the grain and carries it to the mill, she grinds it at the mill, she markets the products of her small strip of land to buy bread for her children and beer for her lord and master. She does the work and drudgery in the factories, she is the scavenger for cleaning the streets, and gathering offal in the cities and highways for enriching the land. She does

everything but play soldier and hang about beer shops and drink beer from early morn until late at night like the German men, and these occupations would be assigned to her provided they required hard labour or drudgery of any kind. Yet they are strong and robust, and perform what is called a man's labour. While at work in the fields, and it is only during the warm months of the year that they can, they are only paid ten or twelve cents for a day's labour of twelve hours (that is fivepence or sixpence English money).

When they board themselves they receive from 20 to 28 or 30 cents a day, or 10d. to 1s. 3d. English sterling.

Might not a Chinese critic be reasonably expected to deduce from this opinion, that however high the ideal of woman may be in countries holding western ethics, in actual practice it does not amount to much; and might not such a student logically retort, when we point flippantly to the practical position of women in some of the treaty ports of China, that we ought to examine what the ideal position of woman is, in Chinese religion and ethics, before we assume that the Chinese Chowbenter's wife is the ideal of Chinese womanhood.

As a magistrate, I had the personal experience in our local tribunal, of an excellent heroic woman who nursed and tended, and by her long and faithful watching, saved the life of a desperately wounded canal-boatman with whom she lived as his wife, absolutely refusing the earnest appeal of the man in open court to marry with legal or religious form; "Nay," said she, "I love him, and he is a good man and kind to me now, but the moment I am his wife he looks upon me as his property, and he'll kick me like the rest of them do." And *vice versa*, how many women are there that have goaded their husbands almost to the verge of ruin, madness, and despair, who have lost all their womanhood, except, perhaps, as the poet Heine calls it, "their anatomical virtue?" Such instances as these, however, are the

exceptional diseases of western society, but not the ideal high type of the true biblical wife, whom the royal sacred writer describes as more precious than rubies. There is a popular Chinese song of very ancient date, seven centuries before the Christian era. It is in General Tcheng Ki Tong's collection, published in the French language. I give you two verses. I may add that, to the best of my belief, although there are translations, there is no metrical version in the English language of the ancient Chinese book of verses—more of which anon.

## LITTLE WIFE.

Outside the eastern city gate  
 Are many damsels fair and gay,  
 Like clouds are they in numbers great.  
 To them I have no word to say.  
 My little wife in robes of white  
 For me is my heart's sole delight.

Outside the ancient city towers  
 Await me maidens, sweet and gay,  
 With coloured robes and gorgeous flowers.  
 They tempt me from my mate astray.  
 But little wife in robes of white  
 For me is my heart's sole delight.

I have carefully studied the many adverse criticisms of the Chinese people, and I find that they may be crystallised into three main charges; firstly, that woman does not hold as high a social position as in European and western communities generally; secondly, that their deterrent and punitive legislation is cruel; and, thirdly, that the Chinese personal habits are unsavoury, that their abodes are uncleanly, and that their general ideas of sanitation are either very primitive or altogether wanting. The prejudices of Europeans and English-speaking people generally have been for the most part fostered by the experiences of the Treaty

ports, and of Americans and Australians, where the froth of Chinese emigration has overflowed, and we hear much of the unsavoury condition of the Chinese quarters and of their careless habits. Let me remind these adverse critics of what an observant foreigner wrote of us in pre-reformation days. Erasmus ascribes the frequent plagues in England to the nastiness, dirt, and slovenly habits of the people. "The floors," said he, "are commonly of clay, strewed with rushes, under which lies unmolested an ancient collection of beer, grease, fragments, bones, spittle, excrement of dogs and cats, and everything that is nasty." We have, however, improved all this off the face of the earth, so there is hope for the Chinese likewise.

I venture to think I have shown that in sanitary matters at least, China is what we were in former generations. It occurs to me that the reply of many Chinese ladies to those who adversely criticise their social position, would be very much like the reply of those British matrons who do not care to help their sisters to obtain political equality and complete parliamentary enfranchisement, these like the others say "We don't want to vote, we prefer to retain the sphere we now occupy." As a matter of fact, monogamy is the legal status of society in China. There is a recognised inferior union, similar to that permitted by the "first" Code Napoleon and the temporary morgantic alliances of the German aristocracy known as "standesherren," but law and Chinese society permits only one wife. On the other hand, a Chinese wife is a legal attorney for her husband. She can give a receipt for him and take delivery or accept a transfer for him; she can veto or consent to the marriage of her offspring, and she can endow them with her goods without the consent of her husband. In fine, woman's position in China is somewhat the Pauline one, but hardly as low as that of St. Chrysostom. Paul says in 1 Timothy ii, 11,12,

“Let woman learn in silence with all subjection, but I suffer not a woman to teach nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence ;” whilst St. Chrysostom calls woman “a necessary evil, a natural temptation, a desirable calamity, a domestic peril, a deadly fascination, and a painted ill.” The *Fortnightly Review*, in its issue of October, 1889, has a remarkable article on the position of women in Asia, from which I extract the following :—

No one could for a moment maintain that if a highly organised specimen of the western women were picked out there could be found amongst eastern women any one to match her in beauty, grace, purity, and that highly specialised sense which we love to think of as refined womanhood, but on the other hand, among western women there are many whose infamy and depravity of nature it would be as equally difficult to match in the eastern world. Action and reaction are equal everywhere. Development cannot proceed apace without starting at the same time a retrograde course of degeneration. If the ideal aimed at is high it cannot be astonishing that the majority failed to come anywhere near it, and many fall lower than if they had no ideal at all to start with. The easterns are content with the mediocrity and materialism of this earth, their tread on it is firm and sure, and whilst failing to produce brilliant results, their condition of morality is one of inherent stability. We, like Icarus of old, spurn that which is material from beneath our feet, and attempt to rise on wings of our own making towards the ethereal expanse. May heaven grant that we may not, like him, come crashing lower down than that level from whence we sprung, and with disordered minds and broken up institutions find ourselves wallowing once more amidst the filth of primitive savagery.—HORACE VICTOR.

With respect to punitive and repressive legislation, we in England should be the last to throw stones upon another people. The act of Henry VIII, 22, Cap. 12, enacts that a sturdy beggar is to be whipped the first time ; his ears cropped the second ; and if he again offend, to be sent to the next gaol till the quarter sessions, there to be indicted for wandering, loitering, and idleness, and if convicted shall

suffer execution as a felon and an enemy to the commonwealth. W. Heaton in his work, *The Three Reforms of Parliament*, writes :—

“Our law recognised two hundred and twenty-three capital offences. It seems at first that there can scarcely be two hundred and twenty-three human actions worthy of even the mildest censure, but our stern fathers found that number worthy of death. If a man injured Westminster Bridge he was hanged. If he appeared disguised on a public road he was hanged. If he cut down young trees; if he shot at rabbits; if he stole property valued at five shillings; if he stole anything at all from a bleach field: if he wrote a threatening letter to extort money; if he returned prematurely from transportation; for any of these offences he was immediately hanged. In 1816 there were at one time 58 persons under sentence of death, one of these was a child ten years of age. This was England before 1830.”

Before we enter upon the ethics and poetry of the Chinese people, and having disposed of some of the negative aspects of this great Mongolian family, we may now proceed to examine some of their positive institutions.

The pith and kernel of society in China is the purity of family life and the sanctity of the home. The father, the mother and the offspring, are protected in all their legitimate rights and aspirations, and respect for ancestry is carried perhaps to extravagant dimensions. If a man attains a position of dignity, not only is he ennobled, but his ancestor likewise. There are few hereditary titles in China, but those few have originally been ennobled on account of conspicuous merit. As in Great Britain, the title descends to the eldest son only, whilst the younger sons merge with the rest of the people. Promotion to high office is attained by dint of meritorious conduct and high culture. Children of the humblest parentage have been appointed viceroys and mandarins. Many men and women of the labouring classes pass through a life of privation to save enough to educate one exceptionally clever son. In the event of this lad gaining a

chief prize in the local school, which the government provide everywhere free for "elementary" education, the parents feel themselves amply rewarded in the homage paid by the village or the district to the successful prize-winners. These youths are carried on the shoulders of a deputation who wait upon them, they are crowned with flowers, and at night the streets are brilliantly illuminated. This annual prize day forms a feature in Chinese social life. Every Chinese mother looks forward with hope to this eventful day, for to train up a prize-crowned son is to raise her on a pedestal of social importance. The Chinese cannot well understand the English or American system of ministerial appointments, that is to say, choosing a banker as first Lord of the Admiralty, or a bookseller for the position of Minister of War, or a briefless barrister to be appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer. The Chinese insist upon a complete apprenticeship and step-by-step training for government appointments. They remark that we would not allow our coat to be made by one who is not a tailor, nor would we have our boots repaired by a blacksmith. "Every occupation," say they, "requires apprenticeship and training." They taunt English and Americans with having heaven-born legislators who are quite ready to mend a constitution, but who would not attempt to repair a coat or a pair of boots. The views of the Chinese Government are identical with those of the Papacy, whose hierarchy and priesthood permit no layman to take office in the church proper.

The Government of China is strictly paternal. The Emperor is the almost infallible ruler of his empire, just as the Pope is the ruler of the Catholic Church. The Emperor delegates his power to viceroys, mandarins, magistrates, and thence to the lowest functionary, all of whom can be suspended at will. Of course no human institution exists to

which one might apply the term perfection. Necessarily the exercise of so much absolute power does and must give rise to instances and cases of injustice and peculation, but these cases are exceptional, the Chinese people, though a peace-loving, well-educated, and well-disposed people, would only tolerate their ancient system providing it brought them the maximum amount of, what was in their estimation, communal comfort with the smallest discomfort, and they accept their form of government with the same contentment as a believing Catholic does that of his church. The United States of America exhibit perhaps the very antipodes of the Chinese system, and are certainly not free from corruption or peculation. It would be difficult to predict whether the free American institutions will endure three thousand years hence, her polity having stood the test of scarcely more than a century. The occurrence, a few weeks ago, of two senators shooting at each other, one being mortally wounded, does not look like political perfection. Again, several Chinese writers have pointed out that if they dared believe a tithe of the charges which each political party in England inveighs against the other, they could come to no other conclusion than that Great Britain is divided into two governing clans, the one bloodthirsty ruffians, the other incompetent noodles.

China points back with some pardonable pride that her system has endured for more than four thousand years. The Marquis Tseng points out, in his epoch-making article in the *Asiatic Quarterly Review* entitled "China: the Sleep and the Awakening," that his country has become rejuvenated and quite ready to hold her own now against all comers, both physically, intellectually, and commercially. The last chance that Europe ever had of making China subservient to her views, as with Hindoostan, was when the allied forces of England and France marched through the country and took

possession of the capital, but the burning of the summer palace near Pekin effected for the Chinese people, what the Carthaginians did for Rome after the battle of Cannae. China, the Marquis observes, is now wide awake, and will hold her own against all comers. It is admitted that their arsenal at Foo Choo is one of the finest in the world, and they now turn out some of their own ironclads and Krupp breech-loading guns. The best proof of their re-awakening is that in the late struggle with France, our gallant neighbours came off decidedly second best, and showed no symptoms of regret when England hinted a friendly suggestion of mediating.

Religion tempers the paternal government of the empire, and to a great extent acts as a protective force against injustice of all kinds.

Here again the Mongolian attitude towards religion is the reverse of that of the western races. The Mongolian is a creature deeply imbued with religious but not theological influences. Man seems to him to require two forms of sustenance, physical and spiritual, but towards both he accords the same absolute liberty and toleration. Just as if a human being chooses to live on salt fish and mussels, that is simply his own affair. A Chinaman may suggest that flesh meat and rice is a more desirable food, but with the advice he is content. Neither he, nor a European, would ever subject a man to political and social disability, or persecute him because he chooses to eat potatoes in preference to tomatoes, but the Chinaman proceeds in a like manner in his attitude towards spiritual nourishment. He both teaches and preaches, but he declares every human being free to adopt his own special method of spiritual sustenance. The government holds a benevolent neutrality towards all, and only interferes if any form of teaching attempts to infringe the law of the land. This was

the cause of the crushing of the Taeping rebellion. The Mahommedans of that province, in their iconoclastic zeal, began to demolish the shrines and altars of other faiths. The government put down the perpetrators, not as followers of Islam, but because they attempted a breach of the peace. Now, that the Imperial law has been restored, they can and do worship in their Mosques with all freedom, and enjoy the fullest protection. No better illustration of the genial effect of this universal toleration can be given, than the fact that the Chinese have accomplished what no other power or people have hitherto been able to do. That is, they have quietly absorbed their Jewish element. The Jews of Kai Fung Foo, who have been located there from pre-exilic times, have step by step relinquished their time-honoured institutions, and they are virtually indistinguishable from the rest of the population in their habits and general demeanour. They are now simply a community of Chinese monotheists; they have always enjoyed absolute religious liberty and equality. This should be an object lesson to many so-called civilised European communities.

Religious uniformity does not exist in China. There are three distinct religious groups, besides other subsidiary forms, namely: the religion of Confucius; the religion of Laotse; and the religion of Fo, or Buddhism. Confucius lived about six centuries before the Christian era. He taught high ethical principles, and above all obedient citizenship. The great aphorism of Confucius, "Never do anything to others which you would not wish others to do to you," is inscribed on almost every public edifice in the empire. Confucianism, however, seems to be a religion void of sentiment, and does not appeal to the heart and sympathy of the poor and suffering.

The religion of Laotse, equally ancient, whatever may have been its original inception, as at present practised is

anthropomorphism pure and simple in its crudest form. It embraced some of the elements of Confucianism, and, later on, absorbed Buddhism, and possesses a well-disciplined priesthood, who appeal to the superstition of the ignorant classes, and attract converts by appealing to the latent after-death terrors of the uncultured masses, this being entirely foreign to the teaching of the Buddha. The priests of Laotse decorate their altars with flowers, light up innumerable candles, have paintings and statues of their holy saints. Their priests wear gorgeous vestments; they burn incense during the service; they mediate for pardon of sins; they encourage the adoration of relics; they receive large fees for repeating prayers for the repose of the souls of the departed; and, to devote themselves exclusively to their religious profession, they generally adopt celibacy. The religion of Laotse furthermore owes some success to the hold it has upon the women of China, and indirectly through them upon their husbands and children. Woman is flattered by the worship of a queen of heaven, which has no place in real Buddhism or in the Confucian system. The godhead is decidedly more personal in the Laotse worship than in either of the other forms of religion. Thus the unlettered classes flock to the altars and shrines of Laotse. Moreover, the priests of Laotse make it a point never to argue as do the priests of Buddha or the preachers of the Confucian doctrine. They simply practise imposing functions, and ask blind obedience from their followers.

The great bulk of the middle classes, the landowners, agriculturists, and skilled operatives, are followers of the religion of Fo, or Buddhism. The great teacher Buddha has won the affection and heart of the thinking portion of the Chinese people. Unlike Confucius who appeals to a sense of duty, and Laotse to unknown terrors of an after life, the Buddha is loved and venerated for his own sake. His life

speaks more eloquently to them than the Dhamma-pada itself. His followers see in the life of their teacher, a prince born to succeed to a kingdom, nursed in the lap of every luxury, with palaces, equipages, and all earthly pleasures, married to a beautiful wife, and father to a promising child; yet the prince gives up all for his unbounded love of mankind. He quits in the dead of night his past glories, he kisses his wife during her sleep, blesses his child, leaves them in possession of all his fortune, doffs his royal apparel, assumes the cotton shirt of a mendicant, and wanders penniless into the jungle to consider in solitude what are the real aims and objects of life. After a period of hunger and a long probation of poverty, he preaches a doctrine of universal brotherhood, abolition of caste regardless of colour or privilege, elevation of woman to equal social rank with man, kindness to animals, care and tenderness in the treatment of the deaf and dumb, the honour of honest poverty, the danger of wealth, the forgiveness of wrong, patience under tribulation, and love for their enemies. Buddha says, "A man who foolishly does me wrong I will return to him the protection of my ungrudging love, the more evil comes from him, the more good shall go from me."

Forsaken by his own immediate race, repelled by all his ancient friends, except his wife and child,—the princess becoming a nun, and his son an apostle,—Buddha goes forth among strangers, among the poorest and lowliest, teaches, consoles, and comforts; he dies in his eightieth year calmly, surrounded by his followers, exclaiming, "Children, work out your own salvation." There exists in all Mongolian countries a deep popular love and veneration for Gautama the Buddha; to follow the Buddha is their watchword, to live and die as the Buddha did is their ideal. The priesthood of Laotse, feeling how widespread was the appreciation of Buddha, quietly absorbed his personage in their cult, and

have made the Buddha the supreme head of their countless saints, though their practices and teachings are altogether foreign to his teachings. The ignorant followers of Laotse quietly worship Buddha as one of their many gods, without any investigation, merely by the awe inspired by their priesthood.

We may thus classify the members of the three principal religious systems of China. The doctrine of Confucius is followed by the upper and ruling classes; the vast majority of the middle and respectable wage-earning classes follow the cult of Buddha; whilst the lowest and ignorant worship at the shrines and altars of Laotse. So eclectic, however, are the Mongolians that they each and all pay respect to one another's feast days, and followers of Confucius make obeisance to the shrine of Buddha, whilst the Buddhist looks upon Confucius as a wise father and a great teacher. Laotse quietly embraces them both.

In the political arrangements of the Mongolian world, however high the ethics and the beautiful life of Buddha are held up as the ideal, it is really the law of Confucius that keeps their social fabric intact. Buddha's contempt for wealth, his purely spiritual aims, his preference for celibacy as the highest state of human perfection, his toleration of the married state only as a concession to human weakness, his constant reiteration that life is merely a preparation for a blissful Nirvana, have won the adoration of the Mongolian masses; but the Chinese people being somewhat canny, hardheaded, and fond of accumulating wealth, are really guided in mundane affairs by the teachings of Confucius, whose practical insight into the exigencies of real life, so evident in all his laws, constitutes even for the Buddhist, although he is loth to admit it, the linchpin of his social and political organisation. Whilst Buddha for instance places woman on an absolute equality with man, Confucius takes

the Pauline view of womanhood, and the Chinese of every section of society follow the latter rather than the former.

I ought to mention that Mahommedanism does form a considerable section of the population in the border provinces, and it must be admitted is making marked progress. Teachers of Islam and the Jesuit brothers are the two exotic missionaries who make some headway among the followers of Laotse, both by appealing to the fleshly instincts of the Laotse believers. The Mahommedan induces him to enter his fold by the promises of a carnal Paradise, whilst the Jesuits inspire fear of a carnal infernal region and never-ending carnal torments. The Chinese followers of Islam are known for their sobriety, and general frugality.

An eminent Chinese official expressed to me, that the cultured classes have great admiration for our Bible and its ethics, but, he observed, the books contain the traditions of the people of Palestine who knew nothing about the Chinese or their history. He further stated that they had no antagonism whatsoever to what he termed the "folk-lore" of the Old and the New Testaments, but he maintained it only concerns those who derive their religious aspirations from the soil of Palestine. The Chinese treat our biblical history as a work of great literary value, and respect it accordingly, just as we do the ethics of Marcus Aurelius.

An extract from the Buddhist catechism, approved and recommended for use in the Buddhist schools by H. Sungamala Thero, High Priest of Sripada and Galle, and head of the Widyodaya College at Colombo, may not be without interest :—

*Q.* Of what religion are you ?

*A.* The Buddhist.

*Q.* What is a Buddhist ?

*A.* One who professes to be a follower of the Lord Buddha and accepts his doctrine.

*Q.* Was Buddha a god ?

*A.* No.

*Q.* Was he a man ?

*A.* In form a man, but internally not like other men, that is to say in moral and mental qualities he excelled all other men of his own or subsequent times.

*Q.* Was Buddha his name ?

*A.* No ; it is the name of a condition or state of mind.

*Q.* What is its meaning ?

*A.* Enlightened, or he who has the perfect wisdom.

*Q.* Did he become Buddha in his splendid palaces ?

*A.* He left all and went alone into the jungle.

*Q.* Why did he do this ?

*A.* To discover the cause of our sufferings and the way to escape from them.

*Q.* Was it not selfishness that made him do this ?

*A.* No : it was boundless love for all beings that made him sacrifice himself for their good.

*Q.* What did he sacrifice ?

*A.* His beautiful palaces, his riches, his luxuries, his pleasures, his soft beds, his fine dresses, his rich food, his kingdom, he even left his beloved wife and his only son.

*Q.* Did any other man ever sacrifice so much for our sake ?

*A.* Not one. That is why Buddhists so love him, and why good Buddhists try to be like him.

*Q.* How old was Buddha when he left his royal condition ?

*A.* Twenty-nine years.

The proverbs and maxims of the Chinese, like those of most nations, are perhaps the truest reflection of the inner life of the community, for were an epigram not like a mirror wherein people at once recognise themselves the phrase would not survive the author, perhaps not the day of its utterance. Such accepted English epigrams as "Much cry and little wool," "A stitch in time saves nine," "One half-penny worth of bread to the intolerable amount of sack," "Look before you leap," etc., are current phrases in English speaking communities, as the French would say *hors*

*de discussion*, hence beyond criticism. Let us now observe how the Chinese express themselves in their aphorisms; for instance, we say "Happy as a king" or "Happy as a bird," whilst they have it "Happy as a fish in the water," a fish really requiring nothing but peace and tranquility, all his natural requirements being provided. We say "Union is strength," the Chinese express it "One single bamboo does not make a raft." Our aphorism "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak," the Chinese express "One is more or less willing, the other more or less weak." With the Mongolian the more or less comes in. We say "Carrying coals to Newcastle," they observe "He is like a blind man climbing up a mountain to admire the view." Our "Penny saved is a penny earned," is in China "A daily income is better than a fortune." We say "The walls have ears," they observe "Don't speak in the street, there are ears under the flagstones." For our remark of "A pill to cure an earthquake," they have "Like the clown who casts a net to catch a hurricane." I should observe that many of these sayings are to be found in the writings of Confucius. He credits them at his period with an antiquity of more than two thousand years, so that many of the maxims I have quoted date back to more than four thousand years ago. One proverb deserves special notice which declares the brotherhood of mankind. "In every human form you see your kindred and your brother." The charge of exclusiveness on the part of the Mongolian is decidedly more political than ethical. Our biblical proverb "Can a leopard change his spots or an Ethiopian his skin?" with them reads "Imperial dynasties may change, but human nature never." The reverse of our thoroughly English saying "Take care of yourself" is rendered by the Chinese "Warmth for all and cold for yourself." Our proverb "Heaven provides for all," they have "Every blade of grass

has its drop of dew." "When the water gets low the fish begin to show," is somewhat like our saying of "Rats deserting a sinking ship." The life of a miser they describe as a man who falls in the sea and grasps the foam. That ancient institution of the mother-in-law is not forgotten in the Celestial Empire. They observe "The glances of a mother-in-law are like the skies in early spring, very unreliable." Again, "An ugly woman may satisfy her husband, but she cannot conceal her ugliness from the critical view of her mother-in-law."

I shall now proceed to quote a few Chinese proverbs without comment :—

"Life has its destiny, but fortune depends upon Providence."

"Although the sea is immense yet oftentimes vessels meet."

"It is easy to make money, but not so easy to retain it."

"Pure gold is not afraid of the fire."

"An old bee will never touch a withered flower."

"A dotard's life is like the flicker of a candle in the wind."

"Endow not a son-in-law with overmuch money; if thy daughter is ill-treated she may return to thee, but if thy silver taels are ill-treated, they will never find their way home to thee."

"No matter how high a tree may grow, yet the leaves fall to the ground."

"A tree planted haphazard on the roadside often gives a welcome shelter."

"To understand the sufferings of others you must have suffered yourself"

"The hurricane has no chance against a well-rooted tree."

"A mandarin can easily equip a thousand soldiers, but he finds it a harder task to provide a single general."

"We should seek new apparel and old men."

"When Heaven creates a mouth the food is created to fill it; just as every blade of grass has got its little root."

"Sweet is the great metropolis, but sweeter still is my dear little village."

"A faithful man cannot be faithless even under fear of death."

"Of three familiarities observe two and avoid one: retain the

respectful familiarity like mandarin to mandarin; also the affectionate familiarity like brother to brother; but avoid the insolent familiarity that is like the ill-bred man whom your father accepts for a son-in-law."

"Mankind are not all good nor are all flowers beautiful."

"Do not be a slave to your children, they will find out their own path to happiness when they grow up."

"True charity is to send fuel to the suffering in cold weather, not in making presents to those who are rich."

"Train your child to help you when you are old, just as you fill a money-box to make use of it when you are in want"

"First listen to the speech and then give your judgment."

"The gates of the law are always open, but those who have rights only and no money had better keep away."

"A dead man has empty hands."

"An evil act is an evil act, and, however cleverly done, is sure to be found out."

"Charity that is done for the sake of notoriety is not worth much."

"If you think there is no power in Heaven look at the lightning."  
(*This is a Laotse proverb.*)

"A good bottle of wine oftentimes elicits frank thoughts."

"Shame passes away but debts remain."

"To any one in a desperate hurry even his race horse seems to stand still."

"Through the chink of a door a human being looks very small."

"The hammer strikes the axe, and the axe strikes the wood."

"A near neighbour is better than a distant relative."

"A beggar does not succeed in climbing up a rotten bough"

"Take your own advice first and consult others afterwards."

"Many a soft speech conceals a vindictive mind."

"Ten rush-lights are not worth a single lamp."

"A man often shows his manhood after a long walk of sorrow."

"A clear conscience is better than a candle, for with the former you can walk in the dark."

"Jewels are seen at best when well set."

"A flower shows up better when it peeps through green leaves."

"To correct your neighbour is like attempting to cure leprosy."

"A stupid husband is afraid of his wife, a wise woman obeys her husband."

"One switch for a good horse ; one word for a wise man."

"If men would only criticise themselves as they do others and exercise the same charity for others as they have for themselves."  
(*This is a Buddhist proverb.*)

"It is not the use of wine that makes the drunkard but the abuse of it."

"When men are well-to-do they rarely burn incense, but the moment they are in trouble they fall at the feet of Buddha."

"The failings of the great are as a rule exaggerated by the small."

"Talent is like the muscle, the more you train it the more it develops."

"The mistake of the moment is oftentimes the sorrow of a lifetime."

"The anguish caused by envy is like a grain of sand in the eye."

"A wise man adapts himself to circumstances just like water takes the shape of the bowl that contains it."

The *Iliad* of the Chinese is the Book of Verses, and consists of a series of ballads, lyrics, and odes. They were first collected in the reign of the Emperor Houti, about seven centuries before the Christian era. They were subsequently edited by Confucius. The poem of the "Little Wife" is in this collection. A short ballad of this period is called the "Young Recruit." \*

\* I ought to explain that I have been obliged to paraphrase rather than literally translate the poetic effusions of the Chinese bards.

What Sir Edwin Arnold says of Japanese poetry holds good for the Mongolian on the mainland. I extract the following from a letter written by the author of the *Light of Asia*, dated Tmai-cho, Jan. 20th, 1890 :—

"Where they will complete a thing, nothing can be completer; the microscope itself could find no flaw in the patient, faithful article turned out. When, again, they merely desire to arouse the imagination, one sweep of the brush, one turn of the dexterous wrist, and they have indicated twenty leagues of blue distance, or limned a bird's wing in the very act of beating. This latter manner also characterises their national poetry. Bear with one little scrap of it, in order to realise how the Japanese Muse can trust the quick fancies of her children in the domain of song. A Japanese girl, going to her well in the morning, finds that a convolvulus during the night has twined its crimson and purple bells and green tendrils round the pail. It is too beautiful to disturb ! She abandons

## THE YOUNG RECRUIT.

I climb the bleak and arid peak,  
 And glance towards home that's far, yet nigh;  
 Methinks I hear dear father speak,  
 Methinks I hear dear father sigh.  
 My lad is for a soldier gone,  
 He marches all the day and night;  
 My son is brave, he'll yet come home,  
 He'll perish not in deadly fight.

I climb the green and verdant hill,  
 And look tow'ards mother's holy ground;  
 Methinks her voice is with me still,  
 Methinks I hear its gentle sound.  
 "My youngest boy's a-fighting gone,  
 No sleep by night, nor rest by day;  
 My lad is kind, he'll fain come home,  
 His bones escape the deadly fray."

the bucket to the fragrant invader, and goes next door to fill her domestic utensils. Out of this simple incident comes a famous song, done in three lines and five words. These are:—

Asagao  
 Tsurube torarete  
 Morai midsu.

The literal translation of which is—

Convolvulus  
 Bucket taking,  
 I borrow water.

And every Japanese ear understands, and every Japanese mind can delight in, the photographic brevity with which the scene and the thought are thus flashed, as it were, into the music and into the heart. But, to convey these to a Western ear and understanding, it would be needful to expand the Japanese poem into at least as many words as the following:—

The 'Morning-glory'  
 Her leaves and bells has bound  
 My bucket-handle round.  
 I could not break the bands  
 Of those soft hands.  
 The bucket and the well to her I left;  
 Lend me some water, for I come bereft.

And so must all the finer and subtler specimens of Japanese art—outside as well as inside its classical poetry—be, as it were, translated and expanded for the general Western comprehension."

I climb the snow-clad mountain high,  
 Afar lies elder brother's cot;  
 Methinks I hear him gently say,  
 "Alack, my younger brother's lot,  
 To herd with fighting men and rude,  
 To strive with ruffians night and day;  
 But brother 's bold, he'll brave the feud,  
 He'll live to win a hero's fight."

Although this poem is pre-Confucian and of remote antiquity, we have vividly brought before us love of home, affection of child towards parent, respect for an elder brother, and a decided preference for peaceful village life, rather than the glorification of arms. Another specimen is a very simple lyric, somewhat in the style of Robert Burns or Heine, termed

## TRUE LOVE.

An honest and a fair young maid  
 Hath pledged her loving troth to me;  
 She meets me at the Castle gate,  
 I wait the hour with ecstasy.

She brings a dainty sweet blue-bell,  
 The best, the rarest in the land;  
 Oh, little flower I love thee well,  
 For thou hast left my darling's hand!

There is a Byronic ring in this poem :—

## LAMENTATION.

My pine-wood barque invites me now  
 To glide along the placid lake,  
 For sleep denies my fevered brow,  
 And grief will ne'er my heart forsake.

Think'st thou my heart is mirror-like  
 That thou can'st see what therein gnaws?  
 Yea, e'en my brothers coldly speak  
 With icy word that never thaws.

Think'st thou my heart is like a pearl  
Which thou can'st fashion to thy will ?  
Or like a curtain thou can'st furl,  
Or hang it up a void to fill.

My friends despise and pass me by,  
And shoot their venom shafts of hate ;  
I kneel to Heav'n and there deny  
The lying story they relate.

At times the sun we cannot view,  
For clouds obstruct its radiant sheen ;  
The silvery moon is covered too,  
Its disc, now great, now small, is seen.

So too my heart, men read not right,  
I tire of all the world's delay ;  
Oh ! give me wings of Heavenly might  
From this dull earth to fly away.

Another poem :—

#### THE TWO FRIENDS.

Two gallant youths did plight their word  
To rest in friendship ever true ;  
They parted and away they erred  
To distant lands with tidings few.

In later years a haughty peer  
Was riding on a prancing steed,  
And saw a humble peasant near  
Scraping the soil to pluck a weed.

The noble lord descended now,  
And clasped the peasant to his breast :  
" Oh ! brother found, oh, lift thy brow  
And join thy friend that loves thee best."

The preservation of such poetry is the best living record of the pulsation of a people. We find ruins of Palmyra and some remains of Carthage, but these nations have left neither songs nor proverbs, hence we know nothing but

what their conquerors choose to tell us about them. If, for example, only a few English epigrams survive the wreck of our empire, such as "Time is money," "Fair play's a jewel," "Home, sweet home," "Let every man mind his own business," subsequent ages would have a literary lime-light thrown upon the ruined arch of Macaulay's prospective New Zealander.

The Augustine, Elizabethan, or, as the French have it, the Louis Quatorze and Golden period of Chinese classical poetry and literature was during the Thang dynasty, corresponding with between 618 and 917 A.D. Buddhistic influences then seemed to have penetrated the souls of their bards. The Chinese call Tou Fou their greatest poet; they rank him with Dante or Milton, and he is entitled the Prince of Poetry. I give an example of his writings. In the one entitled "Contemplation" we can observe the Buddhist spirit running through the effusion.

#### CONTEMPLATION.

Thou holy monk in silent cell,  
Like me a speechless life lov'st well;  
We've spoken every earthly phrase,  
Exhausted blame, exhausted praise.  
Are not the flowers as mute as we?  
Yea, e'en the stars move quietly:  
When thy great power, oh Heaven, I view,  
I mutely say, "Thy work is true."

#### Another entitled

##### THE CELL.

The early dawn of summer's morn  
Peeps through the ancient convent cell;  
The golden sheen doth now adorn  
The topmost trees where linnets dwell;  
The flowers now greet the rising sun.  
Their perfume scents the air;  
The holy hymn has just begun,  
The Monk bends deep in prayer.

Tseng Ming Tong has a style of his own. He alternates between grave and gay. I give a rendering of

SPRING.

Spring-time comes only once a year,  
And life, if ten times ten,  
It advent's rare enough, I fear —  
It comes but now and then ;  
So, friend, let's hail it with a glass,  
A welcome twice and thrice ;  
The wine-cup, onward let it pass,  
Oh ! never mind the price.

Li-Tai-Pé, one of the great bards of China, has written many volumes of poetry. I select some of his poems :—

THE GUITAR.

The Cheng Yang stream, with gentle flow.  
Would'st thou its sylvan borders know ?  
Come, take my barque and glide along  
Afar from city's busy throng,  
Leaving strife and toil behind,  
Thousand beauties there you find.  
I loathe the busy hives of man,  
Where house joins house ; where schemers plan ;  
A poet I, I live another life,  
Where nature smiles and peace replaces strife.  
I once sought heated halls of revelry,  
And fled, for no hearts there had sympathy,  
Except one friend, whose heart and mind was pure ;  
I cleaved to him, his love was ever sure ;  
With him one eve I took my boat,  
And as we gently onward float  
We hear a voice so sweet, so soft at first,  
Like heavenly tones on human hearing burst.  
It louder grows, and then we hear the whole,  
Like freedom's song from some erst shriven soul ;  
And strings seemed strung by ne'er a human touch ;  
Our glances speak, " Have ever ears heard such ? "

A light approaches on a vessel's prow,  
And then we see a gliding form below—  
A craft with silken sails and gilded helm,  
Both harp and song our senses overwhelm,  
And on a gilded couch, 'mid flowers bestrewn,  
We see a woman's hand the lyre attune.  
We stopped our barque and gently waved  
A signal, and its import craved,  
A moment's converse with the tuneful player.  
Answer comes, the seraph grants our prayer.

Ecstatic moments, gliding swift and fast,  
Lengthen and lengthen into hours at last,  
Till I, who ne'er believed a woman's heart,  
At length found one, and could not now depart.  
Oh ! form divine, would'st thou but share my love,  
Not wanton-like, but blessed from above,  
In wedlock pure I crave with thee to rest,  
Oh ! say not nay to this my heart's request.

The beauteous lady heaved a gentle sigh,  
And dropping tears streamed from her sparkling eye  
" Alas ! tis human like to find our fate  
Meets us at last, and that, alas ! too late.  
Would t'were my fate to be a poet's wife,  
But listen well till I recount my life.  
Tis years ago, thirteen I scarce could count,  
My lyre I took, and soon began to mount  
On fame's unsteady ladder, till I grew  
A songstress queen that all the world then knew.  
My soldier brothers died by foeman hands,  
My mother winged her soul to better lands,  
Though at my feet with all mankind as slaves,  
Friendless I tossed like barque upon the waves.  
Wild cheers of crowds and gems and flowers approve,  
No kindly heart, none offer honest love.  
I older grew, and then I saw full well,  
How others of my craft in anguish fell ;  
And then I feared my beauty might not last,  
And what would be when face and voice had passed ?

One night, I think I just had left the play,  
 A missive handed in, 'twas thus to say—  
 'A man desired at some convenient time  
 To ask if yet the gift of heart was mine.'  
 I thought at length that some enamoured swain,  
 With sweet request to lead me to a fane,  
 With wedded love to grant that life of rest  
 Which they who live on frail applause love best.

"But lo, I saw a shrivelled form and old,  
 Who offered me his hoarded stores of gold,  
 And then I thought and thought: "Perchance ere long  
 I cease to please the ever fickle throng,  
 Nor love nor gold will then await my lot."  
 So I my better self for once forgot,  
 Consent I gave, and to the priest he led  
 The public's idol, and 'twas thus I wed.

"Oh! thrice accursed from above  
 Is wedlock unhallowed by love;  
 A wedlock that is like the filled-up grave,  
 The clod retains, but spirit cannot save.

"So is my ancient spouse who bought my life,  
 And has the lawful right to call me wife,—  
 I have the gold to purchase every whim,  
 All this I have, and yet my soul grows dim,—  
 He piles up wealth, but what for that care I,  
 When yearning for a life of love I sigh?  
 Some weeks ago he left to bargain tea,  
 And thus for gain of pelf he leaves me free.  
 A sudden thought came o'er my fevered brain  
 To take once more my old guitar again;  
 Floating along the moonlit stream,  
 Dreaming a brief, but happy dream.

"'Tis over now, so, gentle youth, farewell!  
 Would 'twere my fate 'mid happier spheres to dwell,  
 But that, alas, is e'er so far from me.  
 God speed thee, poet, think sometimes of me!"

Her barque rowed east, my barque rowed west,  
 My friend now clasped me to his breast :  
 "Alas, poor soul, thy life a blank appears."  
 I grasped his hand and burst in bitter tears.

## THE SPRING.

The flowers of spring around me spread,  
 Radiant as the silken thread ;  
 The mulb'ry sheds its verdant leaf,  
 Yet why, Oh why, moan I with grief?  
 Oh, dearest one, if you but knew  
 How longingly I wait for you !  
 A rustling sound, I think her near—  
 'Tis but the zephyr's breeze I hear.

## ABSENCE.

Beyond the snow-clad mountain peak,  
 The golden sun sinks towards the west,  
 And through the clouds from out the east,  
 The silvery moon betokens rest.  
 My lattice window now I rise,  
 Unloose from folds my plaited hair,  
 From water lilies wafts uprise,  
 And zephyrs' wings refresh the air.  
 From bamboo leaves, stirred by the breeze,  
 The sparkling dewdrops gently fall,  
 My mandoline straightway I seize,  
 And string a dulcet madrigal.  
 The water lilies answer not,  
 The wind wafts on without reply.  
 Oh, what a dull and cheerless lot  
 Is all this world with thee not nigh !

There are many poems in China singing the beauty of spring-tide and flowers. The early season and the cult of flowers seem to be an ever-welcome theme with the Chinese poets. Pe Ku Hi is another poet whose writings possess

considerable dramatic force. I give you a rendering of one of his favourite poems, entitled

ETERNAL LOVE.

The Emp'ror Ming Noang desired to wed  
 The best and fairest maid in all his land.  
 He tarried, and he tarried long, 'tis said,  
 Before he offer'd gift of throne and hand.  
 He'd wed the girl whose highest aim  
 Was love of truth and country's fame.  
 He heard the ancient house of Yong possessed,  
 With gold and lands and jewels rare,  
 A maiden sweet, whom all the poor had blessed,  
 Whose life was pure as angel fair.  
 The monarch came with pomp and might,  
 And straightway loved her there at sight.

Grand was the nuptial feast he had,  
 The lowliest churl that day was glad ;  
 The humblest folk throughout their lands  
 Blessed the link of the regal hands.

Sweet were the days of early love,  
 Like radiant sunshine from above,  
 Yet as the Emperor older grew  
 It seemed as though he had wed anew ;  
 And all his kindly plans in life  
 Were guided by his pious wife.  
 He gave her bowers of marbles rare  
 And jade and gems and jewels fair ;  
 Her brothers to the highest posts enthroned,  
 And countless districts now they owned.  
 Her kindred of the time gone by  
 Were classed with royal dignity.

But envy's tooth began to gnaw  
 The hearts of nobles when they saw  
 The Empress' kith and kin hold sway  
 In lands that erst did them obey.  
 At last a secret plot they hatch  
 Their sov'reign lady to dispatch,

And rising in rebellion loud  
With weapons they o'ermatch the crowd.  
They seize the queen, no help is nigh,  
With prayer on lips doth Empress die.  
The best beloved Queen, the fair, the good  
A mass of clay lies weltering in her blood.

The rebels having now achieved their aim  
Lay down their arms, and thus their King acclaim  
" 'Gainst thee, O Sire, we wish to draw no sword,  
We love and venerate thy princely word ;  
So, Sovereign, mount thy throne anew to reign,  
We fought to seek our ancient rights again."

Now years roll on, a monarch rules alone,  
Lip-loyal peers cannot his loss atone.  
His palace void, his hearth is cold,  
His joys are gone, he thus grows old.  
And day by day, like monk in convent's gloom,  
The monarch kneels beside a silent tomb.

One night when long the Emp'ror vigil kept,  
And o'er his ruined life with grief he wept,  
A holy monk, absorbed in prayer,  
Seemed to stand before him there.  
" Oh, royal brother, dry thy tear,  
Thy lost one's better there than here."  
The monarch hearing words of holy love,  
" I hope," said he, " but, brother, can'st thou prove ?"  
" I can, nay, will—this very hour.  
My prayers and fasts give me the power  
To visit heaven from time to time,  
To hear celestial music chime.  
Wilt send a missive to thy long lost Queen,  
To her that now mid angels' paths is seen ?"

" Oh, mock me not, thou holy priest,  
Can'st for my soul prepare such feast ?  
Can'st give a hungry heart a crumb  
Of solace, that for years hath none ?"

The priest of Ling Kung travelled fast  
Until the azure skies were passed,  
And, whirling in ethereal space,  
A golden mountain soon did trace,  
Behind a rock a golden gate  
Where countless angels, watching, sat.  
The monk his errand now declared,  
The Empress hither swift repaired,  
And rising from celestial couch  
With heav'nly smile, her sweet approach  
Sheds light around, and all seems bright ;  
But she ! whose face like snow was white,  
With graceful move a veil unfurls,  
A veil bestrewn with azure pearls,  
And to the holy monk, with sweet incline,  
Speaks : " Father, hail you now from husband mine ?  
Oh ! thinks he still somewhat of me,  
Retains he yet his dynasty ? "

The holy monk, with accents grave,  
In pious tone his message gave :  
" Would you, if it were heaven's desire,  
Descend to earth, rejoin our Sire ? "  
She gently tossed her graceful head,  
A sighing " No " at once she said.  
" The only spark of earth now left  
Is lingering love of him bereft ;  
All else is gloom, and dark appears.  
Their smiles are false, and so their tears.  
Here all is tranquil, never-ending peace,  
From falsehood free, from sorrow all release.  
Yet take this token to my love of old,  
A bracelet made of thrice refined gold,  
And say, if love of me rests pure as this,  
In heav'n we'll meet with never-ending bliss,  
Like tree whose branches interlace,  
For all time one in pure embrace.  
Tell him again, good monk, O say  
I love him still !  
Eternity may end, but my love  
Never will."

The Chinese have forestalled Europe with many inventions. The manufacture of paper for ordinary uses, the art of printing, the telescope, spectacles and eye-glasses, the mariner's compass and gunpowder, have all been known in the Celestial empire from remote ages. There is, carefully preserved in the Asiatic Museum in St. Petersburg, a bank note dated 1396 B.C., printed in blue ink on paper made from the fibre of the mulberry tree, and a notice of the pains and penalties following counterfeit. The note bears the number, date of issue, the name of the bank, signature of the official issuing it, indication of its value in figures, in words, and in pictorial representation, in coins or heaps of coins equal in amount to its face value. It was generally thought that the Venetians were the inventors of modern banking and bookkeeping and considered the triumph of modern commercial enterprise, but this the Chinese claim, and prove their claim.\* The bank-note system at so remote a period in China, shows three distinct phases of civilisation, viz.:—the science of banking, the use of paper, and the art of printing. An extract from a lecture by Professor Hele Shaw, at the Marine Engineers' Institute in Liverpool, shews that the cantilever system of the Forth Bridge and the Eiffel Tower was known to the Celestials long before the idea reached us. The professor says:—

The late Lord Napier of Magdala, in going over the Forth Bridge some time ago while it was in an earlier stage of progress, had remarked to the engineer, "I presume you touch your hat to the Chinese?" The reply was "Certainly," because the engineer knew that the Chinese were probably the first to adopt this kind of bridge.

The observatory at Peking is the oldest in the world, having been founded in 1279 by Kublai Khan, the first Emperor of the Mogul dynasty. There are still in it three

\* For an outline of the modern financial system of the Chinese Empire, see Appendix.

of the first instruments of observation. These were used for the observation of Halley's comet in 1738, and may also be used when twenty-two years hence this comet again appears. The oldest observatory in Europe is that founded by King Frederick III of Denmark on the Island of Hveen in the Sound, and where the famous Danish astronomer, Tycho Brahe, carried out his celebrated observations about the middle of the sixteenth century, among others, that of the bright star in Cassiopeia. The Paris observatory was established in 1671, and that of Greenwich three years later.

A by no means partial critic on China writes in the October issue of the *Fortnightly* :—

The frugality, industry, perseverance and capacity which have enabled them to extend, in the course of centuries, from the basin of the Wei over the whole area of the immense empire which they now rule, and to elaborate a system of ethics and of government, a literature and a social organisation differing remarkably from our own, but efficient to maintain cohesion and national prosperity, whilst the kingdoms of Western Asia were rising and disappearing in periodic convulsions. Surely a race which has shewn this persistence, and which gives evidence to-day of the same qualities, will end by proving itself not inferior to its neighbours in capacity to adapt itself to the new conditions with which it is brought in contact.—R. S. GRUNDY.

Perhaps the most dignified rebuke given to the outer world by the Chinese Government was the unruffled manner with which they settled the dispute between the rival nations competing for the construction of railways in the Empire, a full account of which is given in the *Times* of October 19th, 1889.

The contractors of England, France, Germany, and the United States, all volunteered to send in competing plans, and used all the political influence of their home Governments to secure the contracts for their respective countries. The imperial Chinese Government very properly accepted all

the various European plans and diagrams that were so kindly sent for their inspection. They afterwards published an edict, August 27th, 1889, announcing that, after mature reflection, the Imperial Government would only construct railways throughout the Empire by means of Chinese Engineers, and with the aid of Chinese capital only, obtained through their own native bankers. Another symptom of their re-awakening, is the absence of any apologetic tone now assumed by Chinese statesmen. Not only do they keenly criticise European politics, but they now assume an attitude of perfect equality, and claim to be able to return Europe and America as many benefits as they receive from them.

General Tcheng Ki-Tong at the Ethnographic Congress in Paris, September, 1889, said :—

“ A wonderful assimilation of the peoples was now going on. The word “ foreigner ” was every day losing its value. It would soon have to be dropped out of the French dictionary. We were all melting into one great people, and would soon speak only of the East and of the West. At present America was an obstacle between the two, but what with river and lake steamers, railways and telegraphs, it was becoming rather a highway than a terminus.” General Tcheng Ki-Tong then gave a rapid sketch of Chinese history, referring to the introduction of Buddhism and ancestral worship. He dwelt on the influence of the latter on Chinese society, which it bound into family groups. He contrasted the family system of China with the European. In conclusion he remarked that the Chinese were learning the languages and customs of the West, and he expressed a hope that Europeans would devote their attention to the Chinese. They would perhaps find that they had more to learn from China than China had to learn from them. The speech of the General, thanks to his good delivery as much as to the interest of the matter, was received with great applause.

The fortunate geographical position of China has secured her many advantages not given to other races. For instance, the Jews were a puny people wedged in between a powerful

Egypt, Assyria, Babylon, and Persia, to say nothing of the numerous kindred nomad Arab tribes. Thus they were physically unable to hold their own against their powerful neighbours, though from time to time they made a good stand, and of the many failings of the ancient Jews, want of valour was not one of them. The Chinese, however, ethnologically speaking, had almost the advantage of an island, bounded as they were on the east by the ocean, on the north by trackless ice-bound regions, and on the west by fierce, warlike nomads, forming an impenetrable wall to the eastward march of Hellenism and Latinism. They were for centuries isolated, and were thus enabled to work out their national idiosyncrasies.

Could anyone have imagined, at the time of Queen Elizabeth, when an embassy of semi-barbarous envoys from Muscovy, bowing low to the Virgin Queen in Asiatic form, and who were hardly credited with a better Christianity than the Abyssinians possess at present,—could anyone then have foreseen that the ruler of France two centuries later would be a fugitive vanquished by Muscovite arms, and that their legions would occupy Paris, and that the Muscovite capital would rival Paris itself in luxury? No philosophic thinker will dare to speculate rashly as to what history may or may not evolve.

Whether we shall be able to impress the Mongolian with any of the present forms of the religions which we take from the Old and New Testaments, is a problem which is no part of the present enquiry. An ecclesia of the Bible converted every other people that had no popular sacred book of their own. Thus it was with Greece, with Rome, the Gauls, the Celts, the Teutons, and the Slaves; none of the cults of these people possessed a popular Holy Book. The followers of the Evangelists, drawing their ethics and psalmody from the Sacred Books of Palestine, spread

their influence and their teaching wherever they came in contact with a bookless community. But Islam, the Hindoo Church, and the Buddhist, each possess a popular and Holy Book of their own, hence to influence these religionists is a task of great difficulty. Sir Edwin Arnold addressed a meeting of Japanese students at Tokio in December last, and made use of the following words :—

“I must, indeed, be bold to say that, wherever the doctrines of the Great Teacher of India have passed, they bring to the people adopting them, or partially adopting them, more or less of embellishment and elevation. Nay, I believe it impossible that the religious tenets of the Buddha should ever enter into the life of any large body of people without stamping on the national character ineffaceable marks of the placidity, the kindness, the glad beliefs, and the vast consolations embodied in the faith of Sakya Muni. Nor, believe me, is it ever possible, in spite of the grave authorities which assert the contrary to me, that Buddhism once entering a land should ever altogether and finally depart from it. You will instantly think of India, and remind me that the professed Buddhists there are to be numbered by scores or hundreds, but I must answer that all Hindoo India is Buddhist in heart and essence. The sea does not mark the sand more surely with its tokens than Gautama has conquered, changed, and crystallised the religious views of the Vedas and Vedantas, and so far from encouraging anyone to hope that Buddhism will pass away from Japan, or from any other of its homes, I announce my conviction that it will remain here long enough to reconcile its sublime declarations with the lofty ethics of Christianity and with the discoveries of Science, and will be for all of you who love and serve the East no enemy, but a potent, necessary, and constant ally.”

History seems to indicate that the Latin races, heirs of imperial Rome, are scarcely able to retain the leadership of the western world. Byzantium, Venice, Spain, France, each in its turn, enjoyed supreme recognition. Now it would appear to be the destiny of the Anglo-Teutonic families, represented by Great Britain, the United States, and Germany, to claim precedence in contemporary history. The

Slave is watching and preparing to come to the front should the Teutonic races fall back in their civilising mission. But behind the Slave is the Mongolian, to whom patience is almost a religion. What destiny history has in store for him lies concealed in the womb of time. The Marquis Tseng,\* formerly ambassador to the Court of St. James', in an article previously quoted, uses these pregnant words:—"China will surely and leisurely proceed. . . . The world is not so near its end, that she need hurry, nor the circles of the sun so nearly done, that she will not have time to play the role assigned to her, in the work of nations."

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#### APPENDIX.

A WRITER in the *Morning Post* of January 28th, 1890, gives some extracts from the *Chinese Times* with reference to the present financial position of the Empire.

A Chinese Budget is a novelty, so far, at least, as the Western world is concerned, and an interesting novelty, too, in its way. It is not, as most people are aware, the practice of the Celestial Government to publish an annual statement of its income and expenditure for the information of the people after the fashion of more progressive countries; for the Finance Minister of the Brother of the Sun and Moon is in the happy position of being accountable to no one save his Imperial Master for the revenues of the State. Still, the official estimates prepared come under the cognisance of the Peking Board of Control; and based upon the figures there available the *Chinese Times* gives us, for the first time, what may be regarded as an authoritative summary of the ways and means of the Dragon Empire. From the official returns made, it is estimated that the actual imperial revenue of China amounts to 85,000,000 taels, or, roundly speaking, £21,250,000 per annum—not an extravagant sum by any means when the extent of the Empire and its enormous population are taken into

\* Since the above has been in type, the death of this distinguished diplomatist has been announced.

account. The chief items of income are the Maritime Customs, which yield just under £4,000,000; the opium duty, which yields about £2,000,000; the Inland Customs, from which £1,125,000 are derived; the "Likin," which stands for £3,200,000; salt, which is responsible for another £3,200,000; the land tax, furnishing some £2,600,000; the tea tax, yielding £450,000; salt merchants' tax, £320,000; pawn-brokers' licenses, £180,000; and duties on sundries amounting in all to about £4,000,000. This £21,250,000 is the sum which, it is calculated, reaches the Imperial Exchequer, but it is believed that nearly twice as much is actually raised from the people by the provincial officials, the moiety being absorbed by these functionaries, for local purposes they assert, though it is to be presumed a goodly proportion sticks to the fingers of these personages. As regards waste that is alleged to go on in the provinces, it would be unfair to assert that the whole of the difference between the amount levied and that which reaches the Imperial Exchequer is lost to the people. The Chinese are quite content that a portion of the official "squeezings" should find its way to the pockets of their provincial administrators, but, as the *North China Herald* remarks *à propos* of the matter, they are pretty sharp in seeing that a reasonable part is actually spent in the locality where the money is raised.

After the foregoing statement of revenue it will probably surprise most people in this country to learn that the great bulk of the Chinese people pay absolutely no taxes whatever, and contribute absolutely nothing to the expenditure of the state. This is a feature of the Chinese fiscal system which, for some inexplicable reason, has never been referred to by any of the many authors who have written about the Celestial Empire and its government. It is really only within the past six or eight months that this feature of the Chinese system of taxation has attracted the attention of an outsider, the United States Minister at Peking, who deemed it so remarkable by reason of its contrast to modes in vogue elsewhere, that he addressed a communication on the subject to the Washington Government. In China there is absolutely no tax on personalty, and only one tax on land. The system of raising funds for the needs of the Government has been brought to its present shape in the course of many centuries, and operates in a very simple way. Take Peking, the capital, which, in respect of taxation, is typical of Chinese cities generally. Inside the city there is no tax whatever on land, house, or personal property. Goods brought through the gates of the town pay a "Likin" tax, a

sort of octroi duty, but are exempt afterwards. The only impost paid in connection with real property is the duty on transfer from one party to another. When a change of property is registered before the registrar at the magistrates "Ya-men," the purchaser receives a "red deed," for which he pays 10 per cent. of the value of property transferred to him. But even this exaction is not uniform, since it is said it can be reduced, or even evaded altogether by official influence. And, further, a transfer can be made by "white deed" without any payment whatever, but the property stands in the original owner's name, so that it resembles rather a mortgage than sale outright. The only contributions besides this levied in the city are the pawnbrokers' license-fees of about £12 10s. per annum, wine-dealers' licenses about £12 a year, and other shops according to size. Pedlars pay nothing, carters and donkey drivers a fifth of 1 per cent. on their fares, which goes to the police for repairing roads and lighting the streets. But this is really an official "squeeze" rather than a tax properly so called. The fact remains that in the capital, as in all Chinese cities, the bulk of the people pay not axes whatever. The "man who owns his house and his lot, and his implements of labour, enjoys his earnings without toll or deduction" of any kind. The British ratepayer will probably be inclined to envy the position, in this respect, of the Chinese townsmen.

In the provinces, in the "Fu" or Prefecture, the bulk of the residents are similarly exempt from taxation. The case of the Prefecture of "Shuntien-fu," in which Peking is situated, is typical of the rural districts under direct departmental control. The only direct contribution such districts make to the imperial Exchequer is in the form of a land tax paid to the provincial or departmental magistrates. But this land tax is far from being levied on land or house property of every kind. It is entirely and solely levied upon arable land, all other real property being exempt. And even on arable land the tax is not always alike, but is strictly proportioned to its quality and producing power, so as to render its incidence fair and equitable to those engaged in any of the many branches of husbandry followed by the Chinese. The land is carefully surveyed by special officers appointed for the purpose from time to time, and returned as good or inferior in quality, high or low in situation, and the tax apportioned according to the crop-producing capabilities gauged in this way. It varies thus from 6d. to 6s. an acre. Beyond this impost on land, the rural and provincial cultivators pay nothing whatever in the shape of taxes. Outside the capital, Peking,

Chinese who are not "bannermen," that is, liable to military service, may be called out when deemed needful to repair roads, and convey chairs when the Emperor visits the locality, or other high functionaries of state travel through the country—but for a mere trifle exemptions can be secured. In other parts of China, the people have to help in shipping the annual tribute of rice and salt. In these cases the locality sends the quota of men needful, all liable to the service subscribing to pay the labourers so engaged. But the land tax for the whole empire reaches only, as the figures given at the outset show, the comparatively insignificant total of about £2,500,000 so that its incidence can scarcely weigh heavily upon the native agricultural interest. Beyond this amount, the revenue of the empire is derived exclusively from the salt monopoly, the "Likin," maritime and inland customs, and the proceeds of the sale of honours and dignities. To this absence of taxation of the body of the people it is, perhaps, only fair to ascribe the permanence of the Celestial government and the general tranquillity and contentment of the Chinese race; and many will, no doubt, agree with the United States Minister at Peking that the lesson of taxation the Celestials teach might be profitably studied by more than one of the states in the so-called civilised world.

TABLE I		TABLE II	
The United States, 1789-1860		The United States, 1860-1890	
1789	1860	1860	1890
Population	Population	Population	Population
3,929,260	31,300,000	31,300,000	62,947,000
Area	Area	Area	Area
3,536,871 sq. miles	3,536,871 sq. miles	3,536,871 sq. miles	3,536,871 sq. miles
Exports	Exports	Exports	Exports
\$10,000,000	\$100,000,000	\$100,000,000	\$1,000,000,000
Imports	Imports	Imports	Imports
\$10,000,000	\$100,000,000	\$100,000,000	\$1,000,000,000
Government	Government	Government	Government
Presidential	Presidential	Presidential	Presidential
Congress	Congress	Congress	Congress
Supreme Court	Supreme Court	Supreme Court	Supreme Court
State	State	State	State
Local	Local	Local	Local
Education	Education	Education	Education
Primary	Primary	Primary	Primary
Secondary	Secondary	Secondary	Secondary
Higher	Higher	Higher	Higher
Religion	Religion	Religion	Religion
Protestant	Protestant	Protestant	Protestant
Catholic	Catholic	Catholic	Catholic
Jewish	Jewish	Jewish	Jewish
Muslim	Muslim	Muslim	Muslim
Hindu	Hindu	Hindu	Hindu
Buddhist	Buddhist	Buddhist	Buddhist
Sikh	Sikh	Sikh	Sikh
Other	Other	Other	Other

## THE ARYAN CRADLE-LANGUAGE.

By R. J. LLOYD, M.A.

THE following paper is indebted in a large degree, both for its origin and title, to the luminous paper on the "Cradle of the Aryans," read here last session by Principal Rendall, and since published by Macmillan. Having been then and since engaged in the perusal of Brugmann's excellent *Grundriss der Vergleichenden Grammatik der Indogermanischen Sprachen*, I have been enabled and impelled to read it critically, in the light of the theories now advanced, and to consider their mutual bearing. For whilst I felt compelled by the force of Principal Rendall's exposition to entertain favourably the supposition of the North-European origin of this language and of its original speakers, it seemed to me that its final justification would only be attained when it had been consistently applied as a working hypothesis to the whole mass of Indo-Germanic speech-lore, and had been found capable of explaining at least its leading facts somewhat better than they had ever been explained previously.

The great work of Professor Brugmann will eventually present a complete conspectus of the facts in question, but as yet only the first volume and half of the second have appeared, and it seems better not to deal with the latter until we have it complete. The completed volume deals with phonology—the acoustic or phonetic character of the several daughter languages which in actual fact and history are first found flowing from the cradle-speech, and *inferentially*, that of the cradle-speech itself.

It seems fitting here to take the earliest opportunity of pointing out the difference in value between that which is historical and that which is inferential in a case like this. We know what are, in each daughter language, the most primitive historical words and grammatical forms. There is a great difference, it is true, in the date at which our knowledge of the various daughter languages begins; we can go back nearly 3,000 years in Greek or Sanskrit, and nearly 2,500 in Latin or Persian, but only 1,500 years in any Teutonic, and 1,000 years in any Celtic or Slavonic dialect; whilst in obscurer branches, like the Albanian or the Lettish, all effort fails to penetrate more than two or three centuries backwards. But our knowledge, so far as it goes, is real and indisputable.

And the conclusions which are immediately and entirely warranted by that knowledge are indisputable also. These conclusions are mostly of two kinds, which may be styled observed resemblances, and observed regular differences, respectively. It is usual to dignify them with the name of laws, but the word needs to be here used with very great caution. It is a gross logical error to apply the terms of physical science to phenomena which are only partly physical, and whose so-called "laws" are hence liable to all kinds of exceptions. It would be better to speak always of *rules*, rather than *laws*, of phonetic relationship.

When, for example, we place the Gothic pronoun *it-a* alongside of the Latin *id*, and the Anglo-Saxon verb *wit-an* alongside of the Latin *vid-ere*, two rules are at once illustrated by both words, the one a rule of resemblance and the other of regular or constant difference. The first is that the Latin and the Old Teutonic languages have usually an exact resemblance or equivalence in respect of the vowel *i*; the second is that the same two branches have an exact regularity of difference in respect to the consonants *d* and

*t*, the *d* of the Latin being consistently represented (Verner's Rule excepted) by *t* in Old Teutonic.

We are here still on very firm ground, and this first volume of Brugmann is a splendid monument to the industry and fidelity with which the philologists of the last forty or fifty years have devoted themselves to the discovery and tabulation of innumerable rules like these. They are the solid and knitted framework which not only holds together in a settled order the masses of our accumulated knowledge, but which also constitutes the sole foundation for any further-reaching conclusions.

But to reach further is not easy, because we are totally without any historical evidence or clue respecting the original relationships of the daughter languages one to another, either in time or space; and though in the long run it is possible that they may be put together, like the pieces of a dissected puzzle, in such a form as will vindicate its own accuracy and completeness, we are as yet on the very threshold of this reconstruction, and it is as yet doubtful whether our initial attempts have not been altogether wrong, and are not now the chief hindrance to the right arrangement of the pieces.

It has been assumed, for example, that in the two pairs of words just dealt with, the cradle-language agreed with the Latin rather than with the Teutonic, and that the reason why the two latter came to disagree was that the Teutons departed in process of time from the phonology of the cradle-race, and somehow gradually and unconsciously changed their *d*'s into *t*'s. But all this is pure hypothesis, and differs broadly from the more solid elements of Indo-Germanic speech lore, in that it is liable to be instantly swept away by any other hypothesis which better explains the facts.

It is evident that in this highly theoretical part of the

subject nothing is more likely to set us wrong from the outset than any erroneous prepossessions as to the original location of the cradle-race. So long as their home was imagined to lie far east, it was inevitable that the languages lying nearest to their supposed ancestral seats should enjoy a primacy in the estimation of the philologist, and should be assumed to hand down in greatest purity the actual sounds of the cradle-speech. And it is equally clear on the other hand, that right prepossessions respecting the location and spread of the cradle-race is likely above all things to put us in the right groove of investigation respecting both the phonology of the cradle-language, and the steps whereby it became differentiated in the various daughter tongues.

Recurring once more to the concrete examples already employed, and asking *why* it is assumed that the Teutons changed their *d*'s into *t*'s rather than that the Latins or their ancestors changed their *t*'s into *d*'s, we find that there are just two reasons of any real weight: the first being that the great majority of the daughter branches agree in supporting the Latin and repudiating the Teutonic form; and the second being that this majority includes within it all the most easterly and long-recorded members of the family—as witness in this case the Sanskrit *vid-má*; Homeric Greek *ᾤδμεν* (= we know); Old Church Slavonic *věděti* (= to know), etc.

But the assumption of the Eastern origin of the cradle-race, which alone gives any validity to the second of these arguments, is here, *ex hypothesi*, inadmissible; nor will the assumption of the conclusiveness of the voice of the majority, which is the groundwork of the other argument, be found to bear serious examination. On the contrary, the very frequent exceptionalness of Teutonic phonology will be shewn to mark it out rather as the lineal phonetic descendant of the cradle-speech than any other.

But before plunging into the thick of this controversy, it seems fitting to establish a few preliminary positions, and to make some preparatory explanations. In nomenclature and alphabetic signs it has seemed best to adhere to those of Brugmann, except where these have not proved adequate, or have seemed to be faulty. But notice will always be given of any such departures. It will perhaps have been remarked already that the term Aryan is here but sparingly employed; the reason being partly that it is used by Brugmann and Rendall respectively in two quite different senses, and partly that it has inseparable geographical suggestions which unfit it to express theories which are totally inconsistent therewith. The colourless expressions, cradle-country, cradle-people, cradle-language, have seemed much more suitable to the present tentative stage of the inquiry.

It also seems necessary to premise that some attention, at least, ought to be paid in a matter of this kind to the principles of evolution, as being applicable to the development of speech, as well as to that of all other human capabilities. When one contrasts the dictum of Professor Sayce (*Academy*, Oct. 26, 1889, "Review of Brugmann"), that "the parent-speech was richer, and not poorer, than its descendants in the separate sounds which it possessed," with the doctrine advanced long ago by Professor Max Müller in his Lectures, that the differences in the daughter languages often resulted from the *divergent clearing-up* of obscure articulations in the parent-speech, one cannot help feeling that the latter view is strongly commended to us by the analogies of evolution in other departments of human culture.

Lastly and chiefly, it is necessary to follow out in some detail what we may fairly assume to have been the circumstances of the cradle-people and of their language in that period of growth and extension which planted their impress so widely over both the European and Asiatic continents.

Wherever the cradle-race may have grown up, it seems clear that they must have enjoyed a very considerable degree of isolation. The distinction, both in grammar and vocabulary, between Aryan and non-Aryan is very marked. On comparing it with any of the families of language which it has pushed back on every side—Turanian, Dravidian, Etruscan, Basque—the resemblances in any case discoverable are exceedingly few. In the case of Turanian, there is a certain resemblance in pronominal and numerical roots which is sufficient to preclude us from supposing that the Aryan cradle-speech grew up *quite* independently and apart—from the very origin of spoken language until the great era of Aryan expansion. But even from Turanian it must have separated when it had only attained the most rudimentary development, and it must also have *kept* separate, during an immense period, before it could possibly develope, from small identical beginnings, the enormous differences which separate the cradle-speech from any form of Turanian. A primitive savage community, acquiring a few root words, and using them almost asyntactically (more after the manner of interjections than of anything else which we are accustomed to in modern speech), wandering into a hitherto empty Scandinavia, and dwelling there apart, uninfluenced by the highly divergent growth of the languages from which they had derived their first tincture of speech, would certainly present as suitable and probable a matrix for the development of Aryan language as any which has yet been proposed.

There is no reason to suppose that at the outset of this long incubation-period the cradle-nation was either a large, or a widely extended, or a highly advanced community. Quite the reverse; for the vast space of necessarily intervening time would sufficiently admit of all the changes which the case demands. And even when this incubation-

period ended, and the expansion-period began, there are indications that the Aryan community was not exceedingly large. Every widely extended language tends strongly to split into dialects. It is true that this influence varies in strength; and the Ural-Altaic system of languages, favoured by nomadic habits and a vast extent of unbroken plain, is found to exhibit remarkable conservations of type over an enormous stretch of territory. But these conditions exist nowhere else in the same degree, and the community which from any cause falls into sections which have little opportunity of intercourse between each other, infallibly begins in course of time to speak a different dialect in every section. Now the fact that we are able to re-construct the cradle-language at all is evidence in itself of considerable homogeneity in the speech of the cradle-people; and it may be taken to preclude us from assigning as their ancestral seat any region sharply divided by nature into sections, or exceedingly vast in extent. Here, again, the southern plain of Scandinavia, to which at a later period the northern plain of Germany and Holland is assumed to have been added, seems fairly to satisfy this condition of the problem.

A third condition which may confidently be laid down is that the cradle-race at the epoch of their great expansion had somehow gained an overwhelming military superiority over the populations adjoining them on every side. Nothing less will account for the triumphant radiation of their language over various lands and races throughout half the world.

Wherein this superiority consisted is not easy to imagine; and the less so because the archæological evidence seems to shew everywhere, with remarkable consistency, that the regions over-run by the cradle-race were at least as well, and generally a good deal better, furnished with the material appliances of warfare than any region in which it is possible to locate the cradle-people themselves. Every

theory yet advanced on the subject depicts the cradle-people as advancing from a less genial to a more genial climate, over-running lands more suitable to human multiplication, and hence probably already more populous and more advanced in material culture. In the case of Scandinavia it seems certain (see Undset, *Das Auftreten des Eisens in Nord-Europa*) that the knowledge and use of iron, and probably also of bronze, were derived from more advanced races lying to the southward. It would be therefore inadmissible to suppose that Scandinavia ever enjoyed anything more at best than a bare equality in the material appliances of warfare with its southern neighbours.

This point might well be urged as a plea in opposition to the Scandinavian hypothesis, were it not just equally capable of being urged against every other hypothesis which has ever been put forward. Wherever we locate the cradle-race there can be but one opinion, that their military superiority lay, not so much in weapons or in numbers, as in a physical vigour and a love and aptitude for warfare vastly exceeding those of the nations by whom they were then surrounded.

We are here led back once more, by a totally different path, to the hypothesis of the long isolation of the cradle-race, already put forward. If we suppose that community to have grown up in some supremely isolated region, and to have there developed with great independence their language, their tactics, and their warlike spirit, it becomes more comprehensible how such a race, at last emerging from its solitude, found itself easily master of other races which had been contemporaneously pursuing the course of their evolution in neighbouring lands, but had failed to develop the same formidable military aptitudes.

If we ask where such a place and such a people are to be found, the record of history is again just as favourable as

that of archæology to the Scandinavian location. The dawn of Teutonic history finds the fair-haired, long-headed Teutonic race spread, it is true, far southward of Scandinavia; but their location is such as to indicate that their origin was from the north rather than from any other direction. They seem to be even then growing forward in an increasing mass across Central Europe, and pushing their Celtic neighbours further to the south and west; and the position at that time of the Celtic populations, disposed round the Teutonic mass in a hollow crescent, whose horns rested at Caithness and on the Upper Danube, seems rather to indicate that this forward growth of the Teutonic people had been great and long continued.

Later events tend only to bring out with greater emphasis the fact that this Northern race has exhibited pre-eminently, ever since it has been known to history, those very characteristics which we are compelled to look for in the cradle-race. Its historical conquests are contrasted with most other historical phenomena of the same kind, by the fact that they were neither the work of superior discipline nor of more powerful armament, nor of overwhelming numbers, but were frequently gained against nations of men better organised, better equipped, and far more numerous than themselves. In their case, more than in any other, we feel it possible to think that they might spread their power swiftly and irresistibly over surrounding races, even though stronger in numbers and more advanced in culture; for it is not hard to believe that what actually happened in the fifth and tenth centuries after Christ may have happened once before, under still more favourable conditions, two or three thousand years previously.

This being so, attention is at once invited to Teutonic conquest in general, and especially to those conquests which were accomplished under circumstances most nearly

approaching to prehistoric conditions. The conquests of the Goths, the Lombards, and the Franks are often triumphantly alleged to shew that barbarian conquerors always fail to impose their language on a more civilised people. But the more crucial case of England, where, if the conquered people were less civilised, the conquerors were in the same degree more barbarous, tells quite a contrary story; the conquered language vanishes utterly, even in those remoter regions where the conquered people must have survived in very large numbers. The Goth and the Lombard were largely Romanized before they settled in the south; they had also forsaken Thor and Odin, and been imbued by the missionaries of the Eastern Church with Arian Christianity. The Frank, too, had long been the neighbour of the provincial Roman, and in the moment of victory he became Christian too. Not so the rude heathen of the Teutonic North; and we are bound to see in his stern suppression of the conquered language a better index of the probable nature and linguistic effect of any prehistoric conquest, than in cases where potent causes had long been working to mediate a different result. Conquerors do not, as a matter of fact, adopt the conquered language unless they also adopt the conquered culture; and when the military barbarian chooses to despise and spurn the refinements of the conquered people it is easy for him to suppress their language and their culture at the same time. Such is the kind of conquest which the spread of the cradle-language points to, and it is the Teutonic race again, in their purest state and least modified circumstances, which affords an example of such conquest in actual fact.

But if we adopt the conclusion that the cradle-people, wherever located, was a military race of this kind, there are some important consequences to be inferred which will be found in the end to have a strong bearing upon the further

growth of their language. It is certain that such a race would not only grow forward in the slow and gradual manner already indicated, by simply pressing back and extruding its next neighbours on every side, but it would also sometimes embark upon undertakings of colonization and conquest, which would result in the imposition of its language upon large populations more or less alien in blood to itself. It may be taken for granted that the conquering wave would spread itself more and more thinly as it advanced, and that the admixture of alien blood would increase with distance in a directly contrary manner.

There is no reason to suppose that all these excursions were simultaneous; historical parallels would rather lead us to suppose that they were spread in a desultory manner over many ages. But the more its frontier expanded, and the further its excursions spread, the more would the cradle-race be exposed to those foreign influences from which it had been so long shielded by its location. These influences would, of course, be strongest in those regions where a conquered majority had been suffered to survive, but might be traceable even up to the outward bounds of the unmixed cradle-people themselves.

These considerations open out a prospect of identifying the cradle-people by a method far more convincing, though also far more laborious than any that has been yet employed. It is clear that, if the cradle-language was imposed in this way on surrounding peoples of alien race and speech, there might very easily arise a system of regular differences between the original language and the various new colonial dialects, whose traces, properly interpreted, might witness to the centrality and primitiveness of the languages descending most directly from the cradle-speech, and, at the same time, to the more indirect and perverted origin of the rest.

But, simple as this task might have been at the outset,

the facts are now so bedimmed and encrusted with antiquity that it is only by a very long, patient, and judicial consideration of them that we can hope to arrive at any result whatever. Brugmann's first volume opens out to us an opportunity of considering, with some completeness, all the leading facts relating to phonology. His subsequent volumes will in due course enable us to apply the same line of thought to the remaining masses of Indo-Germanic information.

It becomes at once interesting, therefore, in relation to the present branch of the subject, to inquire what differences, if any, are likely to have existed in phonology between the cradle-language and the others which it displaced. A full answer to this question can only be given at the end of that examination of all the leading particulars of the case on which we are about to embark; but it is important here to point out (1) that the hypothesis of long isolation, here put forward, makes it quite possible that the phonology of the cradle-language differed in the most radical manner from that of all the languages which it afterwards came to supplant; and (2) that it is not at all improbable that the phonology of the cradle-language, as compared with that of these others, would differ in the direction of primitiveness and less advanced evolution.

As reasons will hereafter be given for thinking that there *was* a most marked contrast in phonology between the cradle-language and its subjected tongues, it is profitable to inquire beforehand what would be likely to happen in such a case. In those early and extreme cases, of course, where not only the conquered languages, but also the conquered people, were simply deleted, nothing would happen; the cradle-language would continue to be spoken exactly as before, for its rivals would be dead, even to their ultimate echoes. But this result would never exactly follow in any other case;

however suddenly and rudely the conquered language might be suppressed, it would always leave a mark upon the pronunciation of the conquering language in that particular community; and the more numerous were the conquered in proportion to the conquerors, the more certainly would the habits and peculiarities of the conquered phonology be grafted wholesale upon the conquering tongue.

It might be easy enough for savage and imperious masters to impose their vocabulary and, in part, their syntax on their trembling subjects, but it is beyond the power of any conqueror to compel human organs to produce the exact sounds of any unaccustomed language. The Ephraimite of old could not say "shibboleth," though he knew that his life depended on the answer; and so accustomed are we to hear English pronounced with an Irish, or French, or German phonology, by men who, at the same time, are intensely anxious to avoid doing any such thing, that it seems needless here to enforce this point at further length. And the important thing is that what at the outset would be the phonology of the subject majority would assuredly in the second generation be that of the national speech.

Now, if Principal Rendall be right in supposing that the fair-haired, long-headed Teutonic man is the true type of the cradle-race, it seems certain that practically nowhere outside what are still recognised as Teutonic boundaries were the fair-haired conquerors a majority. This being so, the prevalent exceptionalness of Teutonic phonology, as compared to that of the sister branches, ceases to be any argument against its being accepted as the most direct lineal offspring of the cradle-speech. The comparative consensus of the remaining branches may easily be due to a unanimity of change, impressed upon all alike by the prevailing character of the conquered yet unconquerable phonologies of the various subjected races. Such a supposition would by no means

imply that the phonologies of all the subjected races were identical, but only that they differed perceptibly less from each other than they did from that of the conquering race. And it does not seem at all unlikely that such was the case. There had not been in their case any such possibility of isolation as in that of the cradle-race; so far as any border relics, such as the Finnish and the Basque languages, enable us to judge, they had all been developed on parallel though sometimes independent lines, with the same agglutinative structure; and we might naturally expect in them a fairly uniform standard of phonetic evolution, with differences of a local kind,—some radical and some fortuitous.

It is quite useless now to look for any traces of the minuter of these local differences; and if, as seems likely, the languages first pushed back or suppressed on the Eastern side were mostly of the Finno-Ugrian stock, it is very possible that most of their differences *inter se* were of this minuter order. But between these languages taken as a class and those other westward languages from which they were early divided by the advancing mass of the cradle-race, there may have been differences in phonology sufficiently substantial to be still recognised by their results.

Several items of evidence combine to indicate that such was the case. The languages which were crushed between the cradle-language and the Ocean have left but a single trace. But that trace is important. The Basque language agrees with the Finno-Ugrian and other Turanian types in possessing an essentially agglutinative structure, but its vocabulary is totally different, and irreconcilable with that of the eastern group, and it seems to possess, in the remarkable structural peculiarities of its verb, an indication that its growth, though parallel to that of the other agglutinative languages, has been radically independent.

Another noticeable fact is that, after the Teutonic speech

began, in its new Germanic location, to differentiate itself, the differences which present themselves earliest to our knowledge were not variations between North and South, such as are now most numerous and important, but between East and West,—marking, probably, a great and long continued divergence of foreign influences on its eastern and western frontiers.

But the most important fact of all is that remarkable phonological splitting, or fission, of the great family of Indo-Germanic languages which is briefly indicated by Principal Rendall on pages 58–61 of his book. This line of principal cleavage coincides remarkably with the physical division which we have inferred to have been effected by the southward progress of the cradle-race, and it will be the chief further business of this essay to shew how the results of this fission are found to permeate and explain the whole system of the phonology of the daughter languages.

In doing this it will be necessary to pursue a line of exploration almost directly contrary to that which has engaged the efforts of philologists until now. It has been naturally supposed that the correct way to arrive at the real radical types of the cradle-speech was to consult all the daughter branches, and to be guided largely by the voice of the majority. In this way, a theoretical account of the cradle-speech has now been arrived at, which is indeed free from the Sanskrit prepossessions of the earliest explorers, but which is manifestly inconsistent in its assumptions with the hypothesis which is being worked out in these pages. Such a summarisation of the daughter branches ought manifestly, if our views are correct, to yield a fair average, not of the phonology of the cradle-speech, but rather of that of its surrounding neighbours; and it might fairly be expected that this method, if it be as erroneous as is here presumed, would sooner or later find itself unable satisfactorily

to accommodate itself to the facts. It has, of course, been incumbent upon these same investigators to give some credible account of the process by which the theoretical cradle-forms thus arrived at by them might give birth to the known forms of the earliest Teutonic; and the most feasible explanations of this kind yet offered are faithfully summarised, so far as Grimm's Rule is concerned, by Brugmann in section 541. But it is not too much to say that these proposed explanations are so intricate, so cumbersome, and, after all, so unsatisfying, that they seem rather to invalidate the theory which they are intended to complete.

It is a signal testimony to the prime importance of this question of the original location of the cradle-race that, though Brugmann at the outset expressly reserves his belief as to their European or Asiatic origin, his exposition is coloured here and everywhere by the assumptions hitherto current; his account of the theoretical cradle-language is that which has just been indicated, and his conceptions of the filiation of Germanic to that theoretical language follow inevitably in the same track. This, however, is a thing which it was quite impossible, in the present state of the controversy, for the learned author to avoid, and it does not prevent one from paying the most unqualified tribute to the industry, impartiality, accuracy, and original power which he everywhere displays.

Seeing, however, that we here reject this filiation of Teutonic to the accepted type of the cradle-language, the next question is, what position do we really assign to Teutonic? Do we say that it must itself be taken as the true type of the cradle-language, from which all the rest have been metamorphosed? Not exactly; for it must never be forgotten that our knowledge of Teutonic runs back only a short way towards the cradle-time, whilst that of some of the daughter stems runs back the greater part of the way. The

most that we can say for our Teutonic forms is, not that they accurately represent the cradle-speech, but that they must be the direct lineal descendants of that language. In other words, if we can by any means arrive at the real forms of the cradle-speech there ought to be this marked difference between Teutonic and the other branches,—that the Teutonic forms ought to be such as would flow naturally and simply by the known laws of phonetic evolution from the cradle-forms, whilst all the rest would be tinged by the outward influences already sketched.

But philologists of the older school might here object that the assumed superior stability of Teutonic is in direct opposition to historical example, that so far from the stability of the Germanic people being any guarantee for the stability of their language, Germany has been the scene of the most radical phonetic changes, as, for example, those which in the Dark and Middle Ages gave rise to that High German dialect which is the basis of the modern literary language. But the exception proves the rule; not only is the actual fulfilment of this branch of Grimm's Rule most lamentably incomplete (see Skeat, *English Etymology*, vol. i, p. 37), but this High German dialect arose and spread in that corner of Germany which had been most and longest exposed to foreign, and notably to Roman, influences; and it is safe to challenge the production of any instances anywhere of profound modifications like these which have not been the result of foreign influence. The historical High German (like the supposed Low German) sound changes are a phonetic riddle which defies reasonable solution by any ordinary phonetic process, and leads us irresistibly to conclude that both changes were alike the effect of a more or less complete transference of the language to foreign, unaccustomed lips; and we are led to conclude, further, that the prehistoric (the so-called Low German) transfer

was more completely of this kind than the historical High German one.

The line of argument into which we have now been led ought to have a special interest to English readers, inasmuch as it tends to seat the old Low German family of languages in the place of honour as lineal descendants of the cradle-speech; and of this family English is the most vigorous and fertile, though not, perhaps, the most purely descended member.

But it is only fair to say, that all the partisans of the European origin of the cradle-race are not agreed in locating it in Scandinavia, or even within Teutonic territory. At the moment of writing (December, 1889), a new book, by Dr. Isaac Taylor, entitled *The Origin of the Aryans*, has just issued from the press, and sums up strongly in favour of the Celts being the cradle-race. And one shrewdly suspects that anyone who felt interested in putting forward a similar claim for the Slavs would not find the least difficulty in doing so, upon the archæological evidence only. The truth is that the archæological evidence, taken by itself, is totally inconclusive; and though we are bound, in a question like this, where there is so little light obtainable, to welcome every ray, it will only be possible to attain success by using all the rays simultaneously, so far as we are able to focus them upon the subject.

Canon Taylor's book is more archæological than philological, and is replete with valuable information of the former kind; but I must say that that information seemed to me to fall in quite as naturally with the Scandinavian theory as with any other,—and even more so. For the crux of any other theory is the problem of the Aryanization of Scandinavia itself; and, singular to say, Canon Taylor leaves this remarkable phenomenon unnoticed and unaccounted for. If, as he supposes, Scandinavia was Aryanized by Celts,

there ought surely to have been at least a Celtic skull or two put in as evidence that such was the case. But, so far as the evidence goes, archæology is as silent as history respecting any trace of such a connection.

And again, Canon Taylor may be anthropologically right in connecting the Celts with the Ugrians, but he hardly seems conscious of the immense philological obstacle which this conclusion offers to the acceptance of the Celts as the cradle-race. It is easy to believe that the Scandinavians, having somehow acquired a feeble tincture of Ugrian linguistic roots, developed out of them a language on practically new and independent lines; but it is nearly incredible that the Celts, if themselves Ugrians, should somehow miraculously give birth to a language without any Ugrian affinities.

I would here suggest to Canon Taylor, and to any others who favour the Celtic theory, that the facts which seem to point that way may possibly be susceptible of a different explanation. It is quite possible that the more distant Aryan conquests were not effected by the cradle-race themselves, but rather by the strongly Aryanized colonies which grew up along their borders. Teutonic languages are at this moment again spreading far and wide over the earth's surface; but it is not the pure, but the mixed, and, as it were, colonial Teutons and their language which are most strongly operative in this movement. Would it not be more feasible to suppose that the Celts also, though Ugrian in origin, became afterwards Aryan in language and also largely in blood, through some distant prehistoric conquest, and that then this new and powerful race became the vehicle of some at least of the further conquests of Aryan language?

Canon Taylor is obviously enamoured of the fine cranial developments of the Celtic people, and has a notice-

able, though probably unconscious, wish to prove that these noble skulls belonged to the equally noble Aryan race, but we can hardly be said to have any warrant for expecting to discover this kind of superiority in the Aryans. The argument derived from stature and osseous framework seems to be here very much more in point.

Reverting once more to the simile of a dissected puzzle, it seems after all to be most promising to begin the reconstruction by putting Teutonic, and not Celtic, in the middle. We have met with nothing yet, in this preliminary survey, to deter us seriously from that effort, and if it does not result in a complete success, it will then be for some one else to begin the same task from some other basis. It will be our duty to work out the present hypothesis calmly, moderately, and without blinking difficulties, and in that case the attempt cannot fail to be in some sense a contribution to the final solution, whatever that may be.

It will be the most convenient as well as the most thorough method of treating the subject, to take it up in the same order as it is treated by Brugmann, discussing successively the vowels, nasals, liquids, stops and sibilants, and finishing with the phenomena of combined sounds and of accent. But my present limits are already full, and this programme can therefore only be fulfilled in a further paper.

## COPERNICUS AND HIS WORK.

BY REV. S. FLETCHER WILLIAMS.

THE world's work is done in corners, by men intent on lesser ends. Of the five men of the fifteenth century whose birth was of the richest value to the human race, not one proposed to himself the mighty end which he accomplished. Gutenberg, intent on cabalistic arts and mysteries, invented the printing press, with movable types. Columbus, seeking straighter paths for commerce, discovered a new world. Erasmus, attacking the monkish orders, undermined the walls of the Supreme Church. Copernicus, computing astronomical distances in his lonely tower, overturned the astronomy of the civilised world. Luther, opposing a single abuse, established a religion.

Copernicus was seventy years old when he died. And forty years of a studious and secluded life he had lavished on one endeavour—to satisfy himself of the true planetary system. It seems now a small affair to have cost so much. Your glib schoolboy will demonstrate the positions of the heavenly bodies as easily as he rattles over the twenty-six prepositions that govern the accusative. But when the stern scientific conscience of Copernicus began to suffer doubts of the truth of the Ptolemaic system, it was one man against the world. For twelve hundred years that system had been universally accepted. To question it was to differ from the infallible interpreter of God's truth, and difference from that was not only isolation—it was death, temporal and eternal.

Till the revival of letters following Gutenberg's inven-

tion, learning was confined to the priesthood, who themselves filled all the secular offices of distinction, so that no practical issue of life could be divorced from the beliefs or from the interests of the clergy. Art was the willing and gracious handmaiden of Rome. Literature, save as her laureate, hardly existed. Science but preserved the traditions of an elder day, when the activity of the mind of man was measured by her swift advances. Astronomy was the servant of astrology; alchemy but prophesied of chemistry; botany, geology, electricity, magnetism—the modern circle of sciences—were undreamed of. Copernicus had been dead more than half a century when Kepler published his new astronomy, and gave it the prophetic title of *Celestial Physics*. Algebra was but a halting system; calculus and logarithms had not been guessed at; the telescope awaited Galileo's later coming. In so inhospitable an air, then, and with so meagre means, the first of modern astronomers came to his place and work.

It is one thing to have some faint perception of a great natural law, and quite another to establish and to utilise it. Yet the forerunner of a discovery is entitled to our praise, especially if he explored with doubtful steps and imperfect means in the early twilight of philosophy.

Pythagoras, to whom (in spite of much folly, of which more is attributed to him than he deserves blame for) be all honour, stands first on record, as having imagined, if not demonstrated, that the sun was the centre of our system, and that the earth and certain other planets revolved around it. This theory was entertained, if I may so speak, by Seleucus and Ecphantus, by Nicetas and Ponticus, by the Samian Clearchus, and by Plato. But long before the time of all those enquiring men, dusky Egypt still retained a shred of the old truth, and held a theory that may be briefly but substantially described, as making the sun central to some

of the planets, but not to others. That prince and scholar, Archimedes, pride of Syracuse, accepted the hypothesis of the revolution of the earth around the sun; and he invented a sphere representing the motions of the stars. Aristarchus, too, thought the idea a good one; but, for even admitting only so much, Cleanthes of Assos denounced him as impious. Hipparchus, of Bithynia, nevertheless, admitted the same hypothesis, notwithstanding the alleged impiety waiting on the supposition. In short, the idea floated painfully through many a philosophical and inquiring mind; but there was neither learning enough, nor helps to learning, to fix it; and for want of a better theory, Ptolemy of Alexandria, some seventeen hundred years ago, contrived to make the world accept one of his own. The well-intentioned old mathematician of Pelusium dogmatically fixed the earth in the centre of the universe, and made everything move around it in twenty-four hours; the moon leading the way, then Mercury, Venus, and the Sun, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and the fixed stars. Above all, he placed the first and second crystalline heavens, and his stupendously unintelligible *primum mobile*.

This was trying to make systems agree with sense, and pronouncing that things *were* so because they *seemed* so. The senses misled those who trusted to them accordingly; and, for something like fourteen hundred years, man submitted to be misled, or failed to struggle successfully against it. The remark of the puzzled Alphonso, King of Castille, to the effect that, had he been the Creator of the universe, he could have accomplished something more harmonious, was not intended to be profane. Such a remark sounded like profanity, however, in the ear of Copernicus. He, at once, came to the healthy conclusion,—that man, and not God, was wrong. All *was* perplexing, and unintelligible, and contradictory in the heavens, as men described them. The description, therefore, was erroneous; and *he* would

humbly, but with his whole soul, go in search of the truth. He had to think deeply of absolute, relative, and apparent motion, before ever *he* began to see that the fixed stars were not contained in one concave sphere, and that the *primum mobile* was not beyond it, with the empyreal heavens, abode of the blessed, and cubic in form, in the distance, still more remote! So said the followers of the old Egyptians; but there was a pupil of the older Egyptians who had declared something far more consonant to the ideas of Copernicus centuries before; and, to study this acquired wisdom of Pythagoras, Copernicus now devoted himself with prayerful zeal.

Before the character of Pythagoras can be properly appreciated, we must find a biographer who can decisively separate myth from reality. I do not pretend to do this. If we take both, indeed, there appears as much folly as wisdom in the character of this teacher—with a touch of knavery to boot. But, even in this mixture, there is no leaven of impiety. Pythagoras, were he as absurd as in some things tradition has described him, was eminently pure, both by precept and example; and he inculcated the practice of purity, both in word and deed, at a time when Roman female society was so *impure* that, because one wife was found who respected virtue more than life, she was raised to the rank of a canonised saint of history, and elevated for worship, as “the chaste Lucretia.”

An attempt has been made to show that Pythagoras was a Hindoo, and that his name was but the Hellenized version of Buddha Gooroos. He assuredly taught something of the Buddhist learning; but there is no reason to doubt his Samian birth, his noble descent, or his excellent training of body and mind. At eighteen he was one of the best wrestlers and most elegant scholars in Greece.

There is much that is agreeable to us in the tradition

that in his early years he travelled,—we may fancy, over the earth,—in search of religious knowledge. His noble spirit was restless under the unclean yoke of the theology of his days. From the Druids of Gaul to the altars of Egypt and the temples of India, he is said to have wandered, learning all he could by the way on the subject of the gods and the immortality of the soul. When he reappeared among his countrymen, he was publicly hailed by them as the “Wise Man” or “Sophist.” He modestly put aside the title, and adopted in its place that of “Lover of Wisdom;” and he was the first man who wore this appellation under its now familiar form of “Philosopher.”

The intellectual wanderer established himself in the dissolute city of Crotona. The gay inhabitants may have congratulated themselves, at first, on possessing amongst them so admirable a musician. But, to use a homely illustration, they little knew to what tune the minstrel would make them dance. Among the inhabitants he must have found some weary of profligate life; and, beginning with these, he founded a sect which became, for a season, the wonder and envy of the world; and Crotona was less proud of Milo the athlete than of Pythagoras his master. The whole city was reformed by his preaching. Pythagoras taught them, as well as he was enabled, to fix their minds on the highest things. His instruction may have been imperfect. He himself prayed at the altars of the gods; but his doctrine of the immortality of the soul was a prominent feature of his teaching. His denunciation of vice, in man or woman, was so effective that, in an incredibly short space of time, Crotona was celebrated as the dwelling place of all the virtues. Allowing for some exaggeration, the effect was, no doubt, unexampled. The drunken became temperate; the avaricious, liberal; the hard-hearted, sympathising; the men of violence, gentle; the women, worthy of their name and

mission ; and the missionary had good reason to be satisfied with his work. The sect spread rapidly ; but not all its members were of the initiated. These, as is well known, had to observe a two years' silence ere they could belong to the council of "the Master." An infringement of the rule extended the term to five years ; and a more excellent discipline could not have been devised to make a pupil familiar with new observances, while it forbade him to argue upon those he had promised to abandon. But of the rules of the order, of its extension, and of the political results connected with it, I am not called upon to speak. I may notice, indeed, that by their close application, the Samian was raised to the chief magistracy of the city. The intolerance of the sect, and its purely aristocratic spirit, caused its overthrow. But, even in the fall of the Pythagoreans, they effected some good. They were engaged with Crotona in a war against the Sybarites. The philosophical warriors proved that they could strike as strongly with battleaxe as with argument. They defeated their opponents, and turned the river Crathis over the site of the destroyed city of Sybaris. There was one unclean city the less on earth ; but the Pythagoreans refused to share the spoil with the democratic party among the Crotonians. A revolution ensued, and, as a political power, the sect of Pythagoras ceased to exist. The founder himself died soon after at Metapontum.

Few men have suffered more at the hands of adversaries than this Samian. Even his doctrine of the metempsychosis seems to me a struggling after a proof of life in another condition than the present. The Druids who, like Pythagoras, were not so absurd upon the questions either of astronomy or of a future state as they have been popularly represented to be, fancied they could trace the soul of man from an insect with which they were too well acquainted, to a state touching which they spoke but darkly. This, indeed, is

absurd enough; but there is in it a trace of the persevering struggle with which reason itself strives to hold on to immortality. How far Pythagoras was guilty of similar or worse absurdities, as a teacher assuming to be divine, or as a moral philosopher, I cannot say; but I strongly suspect a great portion of what is alleged to be pure invention. He has been probably as much misrepresented with respect to his theologico-astronomical system; and yet, in simple terms, it seems greatly in advance of any other system of his times. He held that the universe had been created out of chaos at the will of one powerful Being, who moved and inspired what He created, and of whose substance what he called the *souls* of mankind formed a portion. It is mere conjecture, indeed, that Pythagoras derived his philosophy from the Books attributed to Moses, and that he conversed with Ezekiel and Daniel in Babylon; but there are signs, in his system, of his having derived it from a better source than was known to many of his contemporaries. It was his maxim that wisdom was worth nothing if it did not bring man nearer to the Creator; and that such result would be effected, if man made unreserved surrender of his vices. He believed in angels, condemned images and their worship, and was accounted by his opponents a mere impious dreamer. But this dreamer was the first who demonstrated the forty-seventh proposition of the First Book of Euclid's Elements—the equality of the square of the *hypotenuse* of a right-angled triangle to the squares of its *sides*; and it was he who first declared that the sun was a great centre, around which the planets moved in elliptical orbits,—which was laughed at by some who accepted the metempsychosis.

“I thank thee, O Fortune!” exclaimed Zeno, “that thou hast compelled me to turn philosopher.” *We* have to be grateful to a more certain Power, that inspired Copernicus with the profession of a more absolute wisdom. The space

is wide that divides the Christian philosopher of Thorn from the pre-Christian philosopher of Samos.

At the latter end of the fourteenth century, the kingdom of Poland was, for once in its usually turbulent career, in such a condition of peace as to be able to afford an asylum to those who could not find rest or liberty in their native homes. When Ladislaus Jagellon was king, in the year 1396, a stout Bohemian crossed his own frontier, and making his way to Cracow, took up his citizenship, followed the vocation of a merchant, became easy in his circumstances, and had a son born in Cracow, who pursued the humble but useful calling of a baker. This baker married a bishop's sister, Barbe Wasselrode, sister of the Diocesan of Warmia, in 1464. Nine years subsequently, the most illustrious son of this union was born in the then Polish city of Thorn, when Casimir was king. He was the Nicholas Copernicus—or Kopernik, as the name was more correctly given—who has more lasting homage from the world than all the Jagellons and Piasts put together.

The only truly nobleman is he who achieves his nobility. Some biographers of Copernicus have sought to trace his descent from a noble source; but had they succeeded, they would not have exalted him above the height at which all men regard him. The best that can be said of his social position is, that he was the son of a baker, the grandson of a merchant, and the nephew of a Bishop. But, above all, he was Copernicus, and no device of heraldry can add rank or splendour to his starry fame.

Nations themselves have contended for a share in his renown. Since political circumstances made of the birth-place of the great astronomer a Prussian city, Germany has been meanly daring enough to describe him as a Prussian. But it has been well observed that Germany has glory enough in Kepler and Leibnitz, and need not wish to rob

Poland of her noblest son. Humboldt himself has declared that the name of Copernicus is the possession of Poland solely ; but his triumphs have added lustre to the universal world.

In his earliest school days, when he studied elementary principles at the school of St. John, he was a grave and thoughtful little scholar. He was as enquiring as he was thoughtful ; and, as Leibnitz said of the first Hanoverian Electress and her daughter Sophia Charlotte, he was not content to know the reason for a result, he would also demand the ground for the reason.

He was not above ten years of age when he lost his father. A baker's son may become a famous sculptor, as in the case of Flaxman, but the chances are not so favourable for his becoming an astronomer. At all events, the young fatherless scholar, grave, thoughtful, inquiring, seemed in his proper place when he became the ward of his uncle, and had the run of the library of the Bishop of Warmia. The good prelate was a faithful guardian and tutor ; and when Nicholas was eighteen, he sent him to the University of Cracow, there to struggle for and win his first scholastic honours.

Cracow University was then one of the most famous in the world. To it, as to the noblest and brightest shrine of learning, pilgrims resorted from the remotest nations. Its especial glory at this moment was in the person of the great Brudzewski, who occupied the chair of astronomy, and endeavoured, with what success he might, to explain and illustrate that time-honoured Ptolemaic system, which, nevertheless, gave the honest man much perplexity.

The professed object of Copernicus was to become a proficient in philosophy and medicine ; but he was more indefatigable as a student of astronomy. Under Brudzewski he studied the higher mathematics, and learned, for the

first time, with much joy, the use of the astrolabe. His assiduity was equal to his immense power of application ; but he had his hours of relaxation, too, and these he passed in first studying and then practising the art of painting. He intended to travel ; and ever looking far beyond the limits within which he stood, he designed to fix upon canvas all the scenes which gave most delight to the mind through the eye. He would probably have been a great painter had he fallen short of his other aspirations.

At the close of his four years of huge but happy toil at the University of Cracow, he repaired to Thorn to visit his widowed mother, and then turned his face towards Italy, and never paused on his way till he knocked at the gates of the University at Padua. "Learned Padua"—the echo of the name is all its existing glory. It boasts of nothing now but the cenotaph of Livy, and the swarms of mendicants who piously beg in the name of St. Antony.

His three years' residence at Padua was a term of uninterrupted intellectual glory, which may be said to have culminated when he was crowned for his proficiency in philosophy and medicines. But his especial love and particular zeal were all for astronomy, and the intensity of each was manifested by the ardour with which he listened to the teaching of the famous Regiomontanus. It was the period when there was that universal agitation of thought which is said to result in the discovery of truth. The mind's eye of Columbus had discerned the sphericity of the globe, and it had distinguished the western shores long before these had risen to his actual sight. The eye of Columbus, the weaver's son, was fixed upon the earth ; that of Copernicus, the baker's son, had darted through the heavens. To the earth the great Admiral had (by discovery) added a fair portion ; Copernicus would give a new position to the earth itself. He became possessed of the one absorbing idea ;

and, with a dream-like conviction that he was destined to give a new revelation to man, he proceeded to Bologna, where he sat at the feet of Dominic Maria, of Ferrara, the most celebrated Italian mathematician of his age. Pupil and master consorted like brothers, for their tastes assimilated, and their dwelling-place may almost be said to have been among the stars. There, at least, was the abiding-place of their thoughts. They were anxious seekers after truth, for the progress of thought had rendered some of the greatest astronomers irritable at having to propound a system in which they were beginning to lose faith. The great difficulty was in establishing a system which should take the place of that which had been so long-enthroned, and had the protection of that authority which cannot err—the infallible Church.

From the garden of Dominic the two sages nightly perused the glittering page spread above their heads; and, if many nights were passed without any great end being realised, not an hour was so spent without acquiring means to accomplish that end. Copernicus was enabled to confirm his subsequently made hypothesis of parallaxes, by the calculations which he had “heaped up” in the gardens of Dominic. The latter dismissed his friend with joy; for he sent him to Rome, where, by his recommendation, Copernicus occupied the professorial chair of Astronomy, and was listened to with an enthusiasm almost too ardent in pupils of a science so profound.

Honest Copernicus! His lectures must have been wonderful things to listen to. For now, totally ceasing to comprehend the time-honoured system, and too high principled to propose to his hearers alleged facts which he did not believe, although they were supported by the authority of sages and divines, he endeavoured to turn his pupils’ thoughts to enquiry. This course excited uneasiness, adding

to that generally uncomfortable sensation of which the authorities at Rome were beginning to be conscious. Earth, heaven, and the firmament seemed heaving at the impulses of a dangerous reforming spirit. Should we be astonished, therefore, that Copernicus suddenly withdrew from Rome in the year 1502? Had he received a peremptory hint to withdraw? This has never been proved, but it appears to be exceedingly probable. The "chair of St. Peter" was then disgraced by the infamous Alexander VI; and the Pontiff who had burned Savonarola was not likely to spare an audacious Pole who was evidently disinclined to teach astronomy in a way which had satisfied the world for so many centuries.

As yet, however, Copernicus himself could only suspect, or, perhaps, feel convinced of error; but he taught nothing contrary to received facts. His fault, in the eyes of the orthodox, lay in his directing the minds of men towards inquiry.

It was because as yet he felt he could do no more that he declined the offer made to him to occupy the now vacant chair of Brudzewski at Cracow. That he would have occupied it worthily, and to his own renown, there can be no doubt. He equally declined the opportunity afforded him to become rich by practice as a physician. For philosophy and medicine he had as much respect as ever. But his whole heart, his entire love, his unreserved self, all were devoted to astronomy. To him the wide heavens were a chaos of inextricable confusion; the music of the spheres fell on *his* ears "like sweet bells jangling harsh and out of tune"; but he knew that if beauty and harmony had ceased to be perceptible, it was not because they were not existent, but because the ignorance of man had veiled the beauty, and, as far as ignorance *could* do so, had destroyed the harmony. Accordingly, he declined all honours and active employments,

while he besought God that the darkness which stood between him and his Creator might be removed.

Under what conditions could he more easily reach his desired object? Under none so easily, he thought, as the office of a priest. He did not consign himself to the cloister, where, for the sake of future benefit, he might be passingly useless. He desired to be beneficially employed; but in such a way as to afford ample opportunity for leisure enough to permit of his pursuing his inquiries uninterruptedly. He was ordained priest by Konerski, Bishop of Cracow; and in 1510, through the influence of his uncle, he was presented with a canonry at Frauenberg, a little town on the Haff, between Dantzic and Königsberg.

He was the most lively Canon that the Chapter had ever possessed, and he became the most popular man who had ever earned the good will of the community. He fulfilled a triple duty. He was indefatigable and exemplary as a priest; he was a charitable and efficient physician to the poor; and, when he could spare time from these avocations, he went into close study of the heavens, and became daily more convinced that the mist between the Creator and his glorious object was clearing off, and that there was in store for him such a triumph as never yet had made ecstatic the feeble heart of man.

The uninterrupted peace, however, which he expected to enjoy at Frauenberg, was not his. There was a mighty body of rulers then in Germany, who went under the name of the Teutonic Order; and who seemed bent upon nothing so much as appropriating to their own use the property which belonged to others. Their spirit of aggression reached the territory of Frauenberg, which they loved so well that they would fain have kept it. This spirit was stoutly resisted by Copernicus; and he, in his turn, was accused of every species of infamy by his opponents. His uncle, by protesting

against such charges, procured for his nephew some degree of tranquillity; and, from 1502 to 1507, the baker's son pursued the train of thought which was to end by dethroning the earth, and giving to the sun the central place within our solar system.

This amazing task was accomplished only by painful gradation. Many a wide waste of thought had to be re-traversed, when the object pursued eluded the pursuer; many a weary calculation was re-constructed in order to attain a desired result; many an epistolary conference with learned friends was held; and many an hour was snatched from sleep, ere Copernicus was satisfied that the goal was in view; and that he, humble man, was to be honoured as a revealer of God to disclose the harmony, unity, and beauty, of the sidereal system to the world.

Let it be remembered, too, with what poor, and seemingly inefficient means, this great end was achieved. The Middleburg optician had not yet invented the telescope, bestowing a far-seeing eye, which enables mortals to penetrate the infinite depths of space. The laws which regulate the pendulum were not yet known. Copernicus stood gazing at the heavens, with nothing in his hand but a rude parallaxic instrument, consisting of three pieces of wood, looking a mere child's toy, but to him the wand wherewith he made the whole universe to change in the astonished gaze of man. As he waved it, the earth descended from its usurped eminence; the sun assumed its rightful place. The former, ceasing to be inert, started upon its revolving race; the sun, checked in its career, ceased to pursue the circle round which it had so long been driven by the Ptolemaic astronomers, and became grandly still; while the planets, in newly recognised harmony, and in rare simplicity, revolved around the glowing common centre. But not yet, not suddenly, was all this triumph accomplished; nor was its accomplish-

ment at last effected without some attendant error. But the miracle is, not that there was so great a truth revealed, but that it was presented with so little fault. As a Polish biographer says of him: "He planned the edifice and left others to count the stones."

Convinced now of the position and motion of the earth, he scanned only the more eagerly, with eyes and mind, the opening heavens before him. By patient but uninterrupted degrees, he revolutionised the whole Ptolemaic system. Now, he was making observations on lunar eclipses; anon, marking the place and orbit of Mars. From these tasks, the work of years, he turned to address himself to observations on the autumnal and vernal equinoxes. In 1520 he had fixed the places of Jupiter and Saturn; and, after two years more of thought and labour, he completed his great and imperishable treatise, the *De Orbium Cælestium Revolutionibus*; but having finished this important work he put it by. It was not that he doubted his own conclusions; but rather that he feared the misconstruction of the world, perhaps the hostility of the Church; and it may be, that he had a modest doubt, not of the end which he had reached, but of some of the means by which he had arrived at it.

While his manuscript rested within his desk, the priestly author resumed, or continued, his activity of life. Although the greatest of philosophers, he was also one of the most practically useful of men: a union which is not always to be found in the same person. He was thoroughly a man of business. Had *he* been Archimedes, the enemy would not have found him at his books when the town was burning, but working some military engine which he had invented or improved. Nothing can be more erroneous than the idea of Copernicus immured in his study, and permanently contemplating the heavens through a hole in the roof. He was selected by his Chapter to represent the College of Canons at

the Diet of Grudziowz ; and bishops intrusted to him the administration of their diocesan revenues. He was the most acute-eyed of stewards ; and detecting the Teutonic Order in an attempt, momentarily successful, to get unlawful possession of some Church lands, he attacked them through a process of law with such vigour that they were compelled to make restitution. He did not regret this victory, even when it was followed by such malicious persecution that he was compelled to surrender the office of administrator.

He was indefatigable at the Diet, where, perhaps, his most useful labours were directed to a dry, but most important question of currency, which he handled with the dexterity of a man whose whole life had been devoted solely to the study of matters of finance. Locke and Newton were once similarly engaged. In the case of Copernicus, his success was not equal to the credit he gained in the attempt to achieve it. Cities privileged to mint coin had inundated Germany and Poland with base money. The philosopher's simple plan was to withdraw such privilege, and to establish one or two mints under jealous and efficient supervision. The holders of vested interests, of course, clamoured. The philosopher was silenced, and prince and potentate, as before, passed their washed copper as pure silver coin.

The treatise in which Copernicus developed his project is still, I believe, in the library at Königsberg ; and though it is *now* seldom, perhaps never, read, yet a tradition has come down to us from the editors who incorporated it in the works of the great astronomer, whereby we learn that it gave a lucid history of money ; exhibited a profound political, and wonderful general knowledge ; was argumentative and philosophical ; and was marked by a strongly suggested (rather than pronounced) feeling in favour of the people, who suffered not only from the baseness of the coin, but also from the arbitrary value affixed to it by the powerful coiners.

It is impossible to say whether it was because of this especial service rendered in the matter of the monetary question, or because of the merit of Copernicus generally ; but the Polish King Sigismund was so ready to reward such service and merit that, although he could not make of this priestly astronomer a bishop, he ordered him to be placed in the list of four candidates from which the highest ecclesiastical authority was to select a prelate.

He had greater honour conferred on him by the learned. These, among whom his opinions were widely circulating, with conviction of their truth, spoke of him as the "New Ptolemy." Had the Pope thought of him as an improved Ptolemy, the astronomer would, probably, not have been invited by Rome to take part in the reformation of the Calendar. But who was more suited to such a task than he who had demonstrated the increase and decrease of the solar year, and had proved that the length of year was greater than it had been declared to be by Ptolemy, and less than it had been pronounced by Albategnius? He accordingly sent his Tables to Rome, and the astronomers there liberally profited by these imported results of his investigations.

Meanwhile, his *Revolutions* were still silent and motionless. Something like fear must have rested upon the author's mind. But the new prophet was encouraged by the accession of many a follower. Professors descended from their chairs to study in rapt humility at his feet ; and soon a whisper went from them and spread abroad over the world, implying that Copernicus was the divinely inspired interpreter of a new and glorious truth.

But he was modest withal ; and, in the praise showered down upon him, he would allow no mixture of censure upon the great Ptolemy. The latter, he said, was the first of mathematicians ; and that in the age of Ptolemy it was impossible that the world should produce a greater. All

that had since been effected, argued the liberal Copernicus, was but a step made upward by means of that already planted by Ptolemy: an effect of the natural progress of human thought and knowledge, pursuing its way in spite of censure and obstacles. He himself was still aiding that progress in one of its paths, while his manuscript, proving how miraculously he had illustrated it in another path, was sleeping in his desk, or was timidly exhibited only to the initiated. His volume *De Lateribus et Angulis Triangulorum*, published in 1552, proves that spherical trigonometry owes to him its greatest and most valuable development.

Of the learned disciples of Copernicus, none was more celebrated, none acquired greater honour for himself, none was of more assistance to the renowned Pole, than George Joachim Rhæticus, the young Professor of Mathematics at Wurtemberg. He was among the first to be convinced that Copernicus had discovered a great truth; and, in doing the discoverer justice, he did not fail to render the same meed to similar searchers into the astronomical system. Rhæticus, in comparing his master with Regiomontanus, accounted the latter as the less lucky of the two, simply, as he remarked, because he had not lived long enough to rear the lofty columns he had constructed. But it was God's good will, he said, to intrust the sceptre of astronomy to Copernicus, deeming him alone worthy to restore, explain, and develop what Divinity had established.

When Rhæticus spread abroad the discovery asserted by Copernicus, the world did not, however, pay the latter the compliment of declaring that he had worked out to perfection the conjectures and essays of other men. The wise few, indeed, waited ere they pronounced; but, generally, the people, appealing to what cannot be trusted, the evidence of the senses, loudly ridiculed the idea that the earth which they beheld and felt, firm and fixedly set, immovable, and

the centre of the system, was really careering at a rate which made them breathless to think of, round a stationary sun, which they every minute saw in motion. As for the monks, especially those attached to the Teutonic Order, they hired strolling actors and buffoons to be merry themselves, and to make men merry, at the profane suggestion of the wretched dunce, Copernicus. Good-natured friends imparted to Nicholas the sounds of the popular criticism; but he only calmly answered, *Nunquam volui populo placere; nam quæ ego scio; non probat populus; quæ probat populus, ego nescio*. It was the reply of a philosopher, conscious of his strength, and caring less for the popular criticism than he really did for the people.

This affection and sympathy were ever in activity. Lady Bountiful was never more useful in her village than he in his locality. Human suffering drew him away at once from the remotest recesses of the starry heavens to relieve the anguish of a brother on earth. In medical practice he was, indeed, so successful that physicians most eminent consulted him on questions of delicacy and difficulty connected with their divine art.

But his aim was not merely to relieve effects, but to remove causes. One of the causes of the ill-health prevailing at Frauenberg was itself the effect of a scarcity of water. The town is built on a hill, and the people were compelled to go for the water they needed to the river Bauda, a mile and a half distant. Copernicus, by a simple contrivance, the construction of sluices, brought the water to the very foot of the hill. There, procuring sufficient power to turn a mill, he made it, as it were, raise itself to the height of the steeple in the town above. The grateful people engraved his name upon the machine by which this result was effected. If they saw little greatness in the man who affected to place and displace the stars at his will, they

recognised a practical greatness in the public benefactor who saved them trouble by filling their cisterns.

To this water work may be owing the grand display which enchants the visitors at Versailles; for the famous *Machine de Marly* is said to have been constructed, by order of Louis XIV, from the hint conveyed by that built by Copernicus at Frauenberg. And thus,—so strangely are men and things connected in this world,—the innkeepers of Versailles are, at this day, indebted to Copernicus for half the guests who fill their gay rooms.

It was a wise counsel that suggested to the timid Copernicus the propriety of publishing his celebrated treatise. In the course of his calculations he had been encouraged by Gisius, Archbishop of Culm; and now the Archbishop and the Cardinal of Capua, jointly and severally, urged upon him to deliver his work to the world. Other friends and patrons similarly urged him; and they sought to move his reluctant spirit by intimating that the more the idea of the motion of the earth *now* seemed absurd, the more the author of such an assertion would be admired when he had proved the assertion to be unassailable, and had established the fact.

At length he placed his manuscript in the hands of the Archbishop, and with it an introductory Epistle addressed to Pope Paul III by way of apology, or authority, for having made such a work public. He could have been content, he says, to have gone on making only oral communications to the learned of what he had effected, after the manner of the Pythagoreans, who only imparted the mysteries of science to instructed adepts, and not to an unskilled multitude, unable to comprehend, and ever ready to misrepresent; but, he adds, holy churchmen had been his advisers in this matter, and, therefore, his work was published, with the submission of the author to the wisdom, and his hope of the approval, of the Church.

The Archbishop of Culm transmitted the manuscript to Rhæticus, then in Saxony, with strict injunctions as to holding the deposit sacred, and looking to the correctness of the proofs. Rhæticus hastened with the inestimable treasure to Nuremberg, where resided the scholars Schoner and Osiander, who shared with him the office of editor, and revised the proofs. To this task the author himself was now unequal; he lay helpless on a sick bed at Frauenberg, while his stronger friends watched the press in distant Nuremberg.

The spirit of timidity was not confined to Copernicus. Osiander was himself so alarmed at the conclusions in the volume that he even apologised for them. His apology is too long for extract, but his purport was in this wise. He anticipated the astonishment of the wisest men, he said, at the results asserted by the author of the volume; men who very properly thought that the well recognised basis of established sciences ought not to be shaken. Nevertheless, he deprecated censure against Copernicus. The latter had only observed the stars, and noted down what he believed he had observed. He had seen circumstances there for which he had sought the causes. He had imagined such hypothetical causes as had occurred to him. If he could not discover the true reasons, he might be permitted, perhaps, to suppose those which best fitted themselves to his calculations. There was so much the eye beheld for which the mind could not account. Astronomical doctrine was itself, he insinuated, a mass of contradictory absurdities, and poor astronomers must do the best with them that they could.

Thus humbly, cap in hand, as it were, Copernicus was made to stand asking pardon, and apologising for having first revealed to men the starry system as the Almighty had created it, and for having elicited unity and harmony where before there were universal confusion and discord.

Meanwhile, Copernicus himself, fearing that he might be internally guilty of heresy, and convinced that he would be regarded as a heretic, was thrown into a painful sickness. Messengers were despatched from the printing-office to carry the printed sheets safely into his hands, for jealousy tracked his doings, and the voice of enmity had been heard muttering, as the prelude to a storm. "May God have pity on us!" wrote the Archbishop of Culm, "and avert the blow which now threatens thee! Thine enemies and thy rivals combined—those that charge thee with folly, and those that accuse thee of heresy—have been so successful in exciting the minds of the people of Nuremberg against thee, that men curse thy name in the streets; the priests excommunicate thee from the pulpits; and the University, hearing that thy book was to appear, has declared its intention to break the printing-press of the publisher, and to destroy the work to which thy life has been devoted. Come and allay the tempest; come quickly, or thou shalt be too late!" The threatened riot assumed a most formidable aspect. Thrice an attempt was made to enter the premises, and once the power of fire was tried. The printers worked with pistols at hand, and the friends of the Archbishop, of Rhæticus, and of Copernicus, kept watch and ward by day and night. The manuscripts of the book were stolen by a compositor from the office, and the leaves were burnt in the public market place. As day by day the knowledge of all these doings reached the ears of Copernicus, his mind became more and more subjected to excitement, and his anxiety became intense. Alas! too intense, as the issue proved! He received notice that in three days more a messenger would be sent with the finished volume. His frame, already strung to the highest pitch, yielded; he burst a blood-vessel; paralysis succeeded, and memory and life began to fail. In the indescribable

agony of this uncertainty, which had unnerved his frame and almost overwhelmed his mind, he lay nursing hope even in the embraces of despair. And yet the ominous words, "too late," would keep sounding in his ears, and booming through all the avenues of thought. Life began silently and stealthily to ebb away. The torpor of death was closing the gateways to the palace of the soul, when, suddenly, sounds were heard—the rapid tramp of a horse's hoofs brought a strange sensation to the half-shut ear. It stopped: it was the messenger from Nuremberg! He dismounted, hastened in: the eye of Copernicus sparkled with renewed life, the cheek flushed, the pulses of his heart revived. He raised himself slowly, grasped the precious volume, touched "the great legacy he was to bequeath to mankind," turned his ardent gaze on its still damp pages, and smiled. The hour was come. The book fell from his hands: "the common safeguard against oppression" was *here*; a faint voice rose on the quietude of the sickroom: "Lord, *now* let thy servant depart in peace." Copernicus rested from his labours in the kindly care of death. It was the 23rd of May, 1543. The evening of the 22nd had passed away, and taken her stars with her, the morning of the 23rd had brought the rising sun and the glory of a new day; but before the shadows again fell, Copernicus had gone to yield up his account to the Ruler of that creation whose mysteries, while acknowledging their inscrutability, he had attempted in part to know, to interpret, and to describe.

It would be an impertinence to this audience to describe the system of Copernicus, and to state the facts and arguments by which it is established as the true system of the universe. My purpose has been to trace the career of Copernicus in fuller detail than has yet been done, I believe, in any English treatise.

The death of Copernicus was unmarked by the world

generally; a circle of friends and scholars, who recognised the majesty of his intellect, and loved him for his individual worth, alone honoured the memory of the man whose decease they deplored. The hour of his great fame and the season for statues had not yet arrived. A humble stone over his grave among the Canons of Warmia bore an inscription worthy of the unpretending man. "I ask not," it said, "for the grace accorded to Paul, nor demand that which was given to Peter. I only implore the pardon which thou didst not refuse to the thief on the cross." Thirty years after, the then Bishop of Warmia (Kromer) set aside this stone, and raised another, on which there was an inscription which said as much about Martin Kromer as about Nicholas Copernicus.

Early in the present century, Czacki, the historian, and Molski, the poet, made a pilgrimage to Warmia. They found the dwelling-place of the astronomer occupied by a Lutheran pastor. Some relics of the great man had only recently perished. A copy of verses, written with his own hand, and pasted by him over the chimney piece, had but lately disappeared; and an oval opening above the door, which Copernicus had made use of as an astronomical gnomon, had been filled up. The neighbouring tower, which had been employed as an observatory, had been converted by the Prussian Government into a prison for criminals. The sepulchral stone which marked the resting-place of the philosopher had nearly lost all trace of its original inscription. A few letters of the name, and of another word or two, were all that remained. The grave itself was not held sacred by these explorers. They had it opened, and, says the historian, "we discovered nothing but a few scattered and decayed bones. The Chapter retained a sixth part of the mortal remains of Copernicus, and we carried off the rest, with a certificate in due form, signed by the chief

Prelates of the Chapter. We forwarded to the Church of Pulawry (belonging to Prince Czartoryski) a third of these precious relics, and we kept two-thirds for the Society." These gentlemen, who fancied they honoured the illustrious dead by thus despoiling his tomb, were commissioned by the Society of the Friends of Science at Warsaw.

The first Emperor Napoleon visited the room in which Copernicus was born. The Emperor bowed at the shrine of the philosopher, and committed a robbery as he went away. His Imperial Majesty carried off with him a portrait which had long been the most highly prized ornament on the humble walls. It was placed in the Louvre, in 1807; but let us do Napoleon all justice,—he surrendered it, at the urgent request of the compatriots of the astronomer. Some carvings in wood and some wood-engravings were still preserved as evidences of the handiwork and recreation of Nicholas; it was a recreation that did not distract thought. It is further said by travellers that every successive occupant of the house in which the philosopher was born has left his portrait on the walls, proud of having been permitted to reside under a roof so ennobled. Thirty years ago the building was in decay, and it would be interesting to know whether it still exists. It is to Napoleon that is owing the restoration of the fountain in front of the house, and of some of the various monuments which have been raised in memory of the astronomer. The inscription in front of the tomb at Frauenberg has, however, been nearly obliterated beneath the feet of those who pass over it.

The observatory of the tower of the philosopher is still an object of curiosity and veneration. The watching-point of the astronomer was a mere garret in a high brick-building, shaken by every vehicle which moved near it. But as Colonel Szyrma observes, it is the oldest astronomical observatory in Europe. Here the first instrument

was set on the meridian, there having previously "been no regular observatories in Europe; the next was erected at Cassell, in 1561." It was here that, with rude means, Copernicus overthrew all the systems that had been raised, from Hipparchus to Ptolemy, and restored the respect that was due to the name and merits of Pythagoras.

The Poles did themselves honour when they resolved to erect a bronze statue to their great countryman, in 1830. The Russian authorities demanded a copy of the inaugural oration intended to be delivered on the occasion; but Niemcewicz, the poet-orator, dropped it into the fire, and then declared that he should speak, and not read, his oration. To an attentive audience he delivered a noble speech; and when the work of Thorwaldsen was uncovered, every head was bent for a moment, as if in humility before the gigantic mind that had established a gigantic truth. The sage is represented as seated; his right hand holds a compass, with which he is pointing to a sphere in his left hand. "A grateful country to Nicholas Copernicus," is the simple yet ample inscription.

Tradition tells us that Copernicus was taciturn in society, as several great thinkers have been; but he was active in speech and deed when duty required it. He was slow to make friendships, but sure in maintaining them, and his discoveries only rendered him the more unpretending in the presence of his fellowmen. He was quick in replying to objections, and his answers were sometimes prophetic in their application. "Your theory must be false," said some of these disputants to him on one occasion; "for the phases of Venus and Mercury do not appear. If Venus and Mercury revolved in an orbit around the sun, and *we* revolved in a wider circle, we should see them sometimes full, sometimes increasing and decreasing." "And that is precisely what happens," said Copernicus; "and so you will see whenever

helps to sight are discovered for us." And, fifty years later, his words were confirmed by means of the newly-invented telescope. On being reproached for not having entered into details, he remarked that "the herdsman in Æsop, by running after some birds, not only did not catch them, but lost his cow into the bargain."

The famous astronomical clock which was once the glory of Strasburg, may be said to be, if not the work of Copernicus, at least one achieved in honour of his name. Just after the Church had condemned his follower, Galileo, the Strasburghers set up this astronomical clock, shewing the sidereal movements as laid down by Copernicus. The University of Strasburg did itself honour by this exercise of honest daring.

Rome herself, so forward to condemn the astronomer, and so eager to repeat the condemnation,—denouncing him, his theory, and his books, as in antagonism against Heaven and Scripture,—has rescinded her own sentence. The advocates of Rome assert, indeed, that the condemnation of Copernicus by the "Congregation" was never authorised, as the sentence was never signed, by a Pope. But this is mere special pleading. *Qui facit per alium facit per se* is here especially applicable. And besides, if a Pope had never fulminated a sentence against Copernicus, why was his justification considered necessary? There assuredly was a Papal excommunication of the astronomer, the alleged ground of which was the publication of his system of the heavens. The proof of this is, that the excommunication was quietly revoked in the year 1820; and now Rome permits the world to believe that the earth *has* a revolution round the sun! Thus, too, is Galileo made to triumph,—punished as he was for his assertion, *E pur si muove!* So may Truth ever have her triumph!



## BROWNING'S VIEW OF THE SHADOWS AND MINOR KEYS OF LIFE.

BY H. LONGUET HIGGINS.

IN one of the most striking visions recorded in the Old Testament, the prophet Ezekiel is carried to a valley that was full of bones, very many, and very dry. In response to the enquiry, "Can these bones live?" there was a great shaking, and the bones came together, "bone to his bone," and were clothed with flesh. But there was no Life in them till the breath was called from the four winds of heaven and breathed upon them, and lo, they stood up upon their feet—an exceeding great army.

We now stand in the broad valley of Modern Knowledge, full of the bones of facts collected by Science, very many, and—to the heart of man—very dry. We too, like Socrates, make anxious enquiry of those who profess to be wise, and we too ask, "Can these bones *live*?" Philosophers, such as Herbert Spencer, group the facts into systems, and thus, as it were, clothe them with flesh, and fit them to be the abode of Life. But the living element, the breath of Life, can only be breathed into them by Poetry, a word which I employ in its widest sense, as including all literature, whether in prose or verse, expressing, or tending to produce, noble thought or emotion. For Poetry, as Wordsworth finely said, is "the *breath* or finer spirit of all knowledge, the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science."

We are assured by Matthew Arnold that "more and more, as the years roll on, mankind will discover that we have to

turn to Poetry to interpret life for us ; to console us, and to sustain us." And it is noteworthy that whilst Browning wrote in the light of modern science, and the doctrine of Evolution—both of which are optimistic in their teachings—he "at least believed in soul, was very sure of God." †

Each of us can see but a little portion of Browning's teaching, and the present short paper must necessarily be incomplete without that which is immediately to follow it. For it is not mine to speak of what this great thinker has told us respecting the sunshine of Life and its crowning prize of Love—the diamond keystone of the bright arch of his teaching,—of his joy in life as such :

How good is man's life, the mere living ! how fit to employ  
All the heart and the soul and the senses in joy ! ‡

or of his tender feeling towards all that has life and breath :

God made all the creatures and gave them our love and  
our fear,

To give sign, we and they are his children, one family here.§

Nor is it mine to tell, last and best, of Browning's unshaken belief in a future when "joy shall overtake us as a flood," and in a glorious destiny for Man :

If not on the homely earth,  
Then yonder, worlds away,  
Where the strange and new have birth  
And Power comes full in play. ||

But mine it is to endeavour to indicate the nature of Browning's view of the Shadow and mystery from which, for a brief space, our life emerges ; of Pain and Sorrow, Imperfection and Failure,—the cloud-shadows that flit across the sunlit landscape of life. And I shall attempt to compare

\* *Essays in Criticism* (2nd series), p. 2. † *La Saisiaz*. ‡ *Saul*. § *Ibid*.

|| *Asolando*, pp. 141, 155.

his teaching on these subjects with that of one or two other great thinkers of our day, whose intellectual influence on this generation is unquestionable.

How refreshing it is to turn from the somewhat gloomy philosophy of Carlyle\* to the bright views and true helpfulness of Browning! For Failure, according to Browning, is both the evidence and the promise of future attainment, Imperfection the necessary condition of growth, Error the means by which we must arrive at Truth, and Sorrow and suffering the moral training through which alone man can attain to his highest life.

First, let us see if we can discover any self-revelation of the mental nature of the "seeker after God," whose "guesses at truth" we are about to consider. Yes, Browning himself, in his earliest poem, gives us a deeply interesting piece of self-description :

I am made up of an intensest life,  
Of a most clear idea of consciousness  
Of self, distinct from all its qualities,  
From all affections, passions, feelings, powers ;  
And thus far it exists, if tracked, in all :  
But linked, in me, to self-supremacy,  
Existing as a centre to all things,  
Most potent to create and rule and call  
Upon all things to minister to it ;  
And to a principle of restlessness  
Which would be all, have, see, know, taste, feel, all—  
This is myself ; and I should thus have been  
Though gifted lower than the meanest soul.†

And in the same poem we see the dawn of the poet's bright view of the sorrows of life :—

\* Browning's view of Carlyle's philosophy may be found in the "Parleying" with Bernard de Mandeville.

† *Pauline*, p. 14 (new edition.)

Thou wilt remember one warm morn when winter  
 Crept aged from the earth, and spring's first breath  
 Blew soft from the moist hills ; the black-thorn boughs,  
 So dark in the bare wood, when glistening  
 In the sunshine were white with coming buds,  
*Like the bright side of a sorrow*, and the banks  
 Had violets opening from sleep like eyes.

In his next work, *Paracelsus*, published when Browning was but twenty-three, his life-teaching respecting failure and evil is distinctly foreshadowed. The youthful poet had already looked with tender sympathy upon the pathos of human life and its sorrows, and had learned :

To trace love's faint beginnings in mankind,  
 To know even hate is but a mask of love's.  
 To see a good in evil, and a hope  
 In ill-success ; to sympathise, be proud  
 Of their half-reasons, faint aspirings, dim  
 Struggles for truth, their poorest fallacies,  
 Their prejudice and fears and cares and doubts ;  
 All with a touch of nobleness, despite  
 Their error, upward tending all though weak.

*Browning's Teaching Drawn from Light, Colour, and Shadow.*—The increased attention given to Nature in modern times, and the results of modern science, of which Browning was an earnest student, are reflected in his writings. Browning draws much of his teaching from the phenomena of light, shadow, and colour. His chief interest being in the study of the development of the individual soul,\* he frequently refers to the effect produced upon the white light of Truth by the prism of the human mind, by which we obtain the spectrum of the soul. And we find him often alluding to the beauty of the "bow born of the storm-cloud,"—the arch of promise, bright and tremulous

\* Preface to *Sordello*.

with the glowing beauty of colour,—which marks the passage from shadow and storm to sunshine and the “clear shining after rain.” “Look upon the rainbow,” said one in the old time before us, “and praise Him that made it—very beautiful it is in the brightness thereof. It compasseth the heaven about with a glorious circle, and the hands of the Most High have bended it.”\* Here, indeed, was at least true appreciation of the splendour of light. But it was reserved for modern times to fully appreciate and to explain the *colours* of the rainbow, and for Browning to draw the deepest lessons we may learn from them. Browning knew, for science has told us, that even Light is in itself absolutely invisible, and cannot be seen but where its rays are obstructed by matter. But for the motes we could have no sunbeam.

It is here that we have the keynote of Browning's teaching respecting difficulties and hindrances. In the following short poem he tells us that only through the interference of the prism do we discover the lovely secret of the sunbeam in the soft iridescence of the spectrum :—

DEAF AND DUMB.—*A Group by Woolner.*

Only the prism's obstruction shows aright  
The secret of a sunbeam, breaks its light  
Into the jewelled bow from blankest white:  
So may a glory from defect arise:  
Only by Deafness may the vexed Love wreak  
Its insuppressive sense on brow and cheek;  
Only by Dumbness adequately speak  
As favoured mouth could never, through the eyes.

In these lines, addressed to a sculptured group, we have one of the poet's crowning lessons of life—the glory of defect, the power arising from limitation; and his deep feeling for

\* The apocryphal book *Ecclesiasticus*, ch. xlii. Compare Ezek. i, 28.

the pathos of the eloquence which can speak only through the eyes.

So, too, the prism of the human mind breaks up the white light of Truth into a band of many colours ; but the stronger rays, which fall upon the intellectual powers of man, and which we call Science, dazzle us, and render us incapable of rightly perceiving the softer and variegated beams. In our haste to conclude that there can be no higher truth than that which appeals to the intellect, we forget that even Science as yet sees but as through a glass darkly, whatever her pretensions may be. We forget, too, the need of partial light for the revelation of the highest beauty and truth. For light conceals as well as reveals ; darkness reveals as well as conceals. Think of what we learn from the *dark* lines in the spectrum ! But for the soft decrease and increase of the light of day we should never see the beauty which the sun's last rays are spent in creating, or the "orient pearl" of the hour when the morning breaks and the shadows flee away. "To me," says Pom-pilia, speaking of the close of life,

To me at least was never evening yet  
But seemed far beautifuller than its day.\*

But for the tender grey of the twilight we should never see the trembling radiance of the single star-diamond which Evening wears on her breast. But for the darkness of Night and the "silence of the sleep time"† what should we know of the clustered constellations of the starry universe, that wonderful city of God in which our tents of a night are pitched ? We then feel the eloquence of "the silence that is in the starry sky," and of the teaching of Darkness and Shadow. Not "at noonday in the bustle of man's work-time,"‡ but on a grassy bank on which the moonlight sleeps,

\* *The Ring and the Book.* † *Asolando*, p. 156. ‡ *Ibid.*, p. 157.

does Lorenzo talk with Jessica of the heavenly music which human ear hath not heard. Thus, too, soft stillness and the night become the study of the sweet harmony in which the shadows and mystery of life have their necessary part, according to the view of Browning,—the Shakespeare of our century. With how gentle and loving, and yet how firm a hand he leads us through this cloudy region ! Perhaps no poet has shown us so well how necessary to beauty and completeness of harmony both in music, and in the music of life, are the minor keys—the discords followed by concords, the suspensions—doubts are such—the rests, the imperfect cadences and closes—death is one of these—and lastly, the lovely sudden enharmonic changes by which, even while we knew it not, minor melts into major, sorrow into joy, doubt becomes assurance, and admiration or sympathy are kindled by a word, a look, or a touch, into a love over which time and death have no power.

## II.—SHADOW AND STORM.

*Shadow in Nature and Art.*—One of the most helpful portions of Browning's view of life is that from which we learn how needful to man are the Shadows of life. To realise this, let us glance for a moment at Nature, and her mirror, Art. Take away from mountain scenery the mystery and beauty of shadow and gloom, and you take away at once, not only half the majesty and glory of the mountains, but also most of the impressiveness of their teaching. Ruskin has well called them the great schools and cathedrals of the human race: "full of treasures of illuminated manuscript for the scholar, kindly in simple lessons for the worker, quiet in pale cloisters for the thinker, glorious in holiness for the worshipper . . . with their gates of rock, pavements of cloud, choirs of stream and stone, altars of snow, and vaults of purple traversed by the

continual stars."\* The frown on their fronts tells of the storms of untold centuries, and of how in ages past they have been upheaved and rent by earthquake and cataclysm, till, seen from above, one could fancy that, in the morning of time, a tempest-tossed ocean had been suddenly changed to rock and stone, to cliff and scar. Yet the tender violet and oxalis nestle in the dark crevices where the shadows of centuries are sleeping, and "mosses and lichens lay quiet finger on the trembling stones, to teach them rest."†

So, too, in Architecture, which is frozen poetry and music, we know that much of the majesty of a cathedral arises from the right disposition of shade, of dimness suggestive and emblematic of mystery, of things never to be seen completely by man.

And the same is the case with Music—Browning's most loved art, of which he speaks as being an

. . . . earnest of a heaven,  
Seeing we know emotions strange by it  
Not else to be revealed. ‡

and which the poet's emotional nature leads him to regard as the bright crown of the arts :

To perfect and consummate all,  
Even as a luminous haze links star to star,  
I would supply all chasms with music, breathing  
Mysterious motions of the soul, no way  
To be defined save in strange melodies.§

What would Music be without her minor keys, her "lesser thirds so plaintive, sixths diminished, sigh on sigh,"|| her quiet whispers of rest for the weary after the burden and

\* *Modern Painters*, vol. iv, part v, chap. 20.

† *Ibid.*, vol. v, part vi, chap. 10. ‡ *Pauline*. § *Paracelsus*, part 2.

|| *A Toccata of Galuppi's*.

heat of the noon-day, and the discords that do but add sweetness to the concords into which they melt :

Why rushed the discords in, but that harmony should be prized ? \*

How true this is to nature and life was long ago noticed. Lord Bacon asks, "Is not the precept of a musician, to fall from a discord or harsh accord upon a concord or sweet accord, alike true in affection ?" † and again, in another work—

The division and quavering, which please so much in music, have an agreement with the glittering of light, as the moonbeams playing upon a wave. Again, the falling from a discord to a concord, which maketh great sweetness in music, hath an agreement with the affections, which are reintegrated to the better after some dislikes. ‡

Each art, indeed, owes its greatness and beauty to its being a faithful mirror of Nature, and of our chequered life, its sorrows and joys, its tempest and calm.

#### THE CLOUD-SHADOWS OF LIFE.

Half the nobleness and beauty of Life itself is due to the presence of shadow and storm. "That may be so," it will be said, "but are they *needful* ?"

Browning's answer is, that Life must be taken as a whole, that Sorrow is the necessary complement of Joy, Evil of Good. Take the following, from a poem in which he views Life, as it were, from a point outside our planet :

Over the ball of it,  
Peering and prying.  
How I see all of it,  
Life, there, outlying !  
Roughness and smoothness,  
Shine and defilement,  
Grace and uncouthness ;  
One reconciliation.

\* *Abt Vogler*. † *Advancement of Learning*, book ii, v, 2. ‡ *Sylva Sylvarum*.

Orbed as appointed,  
 Sister with brother  
 Joins, ne'er disjointed  
 One from the other.  
 All's lend-and-borrow  
 Good, see, wants evil,  
 Joy demands sorrow.  
 Angel weds devil.\*

Yes, "*all's lend-and-borrow.*" In music, some of the most inspiriting and cheering strains ever penned are written in the plaintive minor mode, while we find one of the greatest composers choosing, for his most solemn and affecting Dead March, the major key of C,—"*the C major of this life,*" as Browning calls it. Let us now glance at some of the principal Cloud-Shadows of life.

*Drawbacks and Hindrances.*—These are but aids to progress :

Much drawback ! what were earth without ?  
 Is this our ultimate stage, or starting-place  
 To try man's foot, if it will creep or climb,  
 'Mid obstacle in seeming, points that prove  
 Advantage for who vaults from low to high  
 And makes the stumbling-block a stepping-stone ? †

We are bidden to welcome temptations and trials :

. . . . Was the trial sore ?  
 Temptation sharp ? Thank God a second time !  
 Why comes temptation but for man to meet  
 And master, and make crouch beneath his foot,  
 And so be pedestalled in triumph ? ‡

*Sin, Sorrow, and Pain.*—These dread sisters are but the divinely appointed means—

. . . . to evolve.  
 By new machinery in counterpart  
 'The moral qualities of man—how else ?—

\* *Pisgah Sights*, i. † *The Pope*, 408-413. ‡ *Ibid.*, 1183-1187.

To make him love in turn and be beloved,  
Creative and self-sacrificing too,  
And thus eventually God-like.\*

So, too, Rabbi Ben Ezra exclaims :

Be our joy three parts pain !  
Strive, and hold cheap the strain ;  
Learn, nor account the pang ; dare,  
never grudge the throe !

We must " painfully attain to joy," † for

When pain ends, gain ends too.‡

*Failure, its Success.*—Browning thus introduces us to the idea of the Success of Failure :

For thence,—a paradox.  
Which comforts while it mocks,—  
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail :  
What I aspired to be,  
And was not, comforts me,  
A brute I might have been, but would not sink i' the scale.§

For what men reject is that which is pleasing to God :

All I could never be,  
All, men ignored in me,  
This, I was worth to God.||

Everywhere in Browning's writings we meet with the glory and nobleness of unsatisfied aspirations, unrealised successes.

'Tis not what man Does which exalts him,  
But what man Would do.¶

And again :

Life is probation and the earth no goal,  
But starting-point of man, compel him strive,  
Which means, in man, as good as reach the goal.\*\*

\* *The Pope*, 1378-1383.

† *Paracelsus*.

‡ *A Death in the Desert*.

§ *Rabbi Ben Ezra*.

|| *Ibid.*

¶ *Saul*.

\*\* *The Pope*, 1436-1438.

In every human soul, however mean or imperfect, there lies a capacity for good, could it but be reached by Love's penetrating ray. What can be wanting to success, if every face, no matter how unbeautiful, gives evidence to some one heart that, warm below the surface,—

. . . there hides a spark of soul  
Which, quickened by Love's breath, may yet pervade the whole.\*

And each imperfect soul

. . . goes striving to combine  
With what shall right the wrong, the under or above  
The standard, supplement unloveliness by love.†

*Evil.*—This, with Browning, is but a word expressing the absence of good,—a mere negative, as, for example, what we call shadow and cold are not positive, but merely the greater or less absence of light and heat respectively.

The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound.‡

So also in the poet's latest work :

Yet since earth's good proved good  
Incontrovertibly  
Worth loving—I understood  
How evil—did mind descry  
Power's object to end pursued  
Were haply as cloud across  
Good's orb, no orb itself.§

The function and use of Evil is its moral teaching :

. . . When a soul has seen  
By the means of Evil that Good is best,  
And through earth and its noise, what is heaven's serene,  
When our faith in the same has stood the test—

\* *Fifine at the Fair*, p. 49.    † *ibid.*, p. 50.    ‡ *Abt Vogler*.  
§ *Asolando*, p. 145.

Why, the child grown man, you burn the rod,  
 The uses of labour are surely done;  
 There remaineth a rest for the people of God :  
 And I have had troubles enough, for one.\*

*Death.*—The last, and the darkest and longest, of the passing cloud-shadows of life is, of course, Death.

This is the last imperfect close or cadence of life, the dark storm-cloud which we must enter when we have climbed the lofty mountain of life, and stand on the lonely summit. It is here—

. . . . where meteors shoot, clouds form,  
 Lightnings are loosened—†

that lovers through life must part, and brother unclasp the hand of brother. But we lift our eyes and lo, the radiance of the heavenly arch, and above all, of its keystone of Love, is but tenfold enhanced by the extreme darkness of the cloud, and the heavenly lamp of Hope shines brightest through the gloom. "If I stoop," says the dying Paracelsus,

If I stoop  
 Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud  
 It is but for a time; I press God's lamp  
 Close to my breast, its splendour, soon or late,  
 Will pierce the gloom, I shall emerge one day.‡

In this cloud the chief transfiguration of Science by poetry and religion must take place.

Browning knew the necessity of constant Change to life and health, both physical and mental :

. . . . Rejoice that man is hurled  
 From change to change unceasingly,  
 His soul's wings never furled. §

And Death is but a great and *necessary* change.

\* *Old Pictures in Florence*, xxii. † *A Grammarian's Funeral*.

‡ *Paracelsus*, the closing lines. See also the noble poem entitled *Prospice*.

§ *James Lee's Wife*.

"Why should we," said Browning to a friend, "why should we not change like everything else? . . . You know as well as I that death is life, just as our daily, our momentarily dying body is none the less alive and ever recruiting new forces of existence. Without death, which is our crape-like, churchyardy word for change, for growth, there could be no prolongation of that which we call life. . . . I deny death as an end of everything. Never say of me that I am dead!"\* Turn these thoughts into poetry, and we have the beautiful Prologue to *La Saisiaz*, the *In Memoriam* of Browning:

Good, to forgive;  
 Best, to forget.  
 Living, we fret;  
 Dying, we live.  
 Fretless and free,  
 Soul, clap thy pinion!  
 Earth have dominion,  
 Body o'er thee!

Wander at will,  
 Day after day—  
 Wander away,  
 Wandering still—  
 Soul that canst soar!  
 Body may slumber:  
 Body shall cumber  
 Soul-flight no more.

Waft of soul's wing!  
 What lies above?  
 Sunshine and Love,  
 Skyblue and Spring!  
 Body hides—where?  
 Ferns of all feather,  
 Mosses and heather,  
 Yours be the care!

\* Sharp's *Life of Browning*, p. 195.

*The Philosophical Aspect of Browning's View of Failure and Evil.*—If the idea of the Success of Failure is to be deemed a mere paradox, let us at all events remember that much of the highest moral teaching in all ages has been conveyed by means of seemingly paradoxical assertions, and especially in the case of the Founders of Christianity. It has been well remarked that "Browning treats obscure subjects deeply, not deep subjects obscurely," and that "lofty mountains enshroud their heads in clouds."

Then, too, Browning's view of failure, and the great problem of Evil,—his assertion of its negative character,\* and of its necessity for our education in what is good,—agree remarkably with the philosophy of the late James Hinton. This truly scientific thinker held that Negatives are practically positive things to us—practical existences influencing our feelings or producing manifest effects without us. Man arrives at truth not directly, but through the teaching of failure and error.

"A poor and superficial view it is that finds mere discord and disorder in this destined interlinking of truth with error, and co-operation of disaster with achievement. Seen with a clearer eye, does it not reveal itself rather as the very mystery of life? of life which finds its basis in decay, and draws support and progress from its ceaseless interchange with death. That is the perfect order from which no element of human weakness or human error is excluded, which absorbs and turns to its own purposes all that most seems to threaten it. A truth that lives and grows through error, a success which makes failure tributary—before what obstacles shall they succumb? The progress of man's thought, the achievement of his ends, are most assured in this, that they are served by their enemies, strengthened by that which seems to undermine them.†

\* This was also Kingsley's view: "Evil, as such, has no existence." *Life*, vol. ii, p. 56.

† *The Art of Thinking*, p. 193.

## III.—IMPERFECTION—THE CONDITION OF GROWTH.

We know from science that imperfection is essential to growth, but for the "breath or finer spirit" of this knowledge, viz., the full apprehension of the nobleness, beauty, and hope arising from Imperfection in knowledge, art, and life, we are, I venture to think, chiefly indebted to Browning and Ruskin.

*Imperfection in Knowledge.*—In acknowledging the necessity for man's moral advancement that his knowledge should be partial only, Browning's teaching strongly coincides with that of Ruskin, who tells us that—

Our whole happiness and power of energetic action depend upon our being able to breathe and live in the cloud; content to see it opening here and closing there; rejoicing to catch, through the thinnest films of it, glimpses of stable and substantial things; but yet perceiving a nobleness even in the concealment, and rejoicing that the kindly veil is spread where the untempered light might have scorched us, or the infinite clearness wearied.\*

There is always "a point where a noble dimness begins,"† and this applies even to Science.

Again, Ruskin speaks of Truth as—

That pillar of the earth, yet a cloudy pillar, that golden and narrow line which the very powers that lean upon it bend, which policy and prudence conceal, which kindness and courtesy modify, which courage overshadows with his shield, imagination covers with her wings, and charity dims with her tears."‡

Browning tells us that Progress is man's distinctive mark, and that man could not progress if all his doubts were at once changed to absolute certainties:

God's gift was just that man conceive of truth  
And yearn to gain it, clutching at mistake,  
As midway help till he reach fact indeed.§

\* *Modern Painters*, vol. iv, part v., chap. v.    † *Ibid.*

‡ *Seven Lamps of Architecture*—The Lamp of Truth.

§ *A Death in the Desert.*

*Doubt.*—This springs from partial knowledge, and is necessary to our moral welfare :

I prize the doubt  
Low kinds exist without,  
Finished and finite clods, untroubled by a spark.\*

Surely we are here reminded of Tennyson's well known lines :

There lives more faith in honest doubt,  
Believe me, than in half the creeds.†

The following is pure Browning philosophy :

What if the breaks themselves [in knowledge] should  
prove at last  
The most consummate of contrivances  
To train a man's eye—teach him what is faith?‡

We need, in fact, just so much of Doubt as will break the “torpor of assurance,” § and enable us to “plant a sure foot upon the sun-road.” || Unquestionably :

. . . . You must mix some uncertainty  
With faith, if you would have faith be. ¶

Surely such teaching as this is helpful to some of us in these latter days when the evening shadow of Doubt is falling across the western fronts of those glorious monuments of the faith and fear of nations—“those vaulted gates, trellised with close leaves, those window-labyrinths of twisted tracery and starry light, those misty masses of multitudinous pinnacle and diademed tower.”\*\* In place of these Browning pictures for us the sadness of a sceptic wandering in a

. . . . desolate fane; the arches dim,  
The crumbling columns grand against the moon. ††

\* Rabbi Ben Ezra. † *In Memoriam*. ‡ Bishop Blougram's *Apology*.

§ *The Pope*, line 1854. || *Paracelsus*. ¶ *Easter Day*.

\*\* Ruskin, *Seven Lamps of Architecture*—The Lamp of Sacrifice.

†† *Paracelsus*.

## IV.—IMPERFECTION IN ART AND LIFE.

“To banish imperfection,” says Ruskin, “is to destroy expression, to check exertion, to paralyse vitality. All things are literally better, lovelier, and more beloved for the imperfections which have been divinely appointed, that the law of human life may be Effort, and the law of human judgment, Mercy.” \*

So Browning:

’Tis a life-long toil till our lump be leaven  
The better! what’s come to perfection perishes. †

Browning’s *Andrea del Sarto* is based on the need for imperfection in Art:

A man’s reach should exceed his grasp  
Or what’s a heaven for? All is silver-grey,  
Placid and perfect with my art: the worse!

According to Ruskin, the glory of Gothic Architecture is in its noble Imperfection, and “it seems a fantastic paradox, but it is nevertheless a most important truth, that no architecture can be noble which is *not* imperfect.” It must shew human weakness together with its strength. “Accurately speaking, no good work whatever can be perfect, and *the demand for perfection is always a misunderstanding of the ends of art.*” ‡

*Musical Beauty arising from Imperfection.*—I have already referred to Browning’s deep love for Music, of which he has written more worthily § than perhaps any poet since Milton, whose exquisitely contrasted allusions, in his *L’Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, to the beauty of

\* *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii, ch. 6.

† *Old Pictures in Florence*.

‡ *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii, chap. 6.

§ See *A Toccata of Galuppi’s*, *Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha*, *Abt Vogler*, and the “*Parleying*” with Charles Avison.

Music, in (as it were) light and shadow respectively, have never been equalled, to say nothing of the splendid descriptions of angelic harmonies \* by that "voice whose sound was like the sea."

But I would here especially point out that the beauty due to Imperfection is nowhere more strikingly shewn than in Music.

The variety and freedom of the modern style of harmony has been attained by an ever-increasing sense of the beauty of so-called discords, and of "imperfect" intervals and harmonies. Modern ears could no longer tolerate the so-called harmony of mediæval times, when the use of only the (theoretically) most perfect intervals—the octave and fifth—was allowed. The adoption of the modern "free" or chromatic (coloured) style of harmony has thrown on to the white marble pavement of the ancient strict or "pure" style, the gorgeous dyes cast by sunshine streaming in through richly stained windows, and Music is now indeed a true mirror of human life in all its varied and ever-changing aspects. So, too, the characteristic individuality of the major and minor keys—each has its own unmistakable character and peculiar beauty—is due to the inevitable imperfection or inequality of our present so-called "equal temperament" system of tuning fixed-toned instruments.

#### V.—SUNLIGHT AFTER STORM: CLOUD-COLOURS AFTER RAIN.

As we turn from the consideration of the Cloud-shadows of life, let it be with the reflection that but for Clouds we should never see the fairest colours ever granted to mortal sight, and that Cloud-colours, again, are never so lovely as after rain, so emblematic of sorrow. I am not fortunate enough to remember any passage in which Browning specially refers to cloud-beauty, but he speaks frequently of

\* See, for instance, *At a Solemn Music*.

the iris-zone of colour which is seen in "the bow that is in the cloud in the day of rain." In one poem in particular\* his pen must have indeed been dipped in the "drops of the urn the rainbow paints from."† And when he alludes to—

. . . . scarlet, purple, every dye of the bow  
Born of the storm-cloud

—it is plain that the poet is thinking not so much of the brightness of the arch as of its exquisite colours, so typical of the life of man. And he loves to look beyond them to their *cause* :—

. . . . Light, thwarted, breaks  
A limpid purity to rainbow flakes.‡—

It is in the deep feeling for lovely colour that modern Art, including Poetry, differs chiefly from ancient Art. The modern sensitiveness to colour-beauty has been but slowly evolved. The gradual change which, as we saw, humanized, as it were, the art of Music, has had its counterpart in each great art, including that of Poetry. In the bards of ancient Greece we find great perception of light and shadow, but little or no sense of the loveliness of colour, except as a greater or less degree of light. Homer never names the colour of a flower, nor calls the skies blue; and even when he speaks of the "purple" rainbow (πορφυρέη ῥοις, *Iliad* xvii, 547), it is its light,§ not its colours, to which he means to call attention. So the Greek or *chiaroscuro* school of Art—that of Light and Shadow—is sorrowful, being connected with the unwearied intellectual search for Light, and the deep dread, common to all ancient nations, of the supposed powers of darkness, and the sense of the mystery that

\* *Numphoieptos*.

† *Ibid.*

‡ *Sordello*, Book V.

§ Ruskin, *Queen of the Air*. But Mr. Gladstone thinks that the bow, to Homer's eye, was dark. *Nineteenth Century*, October, 1877, p. 374.

surrounds our life. Then came the long, grim winter of ecclesiastical mediævalism, with its selfish ascetic ideal of life, and its hatred of healthy human beauty, and of intellectual freedom. During this glacial epoch the arts and sciences slept, icebound. When, at the Renaissance, knowledge and beauty were once more confessed to be good, and a sense of a corporate humanity at last dawned upon our race, we find the influence in Poetry of the new light, and of the modern social and useful ideal of life. But as in Painting so in Poetry, the highest art is attained by the union of the school of Colour with the school of Light and Shadow, the sense of the mystery of Shadow joined with a most vivid perception of the beauty of the many-coloured woof of life. Hence the greatness of such poets as Shakespeare and Browning.

We can but glance at a few of the instances in which Browning shows us what is, as it were, the surpassing loveliness of Colour (which is partial shadow) in human life; namely, in the superiority of Feeling over Knowledge; the idea that Duty arises not from Necessity, but from beauty and love; the need for self-sacrifice; and lastly, the crowning grace of Reverence.

(1) *Feeling and Knowledge*. — Browning constantly asserts the superiority of Feeling over Knowledge, as in his *Paracelsus*. But the thought is perhaps nowhere more beautifully expressed than in the following passage, in which the aged Pontiff is addressing Pompilia :

I see in the world the intellect of man,  
That sword, the energy his subtle spear,  
The knowledge which defends him like a shield—  
Everywhere; but they make not up, I think,  
The marvel of a soul like thine, earth's flower  
She holds up to the softened gaze of God.\*

\* *The Pope*, 1013-1019.

Science, as yet in the early days of her aspiration, has not "attained" to the acknowledgement of this. Huxley indeed speaks of "the wisdom of which knowledge is only the servitor,"\* and tells us that "the great end of life is not knowledge, but action."† But it is surely remarkable to find the greatest philosopher of the present day on the side of the poets :

Life is not for learning, nor is life for working, but learning and working are for life. When there is fully recognised *the truth that moral beauty is higher than intellectual power*, when the wish to be admired is in a large measure replaced by the wish to be loved, that strife for distinction which the present phase of civilisation shows us will be greatly moderated."‡

(2) *Duty*.—Browning acknowledges that the *fulness* of Beauty and Truth can only be realised in a future life—here we can but strive :

I looked beyond the world for truth and beauty,  
Sought, found, and did my duty.§

But he is very far from regarding Duty in the aspect in which she appeared to Wordsworth, who addresses her in his Ode to Duty as a "stern daughter of the voice of God," and as a "stern lawgiver." Let us listen to the manner in which Browning arrives at a very different conception of duty :

O world as God has made it! All is beauty;  
And knowing this, is love, and love is duty. ||

Surely this is more akin to the modern spirit which regards Duty as best performed when least felt to be such, and regards happiness and cheerfulness as a duty which we owe to others as well as to ourselves.

\* *Science and Culture*, p. 29. † *Ibid.*, p. 81.

Herbert Spencer, *Contemporary Review*, Jan., 1883.

§ *Ferishtah's Fancies* (new edit.), p. 89.

|| *The Guardian Angel*.

(3) *Self-Sacrifice*.—Browning strongly advocates self-sacrifice, *e.g.*,

Renounce joy for my fellows' sake? That's joy  
Beyond joy. \*

In this his teaching is strongly contrasted with that of Matthew Arnold and Tennyson. Matthew Arnold's well-known ideal of culture is "to *know* the best that has been said and thought in the world;" and self-dependence is prominent in his teaching, whether in verse † or in prose :

To walk staunchly by the best light one has, to be strict and sincere with oneself, not to be of the number of those who say and do not, to be in earnest,—this is the discipline by which *alone* man is enabled to rescue his life from thralldom to the passing moment and to his bodily senses, to ennoble it, and to make it eternal. ‡

So, too, Tennyson :

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,  
These three *alone* lead life to sovereign power.§

Ruskin founds the need for mutual self-sacrifice upon the great principle of Brotherhood—

. . . not by equality nor by likeness, but by giving and receiving; the souls that are unlike, and the nations that are unlike, and the natures that are unlike, being bound into one noble whole by each receiving something from and of the others' gifts and the others' glory. None of God's laws are, in one sense, greater than the appointment that the most lovely and perfect unity shall be obtained by the taking of one nature into another. ||

In the following passage Browning connects self-sacrifice with another seeming paradox: the power of gentleness and

\* *Ferishtah's Fancies*, p. 50.

† See the poem entitled *Self-Dependence*.

‡ *Culture and Anarchy*, Preface. § *Ænone*.

|| *Stones of Venice*, vol. iii, p. 19.

the *strength of weakness*—the strength by which it calls forth man's noblest feelings :

What but the weakness in a faith supplies  
The incentive to humanity, no strength  
Absolute, irresistible, comperts ?  
*How can man love but what he yearns to help ?*  
And that which men think weakness in their strength,  
But angels know for strength and stronger yet—  
What were it else but the first things made new,  
But repetition of the miracle,  
The divine instance of self sacrifice  
That never ends and aye begins for man ? \*

Both Tennyson and Ruskin lay strong stress on submission to restraint and law. "It is his Restraint which is honourable to man, not his Liberty. . . . From the poisoning of the planets to the gravitation of a grain of dust, the power and glory of all creatures, and all matter, consist in their obedience, not in their freedom."†

Browning certainly acknowledges the "Reign of Law" in the Universe :

I spoke as I saw,  
Reported, as man may of God's work—all's love, yet all's law.‡

But with respect to the individual soul, Browning lays stress not on self-control, but on enthusiasm and passion for noble objects. We remember that, in the most celebrated Greek school of philosophy, moral control was inculcated by means of a cold submission or conformity to a supposed law of nature—hence the well known maxim, ζῆν κατὰ φύσιν, whereas Christian morality invokes the purifying and kindling influence of a noble *enthusiasm* for virtue.

(4) *Reverence*.—I do not find that Browning has laid stress upon the violet ray of Reverence, so far as regards the lovely light it sheds upon human love, of which it is the

\* *The Pope*, 1649–1658. † Ruskin, *The Two Paths*, p. 208. ‡ *Saul*, xvii.

safeguard, by preserving the sensibility to, and respect for, the feelings of others. But nowhere, I think, has this most beautiful of the rays of the soul been more finely described than by Browning in its relation to the Author of the Universe :

. . . . . God is seen God  
In the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the soul and the clod.  
And thus looking within and around me, I ever renew  
(With that stoop of the soul which in bending upraises it too)  
The submission of man's nothing-perfect to God's all-complete,  
As by each new obeisance in spirit, I climb to his feet.\*

Tennyson's testimony, in the introductory verses of *In Memoriam*, to the need for Reverence, is well known ; and I will only add that of Mr. Ruskin, who tells us that in reverence is the chief joy and power of life—reverence for what is pure and bright in youth, for what is true and tried in age, for all that is gracious among the living, great among the dead, and marvellous in the Powers that cannot die.† As in the spectrum of light the violet rays are the most refrangible and delicate, and form the borderland beyond which there are rays invisible to human sight, but most potent in their effects, so I think we may draw from the Mind-spectrum its deepest lesson—that *all* its rays, visible and invisible, are needed to make up the *Unity of Truth*. Science can deal only with those more brilliant hues which are perceptible only by man's Reason. In these there are, as in the Light-spectrum, very significant dark lines. She is not, therefore, at liberty to say that the more subdued—but not less potent—rays which are perceptible as yet by the emotions only are of no account in arriving at a true philosophy of the universe. The work of Poetry in the future will be the transfiguration of Science by shewing her that she is but a part of Truth, and therefore of true Religion, and

\* *Saul*, xvii.

† *Lectures on Art*, p. 62.

that the entrance to the temple of the Invisible is illuminated only by the subdued yet tremulous and glowing brightness of the violet rays of Reverence.

#### EPILOGUE.

When in various parts of this paper the "teaching" of Browning has been alluded to, it is not meant that the poet wrote with any distinct intention of conveying ethical instruction, or was conscious of any "message to men." As the standard of morality and civilisation rises, the highest moral teaching is conveyed less by direct precept and more by indirect influence. Moral injunctions, in the days of Sinai, are represented as delivered among all the thunders and terrors that could strike the imagination of an awe-struck people. Centuries pass, and the highest moral teaching ever vouchsafed to men is delivered from a peaceful mountain-top to multitudes thronging the Master. Again a lapse of centuries, and in our day, new ethical precepts are no longer needed, but most great writers are, indirectly, moral teachers who, by the influence of their works, strengthen our aspirations after whatever is good and lovely—our ideals, those "winds of the soul" (ψυχῆς ἄνεμοι), which give us energy and enthusiasm. And they help us to become architects of that inner thought-life which each one of us lives, and which we can do so much to adorn by training the mind to dwell habitually on pure and noble things. We learn from Ruskin "what fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thought—proof against all adversity. Bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure-houses of precious and restful thoughts, which care cannot disturb, nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us—houses built without hands, for our souls to live in." \*

\* *The Eagle's Nest*, p. 198.

At the close of his life—in the very last poem from his pen—the poet writes, as it were, from his own tomb, his noble *Apologia pro vitâ suâ*, and truly describes himself as—

One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,  
Never doubted clouds would break,  
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,  
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,  
Sleep to wake.

Brave Robert Browning—true soldier of Humanity—  
God send the world more master-spirits such as thine, and  
us the power to recognise and worthily appreciate them !



## ROBERT BROWNING.

*By G. H. RENDALL, M.A.*

[With the passing of the old year, England mourned one of her greatest poets. It was felt that the Literary and Philosophical Society should devote a special meeting to his memory, and the following paper was written by request. Its aim was simply to enforce some of the most salient characteristics of his work, and perchance to win a hearing from some on whom his writings had not as yet laid hold. By arrangement, quotation was limited, as far as possible, to the two volumes of *Selections* and to *Asolando*.]

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

THE hold of Browning on his countrymen has in recent years been widening and deepening with unlooked for rapidity. For not a few his poetry possesses a fascination beyond all others. It has a character of its own, that differentiates it from all else; it meets special needs; it creates votaries; it has given rise to Browning Societies more numerous and more strenuous in their interest than have ever arisen round the works of any great contemporary. And those who have once caught the contagion would say, not so much that Browning is the prince of poets, or that *qua* poet he exhibits the most consummate power over his chosen vehicle, but rather that for them he has a voice and a message and a music all his own, and that for it they would surrender much or all, to which they could not deny more rhythmic art, more melodious and proportioned excellence, and poetic genius far more instinctive and infallible.

Primarily Browning is an *intellectual* poet. His mind is always busily, restlessly, inquisitively active. I am not

thinking only or chiefly of his language, of his subtlety and exactitude of phrase, of his compendious and often elliptical syntax, of his rapid transitions of thought, of his ingenuity in simile and metaphor, of his over-curious elaboration of fancies, but of an inwrought character deeper and more pervading than these externals. His whole outlook is intellectual, not sensuous or emotional. His expression of a mood is precise, determined, sharp in outline. The more passionate, coherent, and uncompromising the mood is, the more successful is the poet's rendering. The moods of mixed and wavering sentiment, shot lights and shades, the languors of desire, the gladness charged with melancholy, the grief that whispers undertones of solace, the wistful, the pensive, the mystic, the illusive, the inconsequent, the whole range of sensuous but largely unreasoning emotion, in the expression of which the Laureate displays his most supreme and unerring tact, are virtually absent from Browning. Love itself, his most fruitful and various theme, seldom if ever finds utterance as pure and unselfconscious passion, but even in its utmost vehemence is busy with self-analysis of justification or apology. So with the queen of *In a Balcony*, and so even with Ottima, the incarnation of animal passion cast in a queenly mould. For this reason he breaks seldom or never into song. The notes he warbles are often rich, and sweet, and rare; but he lacks the spontaneous, unquestioning self-utterance, the subjugation or rather the annihilation of intellect by feeling, the rush, the abandon, the effusion of the sensuous and emotional faculties, which are of the essence of lyric. Intense as was his delight in Shelley, the "sun-treader" of his earliest poem (*Pauline*), there is not a note of "The Skylark" in his own composition.

For diversion he can write a character-song:—

Marching along, fifty-score strong,

Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song—

but the intention of it is humour and jollity, not lyric self-utterance. Even Pippa's song, one of the few fragments of Browning that has been set to music, blithe as it is and innocent-hearted, is neither in language nor motive true lyric :—

The year's at the spring,  
And day's at the morn ;  
Morning's at seven ;  
The hill-side's dew-pearled ;  
The lark's on the wing ;  
The snail's on the thorn :  
God's in his heaven—  
All's right with the world.

The nearest perhaps that Browning could come to song was in fragments such as *Misconceptions*,\* where (beautiful as it is) not only metre and vocabulary, but the vein of disinterested fairness removes it at once from genuine lyric, which must rise and fall on the wings of its own mood, whether they soar, or flutter, or droop :—

This is a spray the Bird clung to,  
Making it blossom with pleasure,  
Ere the high tree-top she sprung to,  
Fit for her nest and her treasure.  
Oh, what a hope beyond measure  
Was the poor spray's, which the flying feet hung to—  
So to be singled out, built in, and sung to !

This is a heart the Queen leant on,  
Thrilled in a minute erratic,  
Ere the true bosom she bent on,  
Meet for love's regal dalmatic.  
Oh, what a fancy ecstatic  
Was the poor heart's, ere the wanderer went on—  
Love to be saved for it, proffered to, spent on !

\* An interesting parallel to this will be found in the fragment *Humility* in *Asolando*.

The intellectual demand he makes is correspondingly large and exacting. Some poetry depends for its effect on sympathy of mood, rather than on quickness or precision in apprehension. It is positively better read in the more listless mental moods, or when sense is receptive rather than the intellect alert. The charm is in the melody or the tone, and depends far more on conveyance of a mood than on truth or force or accuracy of expression. Most, if not all, of Swinburne or of Rossetti would be ruined by analysis, which is one of the prime and profitable delights in the study of Browning. With him there is little of mere colouring. Each word has a significant intention, and is required for appreciation of the whole. To drop a troublesome word or phrase is fatal. You cannot rest in general effect; you must either understand or miss. And this is partly what people mean in speaking of Browning as obscure. As a matter of fact, it is easier on the whole to be sure exactly what Browning does mean, than it commonly is with Shelley, Swinburne, or even Tennyson. But it often takes time and trouble to find out, and an inattentive or uneducated reader, if he misses the exact and right sense, will carry away nothing, while with the others you cannot fail to catch the general note, and may actually lose rather than gain by pressing scrutiny too close. We may go further. His genius is of the analytic not the instinctive kind. And so far he fails of the supreme *art*-power. His fertility and variety of fancy on the one hand, and on the other his freshness and keenness of interest, are amazing, but in strictly creative power there is some weakness. His creation of types seems always conscious, not intuitive. He does not, like the greatest dramatists, identify himself with his creations. He stands outside them, critic as well as creator, and does not work from within, merging for the time his own personality in theirs, and letting it carry him whither the free genius of

creation moves. In so far he is *undramatic*. True he elects to speak, and speaks best, through the mouths of other men or women—the *form* chosen is dramatic: but in all his *Dramatis Personæ* the gesture, the idiom, the method of regard are unmistakably Browning's own; they are seen as it were through a Browning medium, as projected upon his mind, and everywhere the 'master-thread of subjectiveness' runs through and through the fabric. Caliban, Paracelsus, Lazarus, St. John—it is impossible to attach the Browning presentment of them to the actual personalities, however much his studies of them illuminate their meaning in the universe. This is the reason why Browning's women are dramatically so inferior to his men; the man-medium through which they speak and think clashes more violently with fidelity to experience and life. Signs of the tool are too obtrusively apparent. Pompilia, far the completest of his women, is rendered descriptively rather than dramatically. Even the limited power of creation which, after travail with Pauline and Sordello, produced Paracelsus and the splendid fragments of which his *Dramatis Personæ* are built up, failed as the years went on. Renouncing creation and the drama, he sought his subjects in history, in anecdote, in the newspapers, in all odd holes and corners of life or literature, in which his swift and searching vision espied some jewel that he could facet. More and more, to the hazard and often the abandonment of poetry, he became the student, the expounder, the interpreter, rather than the poet of human life.

From the first he made psychology his field. In youth he schemed 'a series of monodramatic epics, narratives of the lives of typical souls!' "My stress," he says, writing his dedication to Sordello in 1863, "lay on the incidents in the development of a soul; little else is worth study. I at least always thought so; you, with many known

and unknown to me think so, others may one day think so." His present position in literature proves the surmise true, and Browning has won for psychology, for study of soul, a place and a domain in poetry to which it never attained before, and of which he first divined and in measure realised the possibilities. In this turning to the study of a soul—a single soul, be it observed, by way of anticipation—he taps a new vein of poetic inspiration; it is a fresh enlargement of the field. His work is complementary to that of Wordsworth and to some extent of Shelley. Wordsworth perceived the divine in nature, and by it interpreting the world and man, created a new poetry. Browning embodies and assumes the results of Wordsworth, but turns for his exposition of the Universe direct to the soul of man, in effect to the old "Know thyself" of Socrates. He studies in every conceivable phase and type the individual soul, convinced that *every* soul is a microcosm, in which is immanent some life-giving efficacy of the divine and the eternal. "Mr. Browning," says a French critic, "regards every human soul as a new and variant phase of the ever-changing Divine Idea." To this belief he unflinchingly holds fast, however fallen or aberrant the type by which he tests it.\* The poetic converse is declared in lines of rare beauty in *Paracelsus*.

'Tis only when they spring to heaven that angels  
 Reveal themselves to you; they sit all day  
 Beside you, and lie down at night by you  
 Who care not for their presence, muse or sleep,  
 And all at once they leave you and you know them!

This immanence of the divine in man he works out with splendid subtlety and force in every conceivable variety of

\* For instance, *Apparent Failure*, and still more violently, *Halbert and Hob*, *Ned Bratts*, &c.

phase, and does not shrink from introducing in poetic form thoughts on the doctrine of the Incarnation as its loftiest expression.

The very God! think, Abib; dost thou think?  
So, the All-Great were the All-Loving too—  
So, through the thunder comes a human voice  
Saying, "O heart I made, a heart beats here!  
Face, my hands fashioned, see it in myself,  
Thou hast no power nor may'st conceive of mine,  
But love I gave thee, with myself to love,  
And thou must love me who have died for thee!"

And so again more at length in *A Death in the Desert*, and in *Christmas Eve and Easter Day*. But this is only a part, and in bulk a small part of his study of soul. He delights to explore each labyrinth of motive and feeling, fathoming all depths and shoals of human thoughts or passion, and handling such themes in the concrete, personal, dramatic, imaginative forms, which constitute them poetry, quite independently of the language, metre, and other poetical accessories with which they are invested. Thus Robert Browning, perhaps for the first time in the history of literature, converts deliberate and analytic psychology into material for poetry. Others have done it indirectly and by implication in drama, and Shakespeare forestalled the line of Browning's work in experimenting with soliloquy. In a Hamlet soliloquy pure introspection is utilised for poetic ends, and I doubt if anything has been written more closely analogous, both in style and in intention, to Browning. Only with Browning it becomes habitual, and is divorced from the dramatic setting. This introspective study of soul, combined with preference for dramatic form, produces what is virtually a new form of poetry—the dramatic monologue—which deserves a paper to itself. It has enlarged the borders of poetry, and is a genuine outgrowth of

the introspective tendencies of our century. Any one who finds literary interest in the study and analysis of character, who derives genuine pleasure and zest from the fiction—especially the later fiction—of George Eliot, or from the works of George Meredith, can hardly fail, unless he labours under some natural distaste for poetry, to read Browning with avidity.

One further point deserves explicit emphasis. Browning ennobles his psychology and dignifies his work somewhat as Dante and Milton dignified theirs, by constant reference to its eschatological end. It is the poet's gift 'to see the infinite in things,' and in this spirit Browning habitually treats the earthly and the temporal as an expression of the heavenly and the eternal. Life looks forward to a life to come; and the development of a soul is but the first act of a drama that transcends terrestrial vision. His poetry gains hereby the same pomp and imaginative grandeur as a drama of Æschylus—the *Persians*, say, or the *Prometheus*—which treats a particular historic or mythologic incident as a manifestation in time and place of the eternal and theocratic order of the universe. So with Browning, the eternal and spiritual issues of given actions or behaviour are—perhaps, for the first time with success in English verse—used essentially and avowedly as poetic motives, and he becomes the poetic exponent of the faiths, hopes and aspirations of his day.

His reading of life and of the universe is optimistic.

Nature, at worst, always implies success.

Two central verities, the Unity of the World and the Progress of the World, find too irresistible a confirmation in history and in consciousness to leave room for doubt. All are parts of a great order; the order is beneficent and progressive. The apparent exceptions are but modes of fulfilment, out of

which growth in wisdom builds new assurances of faith. This central creed is the conclusion set forth in *Paracelsus*, and in the later works is matured and written out at large.

Paracelsus, at the point of death, has learned the secret.

I knew, I felt, . . . what God is, what we are,  
What life is—how God tastes an infinite joy  
In infinite ways—one everlasting bliss,  
From whom all being emanates, all power  
Proceeds; in whom is life for evermore,  
Yet whom existence in its lowest form  
Includes. . . .

In my own heart love had not been made wise  
To trace love's faint beginnings in mankind,  
To know even hate is but a mask of love's,  
To see a good in evil, and a hope  
In ill-success; to sympathise, be proud  
Of their half-reasons, faint aspirings, dim  
Struggles for truth, their poorest fallacies,  
Their prejudice and fears and cares and doubts;  
All with a touch of nobleness, despite  
Their error, upward tending all though weak,  
Like plants in mines which never saw the sun,  
But dream of him, and guess where he may be,  
And do their best to climb and get to him.

. . . . .

I press God's lamp  
Close to my breast; its splendour, soon or late,  
Will pierce the gloom: I shall emerge one day.

These lines contain all the great affirmations that make Browning's poetry a perennial well of strength and reassurance. They affirm:—

That the heart of all being is in God.

That the energy of life is love—and all such life is progress.

That the meaning of life is discipline, achieving ultimate redemption.

That no true life, however imperfect, is wasted—but has in it seeds for eternity.

That death is the entrance into fuller life and clearer vision.

In dealing with these moral affirmations, at once the most reverent and the most efficacious course will be to let the poet speak for himself, adding to the chosen extracts the few words necessary to make their significance intelligible.

Browning asserts, then, in the most unqualified terms, the supremacy of feeling or emotion over knowledge. Such is the main argument of *Paracelsus*. To love, not to know, is the end of man's being, and the ultimate measure of his capacities.

For life, with all it yields of joy and woe,  
And hope and fear,—believe the aged friend,—  
Is just our chance o' the prize of learning love,  
How love might be, hath been indeed, and is.

*A Death in the Desert.*

There is no good of life but love—but love!  
What else looks good, is some shade flung from love;  
Love gilds it, gives it worth.

*In a Balcony.*

Love, be it observed, is not set forth as a law of life, as an ethical or moral obligation, but as an account, a philosophy of life.

Love is the highest life—one, supreme, infinite. It is the spring of lower manifestations of life—an energy, an inner impulse, which calls them into being, and gives them an eternal significance.

We (lovers) live and they experiment on life—  
Those poets, painters, all who stand aloof  
To overlook the farther. Let us *be*  
The thing they look at! . . . .  
. . . . You are, I am; let Rubens there  
Paint us!

*In a Balcony.*

Love is soul-life, "soul-proficiency." Love to the soul is what art is to the senses.\* By virtue of love it lives, longs, sustains itself, and from the imperfect hints accorded can reconstruct the absolute intention of the Divine Idea. In *Fifine at the Fair* the philosophy of love is thus worked out upon Platonic lines.† It is in truth the measure of a man's capacities, of his spiritual endowment. Thus in *By the Fireside*, when the declaration has been made of love avowed and love accepted—

How the world is made for each of us !  
 How all we perceive and know in it  
 Tends to some moment's product thus,  
 When a soul declares itself—to wit,  
 By its fruit, the thing it does !

I am named and known by that moment's feat ;  
 There took my station and degree ;  
 So grew my own small life complete,  
 As nature obtained her best of me—  
 One born to love you, sweet !

So, the earth has gained by one man more,  
 And the gain of earth must be Heaven's gain too ;  
 And the whole is well worth thinking o'er  
 When autumn comes: which I mean to do  
 One day, as I said before.

Love, true love, is *one*—a unity. It does not mimic, reproduce, reduplicate itself, as sense impressions do. Once found and energised, it is an abiding power, trifle with it how we will. Such is the charge of the dying wife to the husband, whose superficial fickleness she knows and mistrusts.

But now, because the hour through years was fixed,  
 Because our inmost beings met and mixed,  
 Because thou once hast loved me—wilt thou dare

\* The argument is developed in *Fifine*, § 50-52. † *Fifine*, § 59.

Say to thy soul and Who may list beside,  
 "Therefore she is immortally my bride;  
 Chance cannot change my love, nor time impair."

. . . . .

What though new surface loves may seem to supersede  
 the old!

Love so, then, if thou wilt! Give all thou canst  
 Away to the new faces—disentranced,  
 (Say it and think it) obdurate no more,  
 Re-issue looks and words from the old mint,  
 Pass them afresh, no matter whose the print  
 Image and superscription once they bore!

Re-coin thyself and give it them to spend,—  
 It all comes to the same thing at the end,  
 Since mine thou wast, mine art and mine shalt be,  
 Faithful or faithless, sealing up the sum  
 Or lavish of my treasure, thou must come  
 Back to the heart's place here I keep for thee!

*Any Wife to Any Husband.*

Love is eternal—for it shows no sign of decrepitude.  
 Age cannot dwarf or diminish it. Body may fade, and the  
 delight of sense—

But the soul  
 Whence the love comes, all ravage leaves that whole;  
 Vainly the flesh fades; soul makes all things new.

*Any Wife to Any Husband.*

And similarly, at the close of *The Last Ride Together*,  
 where as a final grace the lover is permitted to ride for the  
 last time with her whose love he had failed to gain.

What if heaven be that, fair and strong  
 At life's best, with our eyes upturned  
 Whither life's flower is first discerned,  
 We, fixed so, ever should so abide?

What if we still ride on, we two,  
 With life for ever old yet new,  
 Changed not in kind but in degree,  
 The instant made eternity,—  
 And heaven just prove that I and she  
 Ride, ride together, for ever ride?

Again—Love is creative, literally creative. Knowledge can only receive, absorb, appropriate; love creates. A soul in loving creates new force and new existence; and its right to that which it creates is indefeasible, eternal.\*

Love stated and interpreted in these terms is obviously not the brief fever-fit of youth and sense, which has so usurped the arena of modern imagination as to have all but monopolised the name in the fiction or the poetry of to-day. The love of Browning does not depend on age or sex or circumstance. It is a function, active or potential, of every human soul. He dwells little on the erotic amatory vein—he is the poet of married rather than pre-nuptial love. For the theme of his choice is a permanent energising of soul, whether in union with another or apart. It may be from a man to his kind, as in S. John—

If I live yet, it is for good, more love  
 Through me to men—

or mystically, and with perversion, towards the spirit of the Universe, as in *Johannes Agricola*—or from the patriot towards his people, as in Luigi inviting doom.

Escape? To even wish that, would spoil all.  
 The dying is best part of it. Too much  
 Have I enjoyed these fifteen years of mine,  
 To leave myself excuse for longer life:  
 Was not life pressed down, running o'er with joy,  
 That I might finish with it ere my fellows  
 Who, sparelier feasted, make a longer stay?

\* *Fifine*, § 57.

I was put at the board-head, helped to all  
 At first; I rise up happy and content.  
 God must be glad one loves his world so much.  
 I can give news of earth to all the dead  
 Who ask me.

*Pippa Passes.*

Or, again, from friend to friend, as of Paracelsus dying,  
 saved—because

Hand in hand with thee, Aprile.

It may be reciprocated or not—that is an accident.  
 Whether it finds or is denied requital, it yet lives in its  
 effect. In *Evelyn Hope*, for instance, the love is unrequited,  
 because the fulness of time had not come, and she died too  
 young to grasp the secret and the revelation of love. But  
 not for that is the self-surrender, the devotion of the lover  
 lost

And, just because I was thrice as old,  
 And our paths in the world diverged so wide,  
 Each was nought to each, must I be told?  
 We were fellow mortals, nought beside?

No indeed! for God above  
 Is great to grant, as mighty to make,  
 And creates the love to reward the love:  
 I claim you still, for my own love's sake!  
 Delayed it may be for more lives yet,  
 Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few:  
 Much is to learn and much to forget  
 Ere the time be come for taking you.

So, hush,—I will give you this leaf to keep:  
 See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand!  
 There, that is our secret: go to sleep!  
 You will wake, and remember, and understand.

In *Cristina*, the lady was unworthy, a frivolous coquette.

But the forfeit was *hers*, not that of him who mistrusted her with his affections. He was of those who had caught God's secret.

Such am I : the secret's mine now !  
 She has lost me, I have gained her ;  
 Her soul's mine : and thus, grown perfect,  
 I shall pass my life's remainder.  
 Life will just hold out the proving,  
 Both our powers, alone and blended :  
 And then, come the next life quickly !  
 This world's use will have been ended.

Love to be potent, or efficacious, must take effect in action. Love lives best in its effect, else it is atrophied, or stagnates into dull respectability.

Each life unfulfilled, you see ;  
 It hangs still, patchy and scrappy :  
 We have not sighed deep, laughed free,  
 Starved, feasted, despaired,—been happy.

And nobody calls you a dunce,  
 And people suppose me clever :  
 This could but have happened once,  
 And we missed it, lost it for ever.

*Youth and Art.\**

The like moral is set forth yet more audaciously in *The Statue and the Bust*. There, love never found its way—not because it went counter to conscience, but because the coward love dared not trust its own sanction, in despite of convention and respectability. For such timorous apostasy to love, Browning has no mercy, and fearlessly, in the true spirit of Luther's *Pecca fortiter*, writes—

The counter our lovers staked was lost  
 As surely as it were lawful coin :  
 And the sin I impute to each frustrate ghost  
 Is the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin.

\* *Dis Aliter Visum* and *Respectability* are variations on the same theme.

Love, then, in life has sovereign efficacy. It is a motive and transfiguring power. But its effect passes beyond life. In it, it only, is redemption. Of none does Browning despair, in whom capacity for love is not killed out. That is the hope, even for Count Guido himself.

His philosophy of love leads on to his favourite thought of the *solidarity* of life—the common tie that throughout the universe binds each to each. “We do not live unto ourselves.” Each individual is essential to the universe; though his part and import in it is not visible to himself, yet nevertheless his work bears fruit of its own.

Be hate that fruit or love that fruit,  
It forwards the general deed of man,  
And each of the Many helps to recruit  
The life of the race by a general plan;  
Each living his own, to boot.

This is the main motive of *Pippa Passes*. At each phase, the little work-girl's passing, little as she could dream it, incredible as it would appear to her, is crucial for the highest destinies in Florence.

All service ranks the same with God—  
With God, whose puppets, best and worst,  
Are we: there is no last nor first.

This solidarity is not limited to human kind; it binds man to nature in ties of conscious fellowship. A weird and mystic sympathy of natural powers with some crisis in a human destiny, gives the key to Browning's most intense and most poetic interpretations of nature. In *James Lee's Wife* the wind, “still ailing,” voices her desolation; the “good gigantic smile o' the brown old earth” makes faith still possible. In *Porphyria's Lover*—

The rain set early in to-night,  
 The sullen wind was soon awake,  
 It tore the elm-tops down for spite,  
 And did its worst to vex the lake.

Nature unruly and diseased portends the lover's mad murderous frenzy, just as her charged electric atmosphere interprets best the pent emotions of the *Serenader at the Villa*. Her very silence may thunder sentence on the guilt-stained.

Life will try his nerves,  
 When the sky, which noticed all, makes no disclosure,  
 And the earth keeps up her terrible composure.

*Before.*

Instances might be multiplied indefinitely, but nowhere is this vein more explicit or rendered with finer imaginative sympathy than in *By the Fireside*. Love pauses on the verge of utterance.

Oh moment, one and infinite!  
 The water slips o'er stock and stone;  
 The West is tender, hardly bright:  
 How grey at once is the evening grown—  
 One star, the chrysolite!

. . . . .

Heart reveals itself to heart, and finds response—

A moment after, and hands unseen  
 Were hanging the night around us fast;  
 But we knew that a bar was broken between  
 Life and life: we were mixed at last  
 In spite of the mortal screen.

The forests had done it; there they stood;  
 We caught for a moment the powers at play:  
 They had mingled us so, for once and good,  
 Their work was done—we might go or stay,  
 They relapsed to their ancient mood.

Finally, that life is probation, preparation, is the constant reiteration of faith. This has appeared fully in the poet's doctrine of love. One quotation must suffice, applying the same doctrine not less confidently to the sphere of knowledge. It comes from that poem, which is the charter of every scholar, or of every student who is called to the drudgery of work, seemingly useless, in faith upon the larger issues and the ennobled standards to which it is a discipline.

Oh, if we draw a circle premature,  
 Heedless of fair gain,  
 Greedy for quick returns of profit, sure  
 Bad is our bargain!  
 Was it not great? did not he throw on God,  
 (He loves the burthen)—  
 God's task to make the heavenly period  
 Perfect the earthen?  
 Did not he magnify the mind, show clear  
 Just what it all meant?  
 He would not discount life, as fools do here,  
 Paid by instalment.  
 He ventured neck or nothing—heaven's success  
 Found, or earth's failure:  
 "Wilt thou trust death or not?" He answered "Yes!  
 Hence with life's pale lure!"  
 That low man seeks a little thing to do,  
 Sees it and does it:  
 This high man with a great thing to pursue,  
 Dies ere he knows it.  
 . . . . .  
 Lofty designs must close in like effects:  
 Loftily lying,  
 Leave him—still loftier than the world suspects,  
 Living and dying.

Browning's views of the shadows upon life—of the lessons to be drawn from sorrow, from imperfection, from

failure, from evil, and from death—have been garnered for us by my predecessor, and I will not touch them further.

It is in the enunciation of these great moral affirmations that Browning's poetry attains its most majestic notes. Rhythm and melody grow stately and satisfying; emotion fuses thought in poetry; matter and form are matched in adequate and eternal oneness.\* What is the value, it may be asked, of such affirmations? What are they after all but assertion? True. But great things, said worthily, carry their own irresistible authorisation. They have a virtue of self-evidencing power. It has been so with heroes and martyrs: it is ever so with the prophet and the poet. They have a twofold virtue.

First, they are a re-assurance. They tell us that our thoughts, our aspirations, our spiritual or emotional experiences do not stand single. They are shared by others, a possession of our brother-men, bearing the stamp of a common heritage, by which we cry Abba! Father.

And, secondly, they say to us and for us the thing our hearts yearned to say, but lacked clearness of vision or gift of utterance. They find their confirmation in the echo of our best self. "The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies." They "have hands and feet." For us they are numbered among the words proceeding out of the mouth of God, by the which we live.

And these great moral affirmations sufficed our poet for his full tale of more than three-score years and ten. The last utterance of age reiterates the earliest of youth, as it were from the gates of the unseen. The world does not guess how much the little volume *Asolando* means to the reader and lover of Browning.

\* Passages were quoted from *Abt Vogler*, § 9-11, on the meaning of failure, and the eternity of the temporal; from *Rabbi Ben Ezra*, § 24, 25, on God's acceptance of man's imperfect best; and from *Old Pictures in Florence*, on discipline culminating in redemption.

We that had loved him so, followed him, honoured him,  
 Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,  
 Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,  
 Made him our pattern to live and to die—

we had perceived, or seemed to perceive, in our master's  
 latter work, some apparent faltering of voice, some dimming  
 of the eye, some stammering of lip.

Oh, but they say the tongues of dying men  
 Enforce attention like deep harmony—

and here from the Pisgah of the earthly life he has testified  
 in his last message of unabated force, the *verba novissima* of  
 a rounded life. Youth, looking forward to old age, had  
 dared predict, as the summary of life experience,

I, who saw power, see now love perfect too.\*

Age, looking back over youth and the long spaces of the  
 middle years, did at the last veritably record—

From the first, Power was—I knew.  
 Life has made clear to me  
 That, strive but for closer view,  
 Love were as plain to see.

When see? When there dawns a day,  
 If not on the homely earth,  
 Then yonder, worlds away,  
 Where the strange and new have birth,  
 And Power comes full in play.†

And his last epilogue writes the epitaph of

One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,  
 Never doubted clouds would break,  
 Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,  
 Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,  
 Sleep to wake.

\* *Rabbi Ben Ezra*, § 10.    † *Fancies and Facts. Asolando.*

## THE PHYSICAL NATURE OF VOWEL SOUNDS.

By R. J. LLOYD, M.A.

THE following is a brief and untechnical account of some doctrines put forward by the writer in the *Phonetische Studien* for the current year, and there supported in detail by calculations and experiments.

There are few departments of science which have been more thoroughly investigated, and are now more completely understood, from a physical point of view, than the doctrine of musical sounds; and at first sight it seems strange that speech should not be to us the subject of the same exact acoustic knowledge as music and song. We know perfectly well that the vowel *e* and the note *b*  $\flat$  are both auditory sensations, and that both must in the last resort be due to some more or less definitely assignable modes of aerial vibration; but, whilst we are able to say most exactly and positively what are the conditions of vibration which produce the sensation of *b*  $\flat$ , we are only able as yet to speculate very doubtfully as to the conditions which produce the sensation of *e* or any other vowel. And yet it is perfectly clear that until we have attained this knowledge the whole science of language is without any thoroughly scientific foundation. It is true that a science of Phonetics, or of spoken sound, already exists, and that it has succeeded in arranging and classifying the phenomena of speech in a very useful way for many practical purposes, but we shall hardly be able to say that our knowledge is completely scientific until we are able to express the sounds of speech, like the

sounds of music, arithmetically, in terms of matter and motion.

I make no apology, therefore, for endeavouring in the present paper to penetrate a little further into the essential nature of vowel-sounds than has hitherto been attempted by practical phoneticians. The most useful of the existing expositions of speech-sounds is probably that of Alexander Melville Bell, the author of *Visible Speech*, and father of the inventor of the telephone. His system has been very successfully applied to the purposes of linguistic science by his disciples Sievers and Sweet. But it is purely empirical; for it does not concern itself in the remotest degree with the *nature* of vowel sounds, but only with the comparatively accidental consideration—how they are commonly produced or articulated by human organs. In other words, it classifies sounds according to their usual organic origin, and not at all according to their acoustic essence.

There are other systems, it is true, already existing, which attempt to classify speech sounds in a fundamentally more scientific manner,—according to essence rather than origin,—but so little is the essential nature of vowel sounds yet understood that these classifications are in effect much less serviceable and precise than those of the empirical Bell system.

The first thing which struck early investigators of the vowels was the fact that they have notable degrees of affinity in nature between themselves; and vowels have been tabulated in many different ways, by many successive observers, with the view of expressing most fitly the direction and distance of these relationships. We may easily bring this thought home to ourselves by pronouncing in slow succession the following series of English words, and carefully prolonging the vowel of each word, as though it were being sung to a long note: *fiend*; *fin*; *hate*; *care*; *men*; *man*;

*path* ; *pall* ; *pole* ; *pull* ; *pool*. But in doing this, there is special need to caution English observers to refrain from *finishing* their long vowels, because the English have a habit of squeezing the ends of long vowels so as to make their respective terminations differ perceptibly from the main body of the sound.

When this is done, there will be no difficulty whatever in recognising, by the ear alone, that the above set of words contains a series of graduated vowel-sounds in which every member differs more or less from its next neighbour on either hand, but nevertheless differs much less from either of them than it does from the remoter members of the series. It will be felt at once, however, that though the gradations of this series are continuous, they are by no means equal ; the difference in vowel quantity between *fin* and *hate* is at once felt to be far wider than that between *care* and *men*, or *fin* and *fiend*. But though this irregularity of difference is easily *felt*, it is not easily *measured*, or brought to be in any way the subject of exact science, so long as we simply judge the sounds by their subjective effect, or respective aggregate impression on the ear.

Hence it happens that the treatment of vowels from this point of view remains even now in a very backward and unsatisfactory condition. Professor Trautmann, of Bonn, has recently taken a step in the right direction by insisting that the only satisfactory way to study speech sounds is to study them in their acoustic nature, rather than in their organic conditions. He has also done good service in insisting that it is the *whispered* vowels which first demand scientific attention. But his final conclusions, that every whispered vowel has a certain absolute pitch, that its quality as a vowel is determined by that pitch, and that it confers by its concomitance that same vowel-quality upon the loud glottal tones which it happens to accompany, are not only not

established by the proofs advanced in his book, but run directly counter to much that was best known respecting speech sounds previously.

For though the above sketch summarises nearly all that the professed phoneticians or philologists have to say about the essential nature of vowel-sounds, there is something to be learned about them from physical investigators also, and especially from Helmholtz.

But it cannot be too distinctly stated that that great philosopher has nowhere put forward any comprehensive and thorough-going theory of the physical nature of vowels. His great work treats primarily of *musical* tones, and is only concerned with vowels incidentally, and here and there. What he has to say about them is to be read rather as a record of facts and impressions arising at various stages in his principal task. Hence it happens that he has been *thought to think* various things about vowels, which are by no means consistent with each other. But however his theoretical impressions may have vacillated, his experiments and observations are invaluable, and will have to be continually instanced and appealed to in the following pages.

The first position which I shall endeavour to illustrate and defend is that a loud vowel, as uttered by the ordinary speaking or singing voice, is musical tone *plus* resonance; that each of these two phenomena, though indissolubly associated by the facts of human organisation, both in speech and hearing, are very nearly independent in their physical origin and operation; and that it is with the latter only that vowel-quality is essentially conjoined.

The apparatus of human speech consists briefly of three parts, the lungs, the vocal chords, and the short passage or tunnel which leads thence to the external air. The chief office of the first, in relation to our present subject, is to provide mechanical power; of the second to produce musical

tone; and of the third to confer vowel quality. That this is the case is witnessed by the facts; (1), that alteration of the shape of the tunnel alters the vowel quality but not the musical pitch; (2), that alteration of the length and tension of the chords alters the musical pitch, but not the vowel quality; (3), that the chords may cease vibrating in a musical manner altogether, and yet the production of distinct vowel quality will remain unimpaired. This last is what happens in *whisper*, and the acoustic conditions then involved may be very cogently illustrated by comparison with an organ pipe. The way in which an organ pipe is made to sound or "speak" is as follows:—The air proceeding from the bellows is directed through a narrow slit, and therefore in a broad thin stream, upon the "mouth" of the tube. This mouth is provided with a straight sharp-edged lip, which is so situated as exactly to encounter and break the advancing edge of the thin broad stream of air. Then the pipe speaks, promptly, if it is a small one, but with a perceptible sluggishness in other cases.

Why does it speak? The theoretical explanation, the only possible explanation, is that when the broken and fluttering stream of air at the mouth of the tube had thrown the inward air into all manner of random vibrations, some of these just happened to synchronize with the proper tone of the tube, and exerting that cumulative effect which is known to our ears as resonance, raised the tube by a few exactly-timed pulses into a state of powerful vibration on its own proper note. In the small tube these pulses were so short and quick that they were all over before our ears could perceive the delay, but in the long tubes there was a perceptible sluggishness.

The case of human whisper is exactly similar, except in inessential details. There is a crooked tunnel whose resonance needs to be animated, and there is a feebly hissing

stream of air which succeeds in animating it. This feeble hiss and flutter of air is produced *between* the vocal chords, but not by them. They are slackly juxtaposed, and the air is allowed to fizz out between them, creating just the same kind of mixed medley of fluttering vibrations which were used in the other case to animate the resonance of the organ pipe.

The power of such a source of sound lies essentially in its heterogeneousness. It hardly matters how feeble it is, so long as it possesses among its multifarious vibrations some which will animate every kind of resonance. That such is preeminently the case with human whisper is palpable from the fact that in the course of one very short sentence the human vocal cavities may pass through a score or more of different shapes, each of which is practically a different tube for acoustic purposes, and yet the hiss and flutter of the whispering glottis is able with equal efficiency to animate them all.

But if this be the true theory of vowel sound, how can it be applicable to the loudly-spoken and singing vowels? For we know that in their case the whispering hiss of the glottis is totally abolished, the chords are placed firmly together, and the inward air can no longer fizz out quietly between them, but is compelled to burst its way with an energy which sets the chords themselves into strong musical vibration. These vibrations are so loud and impressive that we are apt to think of them as the whole and sole result of the glottal action in this case. And yet nothing can be, theoretically and practically, more certain than that the more musical the tone the more utterly unfitted it is to arouse the resonance of an infinitely variable tunnel or cavity.

Our organ-pipe, which responded so readily to a few stray vibrations of the feebly hissing air-current at its mouth, would have steadily refused to respond to the most vigorous

*musical* vibrations, unless they just happened to synchronize with its own. And on like grounds we may conclude that the voice tunnel is altogether deaf, in the great majority of cases, to the main or musical vibrations of the vocal chords.

It fortunately happens that the means of verifying this conclusion is afforded by a fact of the commonest occurrence. No one who has ever strained his ears to catch the words of a public singer can have failed to observe that the singing voice fails to afford anything like the same satisfactory basis for speech sounds as the ordinary voice does. And why? Simply because it is more musical, because every asperity has been smoothed down, and speech sounds are founded, not on the music, but on the asperities! So striking is the relative impurity of the speaking voice, that Helmholtz concludes that there is some essential difference in the mode by which the vocal chords are approximated in either case. He suggests that in singing they meet evenly, edge to edge; but that in speaking they overlap a little, and strike each other, so as to exaggerate all the frictional effects. It is these multifarious frictional effects, then, which replace in the singing, and still more in the speaking, voice that hissing glottal noise which we have seen to be the foundation of vowel resonance in whisper. The *musical* tones of the voice, on the other hand, are debarred by their own nature from being effectual causes of resonance, because that very uniformity of pulsation which makes them musical, unfits them at the same time to animate any but a very limited class of resonances.

The initial attempt of Helmholtz, therefore (p. 103, Ellis' edition), to establish some essential connection between the vowel resonances and the musical tones and overtones of the speaking voice, is, at least, supererogatory. The vowel resonances not only do not need to be prompted by the

musical tones with which they are generally associated, but in many cases positively could not be aroused by them.

We conclude, then, as announced at the outset, that vowel-quality is resonance; and that resonance is something which in ordinary speech accompanies the main musical tones of the voice, but which, in its origin and development, is nearly independent of them.

Such is the proof of our first position; and its chief practical result is to enforce Trautmann's advice about the whispered vowels. For it is clearly advisable to study the vowel resonances in that case where they are conjoined only with a weak heterogeneous rustle of foreign elements, rather than in those cases where their effects are always crossed by those of a powerful musical tone.

It might, perhaps, be thought, upon a superficial view of the question, that we are now bound to accept Trautmann's further doctrine about absolute pitch. If vowel resonances are really so independent and self-determined, it seems, at first, hard to imagine what difference can exist between them, except that of absolute pitch. And if a vowel configuration were just as simple in form, and if the resonance which it is adapted to yield were as simple in quality as that of the organ pipe to which, for simplicity's sake, we just now compared it, there would be really no escape from Trautmann's conclusion. There would be no criterion of distinction between them available to human ears except absolute pitch.

There are two considerations, however, which forbid us to accept Trautmann's theory as entirely satisfactory, and compel us to look round for a better. The first is that this theory postulates in all men a much keener ear for absolute pitch than they are actually found to possess. It is simply incredible that the same men, who could not possibly identify within several semitones the principal tone of a

speaking voice, habitually recognise, with ease and precision, the various vowel resonances which are merely ancillary to it, and whose differences, one from another, only amount, according to Trautmann, to three or four semitones at most.

The second consideration is based upon an implicit contradiction which is found to arise between this theory and some of the best authenticated results of the organic phoneticians. These latter investigators must fairly be held to have established the principle that identical articulations produce identical vowel sounds, quite irrespective of the *absolute* size of the organism. Let us now imagine the case of two individuals, a man and a boy, and let us suppose that though their organs are exactly of the same form or pattern they differ in actual linear dimensions in the proportion of five to four. We are entitled to assume that, if they both now attempt to utter an identical vowel, they will go through exactly the same articulations, and will each create in himself a voice tunnel precisely similar in shape, though differing as to magnitude in the above proportion. Professor Trautmann says that the pitch of the boy's resonance, or whispered vowel, will be just the same as that of the man's; but theory and experiment both alike affirm that the vibrations of the two given cavities will differ by a Major Third, or four full semitones, which would be quite enough, on Trautmann's system, to change the result into a totally different vowel.

Seeing, then, that it seems necessary to look around for a better theory, I venture to put forward a second set of propositions, as follows:—That all whispered vowels, or vowel resonances, with one possible exception, are essentially compound, and that their character as distinct vowels does not depend on their absolute pitch, but on the relative pitch of their elements.

These positions are at once seen to be free from the two

objections which have just been urged against Trautmann's theory. The perception of *relative* pitch is in all men many times keener than their so-called perception of absolute pitch—and that for a very obvious reason; for the former consists in the comparison of two pitches which are both present or fresh to the sensorium, whilst the latter is really a comparison of some present sensation with an ideal or absent standard. Experiment strictly confirms the doctrine thus theoretically stated.

And the second objection is obviated at the same time; for in the case supposed, *every* resonance generated in the boy's vocal tunnel would be alike raised a Major Third, and the *relative* pitch of the several components of his whispered vowel would therefore remain undisturbed.

The proof of the positions just laid down may be approached either from an organic or from an acoustic point of view. The organic evidence will be found to afford a comprehensive *à priori* presumption of their truth, whilst the acoustic evidence, though of a more scattered and fragmentary kind, will be found to afford satisfactory confirmation at numerous points of fact. It will be natural to take the former first.

There is a very interesting passage in Helmholtz (p. 107) respecting the resonance of bottles. "When a bottle," he says, "with a long narrow neck, is used as a resonance chamber, two simple tones are readily discovered, of which one can be regarded as the proper tone of the *belly*, and the other as that of the *neck* of the bottle." There seems to be a slight fault of expression here; there are indeed two resonances, and one of them is the resonance of the *neck*, but the other is not the resonance of the belly, but of the *whole bottle*, neck and all. This distinction is of the highest practical importance, for it has been shewn conclusively, both by Sondhauss experimentally and by Rayleigh theoretic-

cally, that if the neck be lengthened or shortened, this so-called belly-note will be deepened or heightened in an exactly assignable ratio. This resonance, therefore, is strictly due to the whole bottle, and not to any separate part of it; and it will be henceforth advisable to speak of it as the resonance of the totality; or, seeing that the resonance of the totality is always deeper than that of any separate portion, it may also be spoken of as the *fundamental* resonance of the bottle.

There are one or two passages in Helmholtz which shew that he had not given deep attention to the obscurer facts of vowel-articulation, otherwise he could hardly have failed to perceive the very immediate bearing of these observations about bottles upon the resonances of *all* the vowels. The resemblance of the *i* and *e* configurations to a bottle struck him immediately; and so it will strike anyone who gives to the matter even a cursory consideration. The articulations of all the *i* and *e* vowels consist simply in the formation of some kind of tube or neck, running in a roughly horizontal manner between the palate and the tongue. Behind this hangs vertically the large cavity of the pharynx or top of the throat, forming altogether a configuration which in every case bears a striking resemblance to a chemist's retort, varying indeed in size of neck, but having a tolerably constant body. The resemblance of this configuration to a bottle becomes almost perfect for our present purpose, when we learn that the great bend of the neck is almost negligible in its acoustic effect.

But when we pass on to examine the configuration of the *a*, *o*, *u* articulations, we do not find them fairly describable as bottle-shaped. If we run through the scale of English vowels already given, we shall find that the differentiation of each of them from its next preceding neighbour is effected very regularly, up to a certain point in the series, by simply

enlarging the neck of the configuration, either in length or in breadth, or in both simultaneously. But when the vowel of *care* and *men* is reached, we find that the limit of this kind of differentiation has been attained, for in these vowels the neck occupies the whole length of the human mouth, and opens widely at both ends.

We therefore scrutinise somewhat narrowly the articulation of the vowels of *man* and *path*, which stand next after *care* and *men* in the series. We find that the required end is attained by new movements, exactly similar in both cases, but exerted, as we might have expected, more forcibly in the second case than in the first. Two such new movements are seen to come into play, the one a retraction of the tongue, and the other an advancement of the point and edge of the uvula part way across the tunnel, like a curtain or shutter. As to this retraction of the tongue, it is well at once to observe that it continues to take place in an increased degree at *each* remaining step in the vowel-series, and that its chief effect upon configuration is to increase at each step the air-space of the mouth at the expense of that of the throat-cavity, into which it is withdrawn. The effect of the uvular movement, on the other hand, is to cut the voice-tunnel somewhat sharply into two portions, of which the hinder one, though diminished, may still be called the inner cavity, but the outer one can no longer fairly be called a neck. Yet, as this marked doubleness of structure will be found to pervade all the configurations of our vowel series, it seems desirable to give a general name to each of the two essential portions into which they all thus seem to fall. I propose to call the outer one the *porch*, and the inner one the *chamber*; but it must not be forgotten that in the later members of the series the tongue is at last so effectually retracted into the chamber as to make it smaller than the porch.

It appears, then, that the porch of the *man* and *path*

vowels is no longer a neck, but a tulip-shaped cavity, opening widely at front, but closing bluntly at the back, except where a somewhat cross-bow-shaped orifice admits the vibrating stream of air as it issues from the chamber. The difference between the “*man*” porch and the “*path*” porch is, that the latter is both wider in bulge and narrower in the back orifice than the other.

It will be convenient now to examine the remaining vowel porches, before the existence and effect of the inner chamber are taken into account. The next key-word on our list is *pall*, and an examination of the porch of its vowel reveals further tongue-retraction as before, but an incipient difference in two other respects. A new movement, in the shape of lip-contraction, begins now to diminish the *front* orifice of the porch, and a change is simultaneously to be noticed in the position of the uvula. The retraction of the tongue has now been carried so far that there is no longer room for the point and edge of the uvula to stretch themselves in an exactly transverse plane across the tunnel. They still divide the tunnel into two, but are now obliged to lie obliquely across it. The porch of this vowel, therefore, represents a transitional formation between the tulip-shaped *a* porches and what we may call the bulb-shaped *o* and *u* porches.

For all the remaining vowels are produced by graduated increases of the same two movements. In respect of lip-contraction, the graduation is patent to any external observer who watches carefully the articulation of the key-words *pall*, *pole*, *pull*, *pool*; but the parallel change which is at the same time taking place in the form of the junction between the porch and the chamber is not so easily realised.

The position of the uvula in the configuration of the *pall* vowel was already an indication that the figure of the inner chamber was becoming very much constricted at its upper

end; and we are not surprised to find that when, in forming the *pole* vowel, another slight step is taken in tongue-retraction, the uvula ceases altogether to be able to act as the dividing line between porch and chamber. Retraction has now gone so far that the tongue itself, in this part of its surface, lies over against the back wall of the pharynx, and effects there the constriction between porch and chamber which the production of the vowel demands.

It might, at first sight, seem very immaterial whether the required constriction was effected between the tongue and the edge of the uvula, or between the tongue and the back wall of the throat. But there is a very essential difference, not only in the position, but still more in the *shape* of the passages thereby respectively created. The one passage, being formed edge-wise, is merely an orifice; but the other being formed surface to surface (or *dorsally*, as Sievers very conveniently phrases it), is a tube of appreciable length; and we have already seen the important influence of an attached tube in modifying the resonance of cavities.

The porch of the *pull* vowel calls for little special remark. Further lip-contraction, tongue-retraction, and consequent porch-expansion are its leading features. The retracted tongue begins to pile itself still more opposite to the throat wall, thus lengthening the tube which now joins porch to chamber, both downwards and upwards.

Lastly comes the porch of the *pool* vowel, representing the limit of transformation in this particular direction. For the retraction is now so severe that the chamber is practically merged in the passage which leads to it, and both now lie in one curved sweep behind the tongue, shaped somewhat like a trumpet, with its wide end at the glottis, and its narrow end some distance up the soft palate.

We have thus traced out, in some of its features, the whole of the graduated chain of articulations corresponding

to that other graduated chain of English vowels from which we started ; beginning from the *i* vowel, whose configuration resembles a bottle with its neck in front, and ending with the *u* vowel, whose configuration is more like a bottle pointed the contrary way ; and though much remains to be said, we are now already in a position to ask and answer the question, What is it that former observers have meant when they spoke of some single tone as *the* resonance of a given vowel ? We hardly need do more than point at their prevailing method of experimentation in order to suggest the answer.

The whole of Trautmann's and a large part of Helmholtz's results repose upon observations made by means of *tuning-forks*. The observer silently adjusts his mouth for the pronunciation of a certain vowel ; but he stops short of pronouncing it ; and while his mouth is still in this position, he holds up various vibrating forks before it until he discovers that particular fork to which the mouth will resound. It is an easy and striking experiment, and whatever its meaning may be, it needs to be accounted for. Remembering the palpable doubleness of structure which we now see to run through all vowel configurations, and recalling the doubleness of resonance which was plainly discovered in bottle-shaped cavities, we are now disposed to look for two resonances in every vowel—the one of the porch, and the other of the porch and chamber combined, or of the totality. Which of these two has been directly and chiefly animated by the tuning-fork ? Probably the former, for it is easy to see that an *external* source of sound would animate the resonance of the porch much more readily than that of the chamber. And the result of my calculations has been to identify Trautmann's resonances fairly well in every case with those of ordinary-sized human vowel porches. If I am right here, it indicates a very remarkable experimental triumph on the part of Trautmann. These obscure reson-

ances have now been observed by various philosophers for more than a century, yet there is not a single vowel whose resonance is not the subject of disagreement between them to the extent of three, four, or five octaves. I point out this remarkable success, attained, as it would seem, without any help from calculation, with all the more satisfaction because I am compelled to controvert so decidedly the accompanying theory of absolute pitch.

For it is now clear that both the theory and the experiments leave entirely out of sight the existence of the inner chamber, and of any resonance due to the totality of the configuration. If vowel resonances were normally animated from without, this might not be very important, because then the backward part of the configuration might imaginably not come much into play; but they are all, without exception, animated from *within* by the heterogeneous noises of the glottis; and it is inevitable that these noises, originating at the inner extremity of the configuration, and necessarily traversing its whole extent, should bear, when at last they reach the outer air, some impress of the resonance of the totality.

Plausible as this dictum may seem in theory, it may reasonably be asked whether it has any confirmation in fact. It has many and strong confirmations, so much so that it will be sufficient here to cite those which are derivable from the experiments of Helmholtz alone. It is true that Helmholtz himself does not draw the same conclusions from his facts; but that is because he studied vowel quality in conjunction with, and in strict analogy to, the *timbre* of pipes and strings, and is consequently always on the look-out for some causal relationship between the vocal resonances and the *musical* tone of the voice.

In those configurations *i*, *e*, *ä*, where the resemblance to a bottle caused him to look for another deeper resonance, he

readily found one; (or rather, he found one of its overtones, for the true fundamental resonance can be calculated pretty closely from an experimental formula of Sondhauss, and is fully an octave or a twelfth deeper.) And when he proceeded to attempt the synthesis of vowels, it became abundantly clear that the remaining vowels had compound resonances too. It will be seen at once on surveying his tabulated results, p. 124, that all his artificial vowels, with one exception, are more or less compound. That exception demands brief notice, because it seems to be exactly the one exception which our theory allows to be possible.

If, as is here urged, the quality of a vowel is due to the proportionate composition of its resonance, irrespective of absolute pitch, it follows that there may be one vowel, and only one, whose resonance is distinguished by being sensibly uncompounded. And viewing the same matter from an organic point of view, it is evidently possible to frame one kind of configuration, and only one, which shall not be divided into porch and chamber, but shall vibrate as a simple undivided tube, upon one note only. We are aided to an approximate identification of this vowel in several different ways. There are some English vowels which refuse to be classified with any certainty in our graduated chain of vowels—the obscure unaccented *a*, *e*, *u*, &c. And it is equally difficult to classify the same vowels organically, because they are marked much less by any definite articulation than by the want of it. Their only discoverable pitch agrees closely with that which would be due to the whole voice-tunnel vibrating as one closed tube. Finally, Helmholtz, pp. 60, 69, in speaking of the quality of an unmixed tone, twice remarks that it is sensibly duller than the vowel *u*, which seems fairly descriptive of the obscure vowel of many English unaccented syllables, or better still, of that formless interjection of disgust which we generally

write *ugh*. The same sound is faintly heard when a sigh is heaved through a perfectly open throat.

It is clear then from Helmholtz's own testimony, that when we find him (p. 124) constructing an artificial *u* vowel from a simple unmixed tone of *b flat*, it is not a very perfect *u* vowel, but *sensibly duller* than the real one. The obscurest vowel in German is probably the final *e*, but it is sensibly brighter than the obscure English vowel which is represented by *a* in *portable*, *o* in *ballot*, *ou* in *cautious*, &c., and which might very naturally be classed by a German observer as a kind of *u*.

Returning from this digression to consider any further evidence which Helmholtz has to offer about vowels, we find him relating in reference to the *o* vowel two crucial experiments which might have been designed to prove what is the essential relationship between the two radical resonances of that vowel, and to demonstrate at the same time that the absolute pitch of the two resonances is immaterial so long as the right relationship is preserved. The one is his second artificial production of *o*, which was effected simply by the admixture of strong tones of *b flat* and its octave *b<sup>1</sup> flat*, (with a weak overtone of the Twelfth which might naturally arise from the lower *b flat* in actual resonance). The same fact is demonstrated in a more general manner (p. 60) when he takes two bottles, tuned exactly an octave apart, and finds, that though when blown separately they each give a dull *u*, they give when blown jointly a decided *o*. We therefore conclude that *o* quality depends upon a double resonance whose porch-note is just an octave above the note of the totality.

Let me here observe, parenthetically, that the first artificial *o* which Helmholtz constructed did not agree perfectly with the above conclusions—the double octave being partly substituted for the octave. But reasons will shortly be

given for thinking that the most essential and definite distinctions in vowel-resonances are never based upon differences of an exact octave in their stretch. The strong presence of the upper octave of the porch resonance has some effect undoubtedly, but my own observations tend to show that this effect is allied to what the organic phoneticians call "*narrowness*," or what may popularly be called *crispness* of vowel quality, rather than to any change in the essential character of the vowel.

Further evidence in support of our second set of propositions will appear when we come to examine all the evidence in the light of a third set, for which it is now necessary to pave the way. Enough has been said to justify the provisional assumption that all vowels having double configurations have also double resonances, and that each of them chiefly derives its special character as a vowel from the ratio which one of these bears to the other in vibrational frequency—*i.e.*, from their relative pitch.

There is a remarkable fact about vowel sounds which the organic phoneticians completely ignore, and which even those of the acoustic school fail to bring out with the prominence which it deserves. Both schools entirely agree that there is a continuity of vowel sounds from one end of the scale to the other. It is manifestly possible, from the acoustic point of view, to slide from each vowel to the next in the series by a sort of *portamento*, in which every intervening shade of sound would necessarily be included. And the organic school have exactly the same story to tell, for there is in no case any sharp break between adjacent configurations of the series, and it is therefore always organically possible to pass from the one to the other by any number of small intervening steps. Yet in spite of this undeniable possibility it is an equally undeniable fact that human ears and human tongues do not regard all these

infinite possible varieties with equal favour, but, on the contrary, have, in most ages and countries, persisted in using the same, or nearly the same, members of the series as their cardinal vowels. When we subtract from existing human differences all that is due to the way in which vowels are commenced, or ended, or accented, or "voiced," or diphthongised, or nasalised, or "narrowed," or lengthened, or shortened, or slurred, or intoned, the differences between the pure substantive vowels of various nations will be found to be very much less than is commonly supposed. The question is, therefore, urged upon us with immense force, *Why* are certain double resonances preferentially employed in human speech so as to constitute a rather limited series of actual vowels?

I venture to advance, in answer to this question, the following third set of propositions, which, so far as I know, are entirely new. These propositions are, that the most definite and cognisable mixtures of resonance are those which are simplest in their composition, that is to say, which consist, as nearly as possible, of two tones only; that this condition is best realised when the ratio, in frequency of pulsation, between the upper and lower resonance, is expressed by what is called in arithmetic a *prime* whole number; that all the vowels between *i* and *o* are based upon assignable ratios of this nature; but that the few vowels intermediate between *o* and *u* are not based upon integral ratios of this kind, but upon very simple fractional ratios.

But it must always be borne in mind, in giving practical application to these principles, that no resonance exists, or can exist, in nature, which is absolutely composed of two elements only. To understand this, it is only necessary to recall the facts relating to *resultant* or *derivative* tones, as stated by Helmholtz or Tyndall. Whenever a body of air is simultaneously actuated by two sets of pulsations of different

frequency, they necessarily generate by their own interaction two other sets of pulsations, the one of which has a frequency represented by the sum, and the other by the difference, of the frequencies of the two generating tones. In other words, if a body of air is simultaneously animated by two resonances, one of which vibrates twenty times more rapidly than the other, there will always be generated, in some degree, both what is called a *summational* tone, vibrating twenty-one times as fast as the fundamental, and a *differential* tone, vibrating only nineteen times as fast. And vowel configurations seem to be particularly adapted to bring out these "resultant" tones with special force in such a case. For though we have now seen for every vowel that its configuration plainly comprises a porch and a chamber, we may see equally plainly in the case of each of them, except, perhaps, *a* in *path* and *man*, how difficult it would be to mark them off from each other by an exact boundary line; and we hence conclude that such an indefinite porch, though it might most naturally resound to the twentieth multiple of the fundamental, would not refuse to resound simultaneously to the nineteenth and twenty-first multiples, which are certain in some degree to accompany it.

Therefore, though I have found it quite possible to construct, with tubes and bottles, cavities of double resonance so calculated that the resonances of porch and chamber may have any desired ratio, it will be noted that even here there is not a complete absence of minor elements; much less is this the case in the less regularly shaped human voice-tunnel. And a still further influx of such elements is occasioned so soon as we attempt to evoke the resonances of such figures in the same way as they are evoked in nature—by injecting a confused medley of heterogeneous noise.

For such a stream of random vibrations is well adapted to evoke *every* kind of resonance to which the configuration

will respond, and though it will respond most readily and strongly to the two proper notes of the porch and of the totality, there are often a great many other pitches to which it will respond in a less marked degree. It is very noticeable that when the porch is a tube, and happens to have either a conical or doubly conical (dice-box-like) shape, the first overtone or octave of the porch-note is given forth with great energy, in addition to the porch-note itself, and seems very much to brighten and define the quality of the vowel. This observation seems to throw some light upon the phenomenon which the organic phoneticians vaguely call "narrowness" in vowel pronunciation.

But the minor resonances which are most important to the present argument are not those which lie *above* the proper tone of the porch, but those which lie between that note and the fundamental note, or note of the totality. The general effect of any resonant cavity upon an injected mass of heterogeneous vibrations is to convert their energy to its own use, appropriating and amassing greedily all those elements which can be made to minister to its own proper pulses, and checking or damping the remainder. But when a cavity has *two* definitely related resonances there is often an important section of the injected vibrations which neither exactly agrees nor exactly conflicts with the two leading tones. For if the number which expresses the ratio of the upper to the lower resonance is not a prime number, that is to say, if it is any number which possesses exact submultiples, there will be a note corresponding to every one of those submultiples whose vibrations will not be effectually damped by the configuration. For though the vibrations of such a note will not synchronise exactly with either of the principal resonances, it will partially synchronise with *both*.

Let us for a moment revert once more to a concrete example, and imagine a configuration whose two radical

resonances are related in the proportion of one to twenty; and let us further imagine that into this configuration is poured a stream of heterogeneous vibrations, including, of course, every grade intermediate between the two proper vibrations. The highest of these grades will be immediately bent to the service of the porch, and the lowest to that of the totality; but there will be four considerable masses of tone which will tend to vibrate at four other intermediate rates. These are the four classes of vibrations which are just about twice, or four times, or five times, or ten times as rapid as the fundamental, and which are consequently at the same time just about ten times, or five times, or four times, or twice as slow as the porch resonance. These partial synchronisms, operating on *both* sides, each tend to assimilate to themselves all those vibrational elements of the injected mass which respond most nearly to the respectively required conditions, and thus no less than four intermediate tones are added to the two proper resonances of the configuration.

But it is plain that if the ratio number had not been 20, but 17, or 23, or any other number which has *no sub-multiples*, the above consequences could not have happened, and the simple doubleness of the resonance would have remained undisturbed, save by the minor derivative tones previously mentioned. Experimental corroboration of this conclusion is afforded by the particular examination of the several vowels.

I do not propose to offer any reasons in favour of the proposition that the simplest mixtures of resonance are the most cognisable, except to say that it seems to follow as a corollary to Helmholtz's demonstration that the ear perceives all mixed modes of vibration by analysing them into simple (pendular) elements. And I have given reasons for thinking that the simplest mixtures of resonance are those which are based upon a prime integral ratio of two radical resonances.

I now proceed to attempt the identification of most of the leading vowels with specific resonances of this nature.

My own investigations of vowel-sound began from the *i* end of the series. Previous synthetic investigation had chiefly proceeded in the contrary direction. Helmholtz had much to tell about the making of *o*, *u*, and *a* vowels, but practically nothing about *i*. His mode of experimentation, by means of tuning-forks, did not lend itself conveniently to the construction of very high-pitched vowels. But by coupling his hint of the resemblance of the configurations of these vowels to a bottle, with some very serviceable formulæ of Sondhauss relating to bottle resonances, I was enabled to construct cavities possessing a double resonance, and severally characterised by the existence of a certain definite ratio between the resonances. When the resonances of these cavities were evoked, by injecting a weak stream of heterogeneous vibrations, they were found to bear considerable resemblance to whisper. But this whisper was not found to make any definite exhibition of vowel quality except in certain cases. The nearest approach to the *fiend* vowel was attained when the vibrational ratio was about 37; to the *fin* vowel about 30; and to the *hate* vowel about 18. The intervening examples had a certain resemblance to vowels also, but it was of a far less definite character; their whole quality as resonances seemed to be more or less blurred and obscure.

The facts, so far, did not point to any obvious law. I therefore turned to Helmholtz's and Preece's observations at the other end of the scale, and noticed, for the first time, that though the vibrational ratio of the *pole* vowel is certainly 2, and that of the *pall* vowel probably 3, there appears to be *no* cardinal vowel that can be based upon 4 as its vibrational ratio. One of Helmholtz's experiments is based very nearly upon that condition, but the result is

classified as a repetition of *o*. And when he came to construct the *path* vowel (German long *a*) which stands next in the scale, its differentiation from previous vowels is clearly effected by very powerful vibrations 5 times as fast as the fundamental. The same holds good of Preece's experiment also.

At this point, the theory of *prime* vibrations very naturally presented itself, but in that case, how were the characteristic mean ratios of 18 for the *hate* vowel and 30 for the *fin* vowel to be accounted for? On running out a list of prime numbers *seriatim*, it became at once noticeable that though eighteen and thirty are not prime numbers themselves, they are both *flanked* by prime numbers on either side; and when it was remembered that a tone mixture based on a ratio of 18 or 30 would infallibly generate resultant tones possessing ratios of 17 and 19 or 29 and 31, it seemed very possible that even here the prime numbers had much to do with the definiteness of the resonance.

It might seem unlikely that a vowel could repose upon a double basis of this kind without disclosing in practical use some corresponding duplicity of sound; one might expect that a vowel based decidedly on the ratio 29, would differ perceptibly from another based directly on the ratio 31, and also that, in passing gradually from the one to the other, some hiatus would be disclosed. But the considerations already adduced respecting the presence of resultant tones probably explain why there is no sensible hiatus felt in passing *gradatim* from the 29 basis to the 31, although we must needs pass through the 30; and when we express in octaves the difference in stretch between the 29 ratio and the 31 ratio, it is found to amount altogether to barely half a tone. It may well be that the perception of so small a difference in so wide a musical stretch (nearly five octaves) transcends the ordinary human power of perceiving these relations, and

therefore cannot afford to our senses any distinction in felt effect between these two ratios. But it may be that this distinction is precisely that which is drawn by Mr. Sweet between the two vowels of the word *pity*. It will be well now to tabulate our results so far, placing on the one hand a list of all the lower prime numbers, and on the other hand the vowel with which it has been, or seems likely to be, connected. In order that at the same time the steps of musical stretch which separate the various vowel resonances may be accurately appreciated, the vibrational ratios are also expressed in octaves and decimals of an octave. This is readily done by calculating their logarithms to the base 2. The table is made to reach and include the consonantal *y*, which marks the transition from vowel to consonant. The reason why the vowel scale ends here, seems to be that the lower resonance disappears, partly because it is greatly enfeebled by the close constriction of the mouth tube, and partly because it becomes so deep as to approach the limit of its audibility as tone.

Ratio.	Stretch in octaves.	Interval in octaves.	Symbol of vowel.	Nearest key vowel.	Nearest English key vowel.
43	5·43		<i>j</i>	German <i>j</i>	<i>y</i> in <i>ye</i>
		·07			
41	5·36		<i>j</i>	German <i>j</i>	<i>y</i> in <i>ye</i>
		·15			
37	5·21		<i>i</i>	Fr. <i>fine</i>	<i>fiend</i>
		·26			
31	4·95		<i>i</i> <sup>2</sup>	Eng. <i>fin</i>	<i>fin</i>
		·09			
29	4·86		<i>i</i> <sup>2</sup>	Eng. <i>finny</i>	<i>finny</i>
		·34			
23	4·52		<i>u</i>	Welsh "modified" <i>u</i>	
		·27			
19	4·25		<i>é</i>	Fr. <i>été</i>	<i>hate</i>
		·16			
17	4·09		<i>é</i> <sup>2</sup>	Fr. <i>les</i>	<i>hate</i>
		·39			
13	3·70		<i>ê</i>	Fr. <i>père</i>	<i>care</i>
		·24			
11	3·46		<i>ê</i> <sup>2</sup>	Fr. <i>bête</i>	<i>men</i>
		·65			
7	2·81		<i>a</i> <sup>6</sup>	S. Eng. <i>man</i>	<i>man</i>
		·49			

Ratio.	Stretch in octaves.	Interval in octaves.	Symbol of vowel.	Nearest key vowel.	Nearest English key vowel.
5	2.32		$a^0$	S. Eng. path	path
		.74			
3	1.58		$o^2$	S. Eng. pall	pall
		.58			
2	1.00		$o$	Ger. lohn	pole
		.26			
$1\frac{2}{3}$	.74				
		.15			
$1\frac{1}{2}$	.59		$u^2$	Eng. pull	pull
$1+2+3+\&c.$			$u$	Fr. poule	pool
1	.00	.00	$\partial$	obscure vowel, called " <i>unmodified voice</i> " by Sweet.	

I have been able to check most of the above results by the whispered resonance of experimental cavities, but not the last six. These have been set down partly from Helmholtz's and other evidence, and partly from conjecture. They may therefore need to be modified when satisfactory experiments have been devised. Something needs also to be said about the ratio 23, which is but sparingly represented in actual language, and then not usually in an unadulterated form. The fact seems to be that there is an organic difficulty in producing a simple tube and chamber to vibrate after this ratio. It is attempted in two ways by human organs. One of these is the *high-mixed* articulation of the organic phoneticians, and the other is the *high-front-round*. The former is that by which the Welsh and Russians produce a sound resembling the French *u*, and the latter is that by which the French (and Germans) produce it themselves. But in neither case is the porch strictly a tube. In the Welsh articulation the elevation of the tongue to form a tube along the highest part of the palate leaves a cavity behind the teeth; and in the French articulation there is also an anterior cavity which produces a nearly equivalent acoustic effect by being both very much smaller and very much more contracted at front. My experiments seem to disclose a certain resemblance between these vowels and the whispered

resonances of the 23 ratio, but not at all a perfect one, especially in the case of the French vowel. I am inclined to think that all the vowels of this class contain in actual use a *third* element, due to the anterior cavity. It seems reasonable to suppose that such configurations would have *three* radical resonances, the one of the anterior cavity, the second of the whole porch, and the third of the whole configuration—porch and chamber.

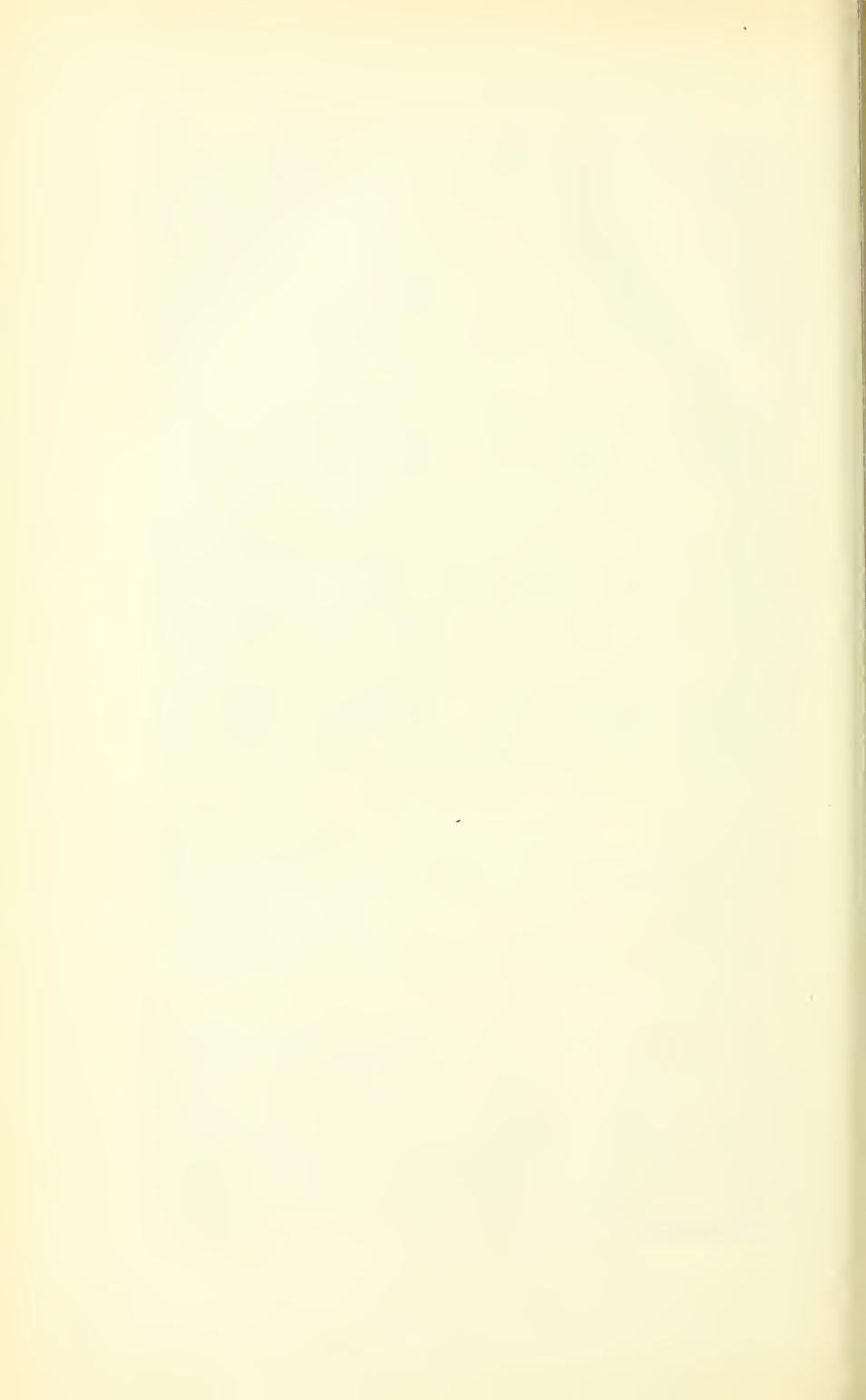
There are three other cases which demand a special word, because they illustrate, in a progressively increasing degree, that duplication of base which characterized the *fin* vowel (*i*<sup>2</sup>). The prime ratios 29 and 31 are not the only ones which stand adjacent to each other in the series of odd numbers; the same relation is seen in three other cases on the list—17 and 19, 11 and 13, 5 and 7. We were able to say in the case already discussed that the two bases were sensibly indistinguishable, but I am inclined to think that a keen ear could distinguish between an *e* based strictly on the 17 ratio and another based strictly on the 19, and that this distinction is very possibly identical with that drawn by French phoneticians between the *e* of *les* and the *é* of *été*. The difference between the 11 and 13 ratios is a little wider and more appreciable; it seems more nearly represented by the French *ê* and *è* than by the English key-words. This difference is perhaps the same as that intended by the organic phoneticians in the sounds which they classify as *mid-front-wide* and *low-front-narrow* respectively.

Finally there are the 5 and 7 ratios, which not only present a still wider gap, but mark a noteworthy change in the musical conditions of a compound resonance. In the high ratios previously discussed, the development of adjacent derivative tones was strongly favoured by the configurations, and these derivative tones were always *inharmonic* to the intervening tone, and nearly always to each other. Helm-

holtz has pointed out the remarkably incisive effect of such combinations of tone in the case of brass wind instruments, whose ear-shattering effect he found to be conferred upon them by their high adjacent upper partials. But in the case of the 7 ratio there is only a partial dissonance between the porch-resonance and its adjacent derivative tones; and in the case of the 5 ratio there is no dissonance at all, for the two resultant tones are separated from the porch-resonance by exact intervals of a Major and Minor Third, and from each other by a perfect Fifth. This is probably the explanation of the pleasing musical character of the *a* vowel. I venture to identify these two ratios with what Trautmann calls the *e* basis of *a* and the *o* basis of *a* respectively, which seem to be fairly represented in actual speech by the Southern pronunciation of the English key-words *man* and *path*. In Northern pronunciation they are not so well differentiated, and the *man* vowel is less easy to appreciate because it retains its original shortness. The Italian *a* seems to be intermediate, and may perhaps depend on the 6 ratio, with resultant tones based on the 5 and the 7.

In concluding this brief account of a still incomplete inquiry, I desire to express my regret at its being presented in its present imperfect state, but the only alternative was to postpone it till next session, and I am rather anxious to arouse the timely interest of other students and experimenters in what I think may prove to be a very fruitful line of research.

It does not seem to me at all unlikely that the future progress of such a study might render it possible to register vowel-pronunciation completely in arithmetical terms, and to construct apparatus which would at any moment whisper forth the normal elementary sounds of contemporary English for the information and delight of lexicographers and philologists yet unborn.



## STOICISM AND HISTORY.

BY G. H. RENDALL, M.A.

To observe the interaction of thought and life, to watch the rise and fall of systems of philosophy, and note how they reflect the historic needs and circumstances out of which they spring, and to which they correspond, is always an interesting study, and there are few systems which admit such handling better or more suggestively than that great Stoic school of thought which, cradled among the ruins of Greek liberty, was destined to mount the throne of Roman empire, which bridged the passage from Paganism to Christianity, which sang the *Hymn of Zeus*, which mused the *Meditations* of Marcus Aurelius, which at the deathbed of the old learning penned the last *Consolation of Philosophy*, and finally, incorporated rather than superseded, planted the precepts of the Porch deep in the disciplines of the Church Catholic.

## GENESIS OF STOICISM.

Stoicism, like all the intellectual movements of pre-Christian Europe, proceeded from Greece. Historically it derived from Cynicism. Zeno, the founder of the school, was of the following of Crates the Cynic. While upon the moral side Cynicism attracted him by its severity, its self-reliance, its uncompromising veracity, upon the intellectual he felt the scantiness and insufficiency of a system which virtually solved perplexities by eliminating from life all the higher and more complicated modes of moral action. Concentrating all effort and attention upon individual virtue, the

true Cynic declined further intellectual analysis, repudiated all social relationship, disparaged society alike and the State as based on false distinctions and worthless conventions, condemned the family tie as a hampering and artificial bondage, minimised wants by discarding all refinements, and thus reverting to a crude and almost animal naturalism, found ethical contentment in the abolition rather than in the assertion or explanation of morality. The effort of Zeno and his school was to formulate and justify that primacy of virtue, which the Cynics preached so crudely. For this he drew on the resources of Megarian logic, and reverted from Platonic and Aristotelian schemes of ethics to the earlier formulas of Socrates.

The rise of Stoicism as an ethical system reflects unmistakably the historical environment from which it grew. The age that witnessed the breakdown of the Greek πόλις as a stable arrangement of society ushers the way for Stoicism. Earlier Greek morality rests on the bond of citizenship. That is the soul of Spartan and of Athenian morals, the one realised as a discipline, the other as a free service. The tie of citizenship not only demands patriotism and creates a separate range of duties and obligations, but determines the whole code of moral requirement. To Greek and Roman morality a good man means first and foremost a good citizen. That is an indispensable minimum. "A Greek indifferent to duty as a citizen had almost no other duty to fall back upon; a Roman had absolutely none." *Within* the allotted circle civic requirement supersedes individual obligation; Plato approves community of wives on the score of benefit to the State. *Without* it, the duties of citizen to citizen are distinct from and not seldom opposed to the duties of citizen to alien; much more are they distinct from the duties and rights and dues of the barbarian and of the slave. Morality is civic or at most Hellenic, not universal.

Duty to neighbour is not yet amplified into a recognition of the rights of man. Plato, to determine the true meaning of righteousness, begins with constructing the Ideal state, that he may deduce from thence the ideal of individual virtue. Aristotle treats Ethics, the science or art of human conduct, as a branch of citizenship or statesmanship, upon the secure assumption that human well-being rests upon right political arrangement or relationship. The new philosophies, Cynicism Stoicism Epicureanism and Scepticism, agree in abandoning the *πόλις* as the basis of morality. The change may be regarded as a contraction or an expansion. In one sense much was renounced; the passage was from the state to the individual, from the altruistic demands and inspiration of patriotism to Cynic repudiation, to Stoic apathy, to Epicurean self-satisfaction, to Sceptic imperturbability; from this point of view the new doctrines represent the political helplessness of the age. They imply the decomposition of Greek Republicanism. Here, as so often, progress is achieved through visible or seeming loss; and at the time the sense of loss is often the most apparent and predominant. But on the other hand, potentially at least, and in retrospect most conspicuous, there is the expansion from the city to the world. The rise of Stoicism is the inauguration of a world-morality, the prophecy of the brotherhood of man, and of the universal citizenship of Rome.

#### PRECURSORS OF STOICISM.

Viewed in relation to its great forerunners, Platonism and Aristotelianism, Stoicism is in part an expansion, but still more a reaction. Here, too, as in the abandonment of a morality based upon the ties of the individual to the state, Stoicism represents in one sense philosophic helplessness and despair. Plato, possessed with the harmonious intuitions of a soul aspiring after truth and confident of its

attainment, on the one hand with his matchless metaphysical genius realised more fully than any of his predecessors how unstable were the foundations of knowledge provided by the impressions of sense; but on the other found or thought to find a refuge from the dilemma of scepticism in his Ideal Theory, implying an ultimate basis of intuitive truth inborn in man, attested by his highest reason and consciousness, and resting on divine immutable realities, transcending sense. Plato first grouped and defined the limits of the phenomenal and sensuous. Side by side with that delimitation he strove to vindicate the existence of higher and more stable forms of existence, extra-phenomenal, super-sensuous, Ideal—whose existence rests upon the attestation (or, as opponents said, upon the fabrication) of the Human Mind. To this Ideal philosophy, Aristotle, elaborating the metaphysical distinctions of matter and form, gave a yet more abstract and intellectual cast, and found man's highest activity in pure thought, occupying itself with a world, not of things or phenomena, but of ideas and essences. Now in one very plain and obvious sense, the Stoics represent a reaction from this Ideal Philosophy. They revert to a materialistic explanation not of sensation merely, but also of thought, of emotion, and even of the most abstract moral ideas. To them justice, or even a just act, was, scholastically speaking, a material existence. Viewed thus, Stoicism is a confession of defeat, the negation of the mighty hopes conceived and claimed by the most consummate speculative genius which Greece, or perhaps the world, has ever produced. As in morals Stoic individualism represents the despair and death of the Greek state, so in metaphysics Stoic materialism may be said to represent the despair and death of constructive Greek philosophy. It is the collapse of speculative self-reliance.

Yet in another sense, Stoicism, and to some extent Epicureanism, continue the line of movement. Plato and Aristotle turn men's highest contemplation from the outer world of things to a world of ideas apprehended and evidenced from within. It is an extension of this to refer man solely to himself, to teach that in conduct and in emotion, even more than in thought, man is independent of the universe and self-sufficing. Though Aristotle conceives that man's happiness or well-being (*εὐδαιμονία*) depend primarily on right fulfilment of function and exercise of the highest reason, yet he practically assumes some measure of external goods, including material wealth, as an indispensable pre-requisite of perfected well-being. The Stoics go beyond him, they throw man more completely upon himself, making the whole of happiness to consist in a moral state of self-consciousness, in an inner peace of mind, superior to and independent of all external goods or phenomenal environment. Stoic "Apathy" gives one solution of the problem, for which Epicurean "imperturbability" devises another. Both isolate man from the world, and point logically on to a *moral* self-centredness that may be well compared with the *intellectual* self-centredness in which the Buddhist discerns perfection.

Beside these influences there appears a new and extra-Hellenic strain. It is one more characteristic mark of the place of Stoicism in history, that though the centre of this (as of all pre-Alexandrine schools) was at Athens, the founders and almost all the leading exponents of the school were of Eastern origin. Greek city life went down before the phalanxes of Macedon. But the destroyer of Greek political liberties and Oriental monarchies became by his conquests the founder of new intellectual franchises. From this point forward classical and Oriental thought touch and react. "Stoicism is the earliest offspring of contact between

the religious consciousness of the East and the intellectual culture of the West." It is in this sense the precursor of the Alexandrine philosophy of Philo, or the Neo-Platonism of Plotinus; only the proportions differ. The Stoics are Hellenists tinged with Orientalism; Philonists or Neo-Platonists are Orientals suffused with Hellenism. Zeno, the founder of the sect, came of Phœnician Citium in Cyprus; Cleanthes, his successor, of Assos, in the Troad; Chrysippus, the second founder, of Soli in Cilicia. Babylonia, Phœnicia, Syria are the homes of others; Apamea, Ascalon, Ptolemais, Hierapolis all boast their representatives. Every one of them is Asiatic, and nursed in Eastern modes of thought: not one belonged to a great Hellenic commonwealth. The few pure Greeks who took rank in the School, were men of third or fourth-rate capacity. If here and there a name of note arrests attention, not hailing from Asia, it is from the islands of the Mediterranean or Aegean, from Carthage or from Spain, from spheres, that is, of Phœnician influence or ascendancy. And it is strange to see how this tendency constantly reasserts itself even in the latest developments of the School. Posidonius, perhaps the most successful propagator of Stoicism at Rome, sprang of Syrian Apamea. Seneca was born at Corduba in Spain, a settlement of Phœnician origin, and in a district permeated with Phœnician influences. His own name suggests Semitic associations. Epictetus was a Phrygian slave. The special elements of Eastern thought thus contributed to Greek philosophy are the moral seriousness and earnestness, which permeate Stoic doctrine, the concentration upon moral rather than intellectual problems and solutions, the new and wholly un-Hellenic bias towards asceticism, the tendency to lean on *intuition* rather than induction or analysis, the mystic and at times theistic Pantheism, which dominates all Stoic theology; finally, the vein of fatalism, which is

cognate to the Kismet of Eastern acquiescence, rather than to the naiver Nemesis teaching of Aeschylus, Herodotus or Sophocles. Zeno, Chrysippus, and Panaetius formulated Eastern creeds in terms of Hellenic thought, somewhat in the same way as in later centuries Origen, Athanasius or Basil rendered Christian doctrines into their Hellenic and intellectual equivalents.

#### STOICISM.

The system itself must not too long detain us, but certain points deserve emphasis for their historical significance. The Stoics were at one with their contemporaries in insisting upon the threefold division of philosophy into Logic, Physics and Ethics. Their paramount interest lay in the latter; philosophy is the art of virtue. If the processes of thought or the study of nature are of interest, it is as aids to the comprehension of virtue. If here and there a Herillus or Diogenes accords the primacy to reason, or a Cleanthes to natural science, it is expressly upon the ground that knowledge contains all virtue, and that Nature is the highest synthesis of life, including in itself morality.

In Logic, whether as an art of reasoning or as a doctrine of cognition, the Stoics made no serious advance upon their predecessors. It was elaborated indeed with painful minuteness by Chrysippus and successors; but in formal Logic they accepted all that was cardinal in the Aristotelian scheme, encumbering it with superfluous categories and subdivisions, and doing nothing meanwhile to extend or clarify the processes of Inference, inductive or deductive. In Grammar they added a few useful innovations, but soon lost their clue in futile controversies upon Analogy and Anomaly. In Rhetoric they abandoned themselves to frigid pedantries, and only deepened the scholastic

jungle; while in Literature, whether of Rhetoric or Poetry, the austere verbosity of Chrysippus permanently killed freedom, grace, and power of sympathy. A narrow intellectual asceticism fell like a blight upon all sense of art, and took a churlish pride in renouncing the pursuit of the beautiful. Missing at the outset the stimulating reactions of healthy civic life, they reduced themselves to impotence in the very sphere where in the later stages of their history—the Roman phase—noble openings lay disregarded by philosophy. Nor did they attain any compensating success in their Logic of thought. Their theory of knowledge breaks down helplessly in the attainment of its end, a solid criterion of truth. Knowledge with the Stoics rests on sense-impressions, which are conceived in uncompromisingly materialistic terms. They are literal impressions—dints made on the impressible organ of sense by effluences from the object of perception. Accumulated or repeated perceptions, by aid of memory, build up experience, and experience gradually forms general conceptions (*κοινὰ ἔννοιαι*), to which the Stoics by a sudden leap attach a virtue and validity superior to sense-impression. The sole criterion supplied is the fixity, the immovability, the invincibleness of the conceptions. No claim is made for a higher reason, as in Aristotle, or for latent intuitions, as in Plato; on the contrary, they denied the reality or self-existence of thought. The validity of the conception rests solely on the strength of conviction, the completeness of assent, which it is able to command. The wise man's irresistible convictions are true, is the sum of the Stoic theory of cognition. When driven back upon their premisses by the dialectic of the Sceptics, they virtually took their stand upon the assertion that without trustworthy knowledge of truth, right action and fixed principles would be impossible; therefore, was the argument, virtuous convictions must be trustworthy and right.

But such a defence abandons an intellectual basis for knowledge and substitutes a moral axiom.

Their Physics are more interesting. They did not indeed in what we understand by Natural Science attain results of value. The instruments were wanting, and all knowledge of right methods. The thirst for extended knowledge of the material world, "science for science sake" had not yet arisen. They did not even possess those forms of inspiration which are natural to the utilitarian, the hedonist, or the materialist; their philosophy withdrew, rather than supplied, motives for relieving life of outward accidents of misery, for increasing its fund of pleasures, or for disengaging it from false beliefs by clearer insight into the world of things. On this side Epicureans had the advantage. Their interest in Physics was moral, and their explanations *a priori*; but in thus moralising nature, they adopted, developed, and even popularised thoughts pregnant with philosophic range and power. Their theory of Physics, like their theory of cognition, is in basis materialistic—hardly, if at all less so, than the Atomic theories of Democritus, adopted by the rival Epicurean School. All forms of action are material, the action being attributed to atmospheric or gaseous currents, which keep up a constant activity and account for all relations, subjective as well as objective. Not only sense impressions and emotions, but even such abstractions as intellectual judgments or moral attributes, are treated as corporeal. Virtues and vices, in Stoic diction, are atmospheric currents permeating the soul, and producing the varieties of tension, which we denote as given virtues or vices. No action is possible except in and through matter: so far did they press this mode of thought, as actually to attribute corporeity to day and night, to months, and years, and seasons. This is less absurd than it sounds at first hearing. Daylight is after all an agita-

tion of the ether, and it was not so unpardonable to regard it as atmospheric diffusion of a substance ; summer was a heated air-state ; month was a physical moon and earth relation—and so on. But Stoic Physics are not so much science as theology. They are not an investigation or explanation of natural phenomena, but a theory of natural energy. The formulas, if not the conception they adopted, were those of Heraclitus. “All things are in flux.” The world represents a continuous motion of matter, an incessant cyclic flow of being. This motion is ascribed to an interpenetrating force, distinct from yet diffused throughout all material existences : it is a vitalising energy, that everywhere makes its presence felt, metaphorically known and named as the *Anima Mundi*, or World-Soul. The action of the universe is dynamically interpreted : force is distinct from matter, and in a higher category. It energises it and makes it live. But this force, and this is the most significant article of the Stoic creed, was affirmed to be *One* ; everywhere the same, though differing in manifestation and in name. A unity of Cause, and with it a unity of the whole Universe, which derived all motion and action from this efficient Cause, was proclaimed. This unity was not deduced from scientific divinations or forecasts of the transformation of energy ; it was concluded from the orderliness of the whole. The world was a cosmos, not a chaos. The harmonious disposition and correlation of parts were held to prove unity in the motive power. Conflicting or even independent forces could not produce such visible unity of results. From this unity of force or world-soul, attributes may be inferred : for our own consciousness, our own reason, become attestations of its character. Within ourselves we are conscious of it as reason or soul ; in the phenomenal world as variant modes of energy—life, heat, motion, or what not. Thus we attain a very comprehensive form of

Pantheism. The materialistic conception of all forms of action leads to equally materialised conceptions of God. God was perceived in matter only, and became limited to matter, much in the same way as Aristotle had reduced *form* to a property of matter. As the great pervading world-life God can be expressed in the most various terms, sometimes as the vitalising breath or Air-Current, sometimes as Heat or Fire, sometimes as Reason or Soul, sometimes in more generic terms as Nature, Law, or Destiny, sometimes in more theological phase as Providence, or God, or Zeus. The world is the sum of existence, and its Being (whether motion, life, reason or soul) is God.

Whence this Pantheistic conception arose is far from clear. It is not Greek, and may probably be attributed to Eastern forms of thought. It is associated indeed with the Heraclitean doctrine of the perpetual flux of Being; but Heraclitus himself came of Ephesus, and it was there (rather than in Greece) that his school survived, and that his physical *dicta* received mystical interpretations. Cleanthes of Asia,\* has left us one of the earliest and amplest utterances of this Stoic Pantheistic faith. This Pantheistic interpretation of the universe, with its suggestions of a majestic all-embracing unity, makes a far higher imaginative appeal than any other portion of their creed. It inspired the noble cadences familiar to all readers of Vergil;† and re-echoes in the Pantheistic fervours of Wordsworth and of Shelley. In Marcus Aurelius‡ it tinged the thought of Nature with a pathetic fallacy, and interpreted it with an ‘accent of emotion,’ that elsewhere hardly escapes the lips of antiquity. Upon the strength of it Seneca writes of the Holy Spirit, the *Sacer spiritus* or *divinus spiritus*, that

\* The *Hymn to Zeus*, from which or from Aratus of Tarsus, S. Paul quotes the *τοῦ γὰρ καὶ γένος ἐσμὲν*, Acts xvii, 28.

† esp. *Æn.* VI, 724 vv.

‡ e.g. *Thoughts*, iii, 2; iv, 48; vi, 36.

breathes in man, and of the God who 'is near us, is with us, is within us;' Marcus Aurelius makes reiterated appeal to the indwelling God (ὁ ἐνδὸν θαίμων), who is the spiritual guide of life; and Epictetus writes—"When you have shut the doors, and have made all dark within, remember never to say that you are alone, for you are not; but God is within and your divinity (θαίμων); and what need of light have these to see what you do?" Yet in reading such passages it must not be forgotten how materialistic were the conceptions and the terms of Stoic theology. Their theology is from one aspect what in current parlance would be called materialism or atheism. God is force, energy; the unity of God is in other terms the transformation, the eternity of God the conservation, of energy. The presence of God, or the indwelling of the spirit, is reducible to the possession of reason, and the inhalation of breath. The fatherhood of God, Prayer, Life with God (συσζῆν θεῷ) denote wholly different concepts to the same terms on Christian lips.

For its rational basis of Ethics Stoicism reverted to the cardinal Socratic formulas. "Virtue is knowledge; vice is ignorance." "Virtue can be taught." "No one does wrong on purpose." The insufficiency of such statement was in truth exposed by the analysis of Aristotle. It lands the philosopher in alternative paradoxes; either he must allow vice to be involuntary, or he must affirm ignorance to be voluntary. The latter horn of the dilemma is the less dangerous to morality, and as such the Stoics chose it. But practically this exchanged the idea of sin for that of voluntary ignorance, a vigorous denunciation of which is out of place. Into the ethical eccentricities that were deduced—the perfection of the hypothetical Wise Man, the indivisibility of virtue and such like—maintained by verbal logic in defiance of the facts of life, we need not enter. It will be more instructive to consider the ethical consequences of

Pantheism as held by the Stoics. The tendency of such a Pantheism is to destroy moral responsibility. A theory which identifies the world with God and believes him to be the motive force alike of the evil and the good, effaces necessarily the sense of sin. It identifies God with man instead of perceiving in man a possibility of relationship with God. And from this consequence Stoic logic did not shrink. Chrysippus boldly argued that the wise man is as useful to Zeus, as Zeus is to the wise man. "Jupiter," said a later teacher, "is not better than a good man; he is richer, but riches do not constitute superior goodness; longer-lived, but greater longevity does not ensure greater happiness." Seneca can endorse such language as this. The good man differs from God, only in length of time. He is like God, excepting his mortality. For guidance of conduct such a creed is on a par with evolutionary philosophy, which making man a phase or incident in the world evolution, yet gives no hint as to the line of progress expected of him for his own well-being. "Whatever is, is right" is the inevitable inference. "*Find fault with no one*"—" *Armipits are what they are*"—are aphorisms of Marcus Aurelius. "He who would not have the bad do wrong, is like the man who would not have the fig-tree bear juice in her figs, or the infant squall, or the horse neigh, or any other law of nature." This deficient sense of sin, with the moral apathy which it involves, is conspicuous in Stoic doctrine; it is to escape from it that the language of the later Stoics takes more and more a theistic colour.

Once more, a thorough-going Pantheism logically implies a strict determinism. If all action, impulse, life, is but an effect of the World-Soul residing in the individual, no place is left for the action of free-will. "If this be so, be sure, that if it ought to have been otherwise, the gods

would have so ordered it. For had it been just, it would have been also possible; had it been according to nature, nature would have brought it to pass. But because it is not so, if in fact it is not so, be certainly assured that it ought not to have been so. To put such questions is to find fault with God.”\* The ancients, Stoic or otherwise, concerned themselves little with the problems of free-will and determinism. Epictetus, realising the moral power of will, and giving it unconditional supremacy over all else, never attempts to reconcile the idea of individual freedom with the conception of an indwelling power not himself. He simply claims for it omnipotence and independence. In the outer world it is powerless: it cannot touch circumstance. But within it is supreme: it can defy poverty, pain, the rack, death. The meanest slave had but to exercise his will, and whatever pains or privations it might be his lot to bear, he issued ‘more than conqueror.’ Yet Stoicism by the hardihood of its antitheses is bringing the problem into prominence, and heralding the Pelagian controversy.

Another favourite formula of Stoicism, the offspring of its Physics, is ‘Conformity with Nature.’ ‘Life according to nature’ is perhaps the most hackneyed of their precepts. In a sense, upon their Pantheistic theory, no other life was possible. But when we go beyond this, and ask precisely what it means, no phrase could be more equivocal. ‘Life according to nature’ upon a Cynic interpretation would mean the completest possible reversion to animalism. Rousseau would mean unquestioning indulgence of each instinct or desire, animal, sensuous, or intellectual, authorised by some primitive and ideal state of innocence. To Hobbes the ‘state of nature’ means a state of war preceding contract and the recognition of the social tie. To Roman law, on the other hand the *Jus Naturale* meant all those recognised rights of

\* Marc. Aur., xii, 5.

man towards man, to which centuries of development had given universal validity. To Bishop Butler it meant a higher harmony discernible in the general course and direction of the world's governance, towards which man was invited to conform himself. This last comes nearest to the meaning of the Stoics. But they never analysed their formula. They picked and chose at will from the universe around. They started with an untested assumption that the life of nature was analogous to the life of man, and were gradually led on to overlook all that was specifically characteristic of man in consciousness, in will, and in emotion, and nickname the residue 'life according to nature.' They never fairly defined their own term. Sometimes 'nature' is opposed to convention, and the result in morals is revolutionary: sometimes 'nature' means what exists everywhere or generally: sometimes again, what would exist *if* man recognised his proper end and place in the universe. This latter perhaps is the most common rendering, and gave the most paradoxical corollaries. Vaguely it implied some equable balance of the impulses and faculties of man, that might be compared with the passionless movement of phenomena, and secure internal harmony of soul. Deluded by the false analogy between nature and man, and desiring to conform man to the seeming laws of matter, the Stoics in the name of conformity to nature, became no less rudely and contumeliously defiant of nature than a Simeon Stylites. Not only was the formula alleged in support of the paradoxes that privation and pain were no evil, but it was used as the logical justification of Stoic ἀπάθεια, the suppression of the emotions. Nature has no emotions—shows a front of ever impassive, inexorable law. Stoic theory, obedient to its formula, demanded like impassivity of the Wise Man. By crushing the emotions he must triumph over pain. "Did I not tell you you would break my leg?" Epictetus remarked,

with unruffled serenity under his master's tortures. But not pain only, but the affections must be crushed. Desire, sympathy, hope, pity, much more the more violent emotions and enthusiasms break in upon the passionless serenity that belongs to nature and to reason. They are forms of weakness and of self-deception, that can only cloud and perturb the soul. Virtue consists in the suppression, not the cultivation of the emotions; the sage must stand superior alike to aspiration and to discontent. Thus Seneca—"To condole and grieve for the misfortunes of another, to weep at the sight of suffering, is a weakness unworthy of the sage, for nothing should cloud his serenity or shake his firmness.

. . . He will not make ado or be unmanned at the sight of emaciation or squalor. Only weak eyes flush and smart to see the ophthalmia of others." And again—"The wise man will be clement and gentle, but he will not feel pity, for only old women and girls will be moved by tears; he will not pardon, for pardon is the remission of a deserved penalty; he will be strictly and inexorably just." Epictetus treats personal bereavement in the same tone. "Never say of anything 'I have lost it,' but 'I have given it back.' Is your child dead? it is given back. Is your wife dead? she is given back. Are you defrauded of your property? that too is given back. 'But he is wicked who deprives me of it.' Nay, what is that to thee, at whose hands the giver demands his own? So long as he gives you leave, steward it as a property in trust, as travellers use an inn.'" Such counsels of perfection, with their gospel of insensibility to sorrow or to suffering, lead logically on to an inordinate self-centred egoism. The theatrical suicide of Posidonius is an instance of the lengths to which this could go. They made Stoicism fatally inefficacious, and this denial of nature fully explains the unsuccess of Stoicism as a propaganda. They stamp it with hardness, and inexpansiveness: stereo-

type it as a philosophy for wise men, a doctrine of virtue for the already virtuous, an exhortation to morality, making no appeal except to the moral. Its motto *Bear and forbear*, or more literally, *Endure and refrain*, meaning insensibility and tolerance on one hand, and self-mortification upon the other, became "bare and unattractive, a renunciation without reward to the renouncer, or even gain to the world, a seed sown in tears and reaped only with the barren self-glory of asceticism." Yet cased in this hard asceticism were thwarted germs of nobleness, adapted strangely well to the surroundings for which it was destined.

#### STOICISM—GREEK AND ROMAN.

Upon Greek life the actual influence of Stoicism was almost inappreciable. Not one great name in politics or literature derived its inspiration from Stoic impulse. Stoicism, born of declining freedom and the East, was alien to the mood of classic Greece, to its instinctive sense of proportion, its blend of intellectual acuteness and sanity, its versatility, its unreserve, its buoyant and self-satisfied humanity, its frankly sensuous delight in life, its free emotional play, its genius for art, its stirring zest for practical activities. The intellectual appeals of Stoicism were paradoxical, weak and unconvincing. But in the intellectual field few labourers know for what harvest their seed is sowing, or where it will bear fruit; they 'cast their bread upon the waters.' So did the Greek Stoics—nor was the crop gathered in till Stoicism was transplanted to soil prepared at Rome. There the intellectual husk was dropped, and the moral affirmations emerged and blossomed.

Panaetius carried Stoicism to Rome in the middle of the second century B.C., and gained for it a place in the cultured Scipionic circles, the first Roman assimilators of Greek culture. There it was destined to a high career. In

thought, in character, in national bent, in constitutional aim, Rome might have been, as it were, fore-prepared by Providence for Stoicism to find a home. As Latin Christianity, it has been observed, built up the fabric of a stately moral and social order upon a foundation of Greek creeds, so was it in a Latin home, and wielded by Latin hands, that Stoicism became a motive power in the world, and achieved those results which entitle it to lasting respect. Upon a large scale, the great Stoic doctrine of the unity of the Cosmos provided the Roman sense for order, authority, unity, with just that kind of philosophy which was best suited to it. The Roman genius was conservative, unspeculative and unanalytic; it was best satisfied with a large commanding synthesis, which appealed to its moral instinct, and did not excite intellectual or theological misgivings. But much more did it appeal to Romans upon the moral side, as a philosophy of conduct. The emphasis it laid on morals, the firmness and austerity of its code, the harshness of its judgments on defaulters, the stern repudiation of sentimental considerations or emotional impulses, even the narrowness and inflexibility of its moral logic, all commended it to Roman sympathies. The Stoic range of virtues covered accurately the field of qualities denoted by Roman *virtus*—manliness. Reverence there was, obedience, discipline, justice, integrity, the sternness of a Brutus ordering his disobedient son to execution, the devotion of a Decius, the dogged self-sacrifice of a Regulus, boundlessly loyal allegiance to the call of duty and the state, but nowhere—in domestic, personal, or civic relation—a touch of emotion, affection, or ruth. Nowhere could Stoicism have found material so congenial. Cato is typically Roman, and by his faults and limitations as much as his backbone of virtue became the ideal of Roman Stoicism. There was in him the same high-minded, stolid, impracticable consistency

that characterises the Stoic system of Ethics; the same stubborn narrowness of view, the same contempt for moral facts.\* Later Roman Stoics were often feeble copies, more or less conscious, of Cato. Like him, they were hard, impracticable, perverse, studiously antagonistic to the prevailing spirit or the dominant power of their age; but, like him also, they were living protests, when protests were most needed, against the dishonesty and corruption of the times; and their fearless demeanour was felt as a standing reproach alike to the profligate despotism of the ruler and to the mean and cringing flattery of the subject.

Once more, Stoic theology harmonised with the unimaginative materialism of the Roman religious sense. Contrast Roman belief with its impersonal goddesses of abstract qualities, Faith, Fortune, Virtue and the like, or its yet more sordid Terminus, god of the boundary, Cloacina, goddess of sewers, with the exuberant, picturesque, suggestive, fanciful imagery of Greek mythology, and consider how much more akin it is to Stoic moods of physical Pantheism. It is reticent, prosaic, sombre, affording little food to the imagination, and no point for the crystallisation of allegory and mystic thought. But it tends from the first towards unity. Its abundant abstractions, mere epithets of the supreme power of which Rome appeared the incarnate expression, reveal its true meaning, and, prosaic as they are, yet prepare a place for the One. There is a natural correspondence between the monotheistic Pantheism of the Stoics, revealing itself and actively immanent in every individual, yet harmoniously directing a far mightier whole, and that vague worship of the Genius of Rome, which was

\* "The Republican opposition," writes Mommsen, "borrowed from Cato its whole attitude—stately, transcendental in its rhetoric, pretentiously rigid, hopeless, and faithful to death; and, accordingly, it began even immediately after his death to revere as a saint the man who in his lifetime was not unfrequently its laughing-stock and scandal."

probably the most commanding object of national belief. Rome compared well with the Stoic thought of God. Her rule was a hard and crushing despotism, inexorable and irresistible as Nature's own. Through justice and injustice, made tolerable chiefly by virtue of its irresistibility, it moved resolutely, passionlessly, to its end. This sense inspires the verse of Vergil with much of the same touching resignation and acquiescence that haunt the *Thoughts* of Marcus Aurelius. Sorrow, endurance, patience weave themselves into the web of his verse. Rome is the spirit of order in history, much as Nature is the spirit of order in the universe. The very thought and name of Natural Law is borrowed from the majestic sovereignty of Roman Law. Stern, ruthless, cruel, and therefore tolerable, Rome decides and metes the destiny of nations. Each vista of national vicissitude leads up to and terminates in the majesty of Rome. So far as the person or the city or the nation is concerned, there appears no loving Father, not even a just award of individual fate. But we perceive a single ruler, a single plan, a single goal; we descry far off a central idea and historic purpose in life, enough to give dignity and strength to resignation, if not enough to give life to hope! The order of Rome, the *Romana Maiestas*, to Romans themselves, and still more to the subjects of Rome, belongs to that order of colossal events which must be explained by Divine purpose, and in our attitude towards which submission takes almost the aspect of a religious duty. Of Roman history it has been said, as a reader of Mill's Essay might say of the course of Nature, that 'the chief interest centres in its victims.'

And the conjuncture at which Stoicism first made its appearance was singularly favourable. It sprang historically we have seen out of the death of the Greek city-states, and the expansion of Greece into the world-empire of Alexander.

Now once again history was repeating itself in other forms. Carthage was down; Rome was launched upon her imperial career; she was no more a city, but a nation; each consulship almost witnessed some new advance from city-republicanism to world-empire. The days of the Republic were numbered, and dissolution was at hand. Already the reigns of terror were beginning, that heralded the new Caesarian empire. The historical and moral parallel are of singular interest. It is the stage where the city is lost in the world, expanded into a vast empire, which folded in its rigid embrace races so various, that it might well seem to include all humanity. Between the individual and this world-wide empire came no smaller unity. So was it too with the individual and the Cosmos in the moral world as figured in the Stoic creed. And with this new expansion came likewise a craving for membership within that larger unity—a sense of the magnitude of that great order, which finds its expression and gives its dignity to Roman law, and therewithal a consciousness of membership in what was great. These instincts found expression in the Stoic thought of world-citizenship: a unity and brotherhood of man. More and more does the thought emerge in the great Stoic writers of the empire, that men are of one family, that to disclaim the tie of brotherhood is an act of schism, a violation of the appointed order of things. Each man is in an organic sense a *member*, not merely a portion; and the co-operation of the human member with the organic whole, of which he is a part, is among the most reiterated thoughts of Marcus Aurelius. The loyalty due once to Athens or to Rome, known by a narrower name of patriotism, expands into membership in the great human family and allegiance to the great Cosmic law, which included the known human world and the world which was not human. Further it may be observed that under the empire, or at least the earlier

empire, the virtues on which most demand was made were the passive virtues, belonging to the order of resignation. It was an age of perhaps unparalleled servility, when the world lay in submission at the feet of a master, when the ghost of the idea of loyalty to the republic made even strong men cringe before the word of him, who still represented and embodied that master idea of the past: an age when genius sunk to unintelligible self-abasement in flattery of tyrants, and when the victorious general casts himself upon his spear at the mere bidding of a voluptuary: an age, in fine, in which virtue could only exhibit itself in the guise of endurance, fortitude, and resignation. It was not unnatural that in such an age Stoicism should become the creed of the noblest characters, or that its most typical mouthpiece should be a slave.

The actual influence of Stoicism upon Roman life has been very differently appraised. That 'two or three noble houses lived on poor fare to please the Stoic' is Mommsen's scornful summary of its first days, and of its whole career Bishop Lightfoot concludes 'that it produced, or at least attracted, a few isolated great men, but on the life of the masses and on the policy of states was almost wholly powerless.' Thus viewed the circle of the Stoics might justly be compared with some such small sect as the Positivists of to-day, esteemed for nobility of motive, for ideality of aim, and purity of life, but not exercising any widespread influence on politics, on society, or upon belief. It is unquestionably true that Stoicism is rather the expression of the best Roman type of character, than a motive power for the conversion of men. It formulated for the noblest their idea of duty, rather than stimulated them to its discharge. And for this reason the Roman character reacted more powerfully upon the theory of Stoicism, than Stoicism upon the lives of its professors. In Roman

surroundings Stoicism forgot or compromised its moral paradoxes; it parted with its logic; it confined its physics to their ethical applications; even in the field of morals it made concessions at every point. To national creeds it had always taken up an accommodating attitude; its scheme of Pantheism was large enough to admit the whole Pantheon of national gods, revered at Rome or in the world. But the new concessions extend to the dogmas upon which it had been most rigid. It begins to pose as a philosophy of common sense. It drops its futile paradoxes regarding the totality of virtue and of vice. It ceases to draw trenchant and impracticable lines between absolute right and absolute wrong. It admits degrees of virtue under the temperate title *καθήκοντα* "proprieties," Ciceronianised into *officia*. Things "indifferent," under which austerer spirits of the school had included almost all the environments of life, are regrouped as things, not indeed absolutely essential to peace of mind, but yet as deserving preference or reprobation. Feeling is allowed on tolerance, at least in temperate forms, and under titles somewhat colourless. A general kindliness tempers the old rigidity and countenances gentleness, even to slaves. In a word, it becomes more and more eclectic, more and more adapted to the needs of common life, more humanely ethical, and more religious minded. By these condescensions Stoicism passed from the lecture-room to the hearth and to the market place, and as a current of thought, rather than a formal creed or symbol, helped to mould Roman life. The evidence is unmistakable. In social range it bound Epictetus the slave to Marcus the Emperor. Poets of so high an order as Lucan and Persius, politicians like Thræsea Paetus and Helvidius Priscus, not only wives of professed philosophers like Seneca and Paetus, but also the low-born and the slave, owned its influence. Not only sages enlisted

disciples, but in the family circle many an unnamed teacher took his place as tutor, director, or minister of consolation. The figure of the philosopher becomes familiar at death-bed scenes, not only of the serious but likewise of the fashionable, and the pages of the satirist record his activities not less vividly than the tributes of the disciple. He is pictured as pedant, as dilettante, or as hypocrite; now by the rhetorician and now by the essayist. But these disparagements of pretenders testify to the existence and the influence of the genuine article. Not only the records of personal life or the gossip of letter-writers, but also the pages of the historian and the enactments of law attest the influence of Stoicism. The earliest of great Roman lawyers, M. Scaevola the augur, and the yet more famous Pontifex, were among the first to welcome Panaetius to Rome. So was it with a later generation, the contemporaries of Cicero. In the imperial times there is a general absence of explicit information.\* Here and there a sumptuary law, a professorial privilege, or an educational endowment, betray the Stoic legislator. But systems of thought, except they become a dominant and proselytising creed, do not enact laws; it is rather their work to affect the temper and drift of legislation, and among the humaner influences that are the glory of the Flavian and the Antonine successions, Stoicism played its part in leavening society, in softening manners, in mitigating the rigours of Roman paternity, in securing justice for women, for the orphan and the ward, in ameliorating the condition of the provincial, the freedman and the slave, in fostering that equity and furthering that civilisation, which finds its most enduring monument and influence in the digest of Roman Law. So much must be conceded;

\* Among Augustan lawyers, S. Sulpicius Rufus, Sextus Pompeius, and others, the Stoic strain continues, but among the great Imperial jurists (Ulpian, Papinian, etc.), it is hard to discover professed Stoics.

yet upon the whole it is surprising for how small a residuum, even of the legislation of Marcus Aurelius, indubitably Stoic paternity can be claimed. Constructively, Stoicism remained to the last ineffective—the watchword of an opposition, not a charter of reform. In the passing of the old order it was the death at Utica, not the life at Rome, that gave Cato name and significance. Amid the degradations of Neronian rule, it was what Thræsea had *not* done,\* that every eye scanned eagerly. Stoic negations—ἀνέχεσθαι καὶ ἀπέχεσθαι—could not cope with the Christian propaganda, and succumbed without a struggle; that which was strenuous and noble in them was incorporated without effort in the new faith, which, obedient to the authorisations of nature, gave impulse and emotion their proper place beside right reason and self-restraint.

\* *Diurna populi Romani per provincias, per exercitus curatius leguntur, ut noscatur quid Thræsea non fecerit.*—Tac., *Ann.* xvi, 22.



## CHRISTIANITY AND BUDDHISM.

By ROBERT FREDERICK GREEN.

THE question asked and answered by our president in his address \* this session, must have struck many of us as somewhat significant. That it should be *necessary* to ask now-a-days a question so old is strange, for its very simplicity should have commanded an answer long ago. But it is one of those seemingly simple questions one answers to satisfy oneself rather than others, of which the settlement by one generation is repudiated by the next, and which constantly re-presents itself demanding new consideration. Now if one reads ever so little of what has been written on this subject, when one realizes, as one may do easily, how opposite and contradictory are the ideas the very word religion conveys to different minds, this seemingly simple question is seen to be one of extreme difficulty. Mr. Higgins says, that it has never had a fair chance. Perhaps not, the difficulty seems to be in treating it fairly, but it has certainly not suffered for want of attention. We shall be safest, perhaps, even if we are only partially successful, in pursuing our inquiry so far as possible on the lines of natural science—looking upon religion as we look upon language or national character,—simply as one of the many phenomena society presents to us, and accepting ethical systems, motives, and aspirations as facts, without committing ourselves to an admission or denial of their truth. If, by a comparison of the systems and motives societies adopt or avow, we can discover a common

\* "What is Religion?" The Inaugural Address at the opening of the Seventy-ninth Session, by the Rev. H. H. Higgins, M.A.

system or motive, we must accept that as our definition of religion. If, on the other hand, the closest comparison fails to disclose any common belief or motive, the definition of religion must be postponed until new data warrant a new attempt; but the failure will go far to show that a religious idea is not, as has been asserted, inherent in man, but makes its appearance at a comparatively late stage of social development. The comparative method has, as a matter of fact, been adopted by more than one writer, notably by Max Müller, and it was the subject of an intensely interesting course of lectures in this town by the late Charles Beard; but by no one, so far as I know, has it been carried out so fully as by Viscount Amberley, in his *Analysis of Religious Belief*.<sup>\*</sup> This work, of which the publication called forth strong expressions of disfavour from theologians, is, I believe, an honest attempt to classify the doctrines and dogmas of the chief religious systems. All, so far as the reader can judge, are stated fairly, though the claims of any to supreme authority are repudiated. After an examination of eight systems—a number which includes every religion of importance extant—the author finds that there are three beliefs—fundamental postulates he calls them—involved in the religious idea:—

First, that of a hyper physical power in the universe.

Second, that of a hyper physical entity in man.

Third, that of a relation between the two.

Now, if this definition can be applied successfully to the systems, such for instance as fetichism, which Amberley has not taken into account, it must be acknowledged to be much more complete and satisfactory than such a vague formula as the spirit of Alliance, even though the latter be qualified by such a noble and beautiful amplification as our president has

<sup>\*</sup> *An Analysis of Religious Belief*, by Viscount Amberley. London, Trübner & Co.

given to it. In any circumstances it is worthy of note that Amberley, uncompromising sceptic as he is, enunciates a religion to which the belief in a supreme power is essential; while our president, a teacher of religion, offers us a formula to which a belief in a supreme power is not essential. There are many reasons why a comparison of religions should begin with the systems of Buddhism and Christianity. They are numerically the most powerful in the world, they have both come into existence in historic ages, and they have developed on lines which, if not identical, assimilate very closely. Their institutions, dogmas, and doctrines show such a marvellous resemblance that every writer upon them is constrained to use the very words of one to describe the other; and yet, behind all this likeness, and in spite of it, there is an essential unlikeness, a fundamental antagonism which can never be overcome, and which it is no wonder has driven them as far as the poles apart.

One of the first points of resemblance that strikes us in connection with these two systems is their intense aggressiveness; they are both missionary religions, and have sprung from older systems which were essentially exclusive. To Brahmanism, with its insurmountable caste barriers, contemptuously tolerant even of its own heresies, and never seeking or accepting a convert, it must have appeared incongruous for any one to change his religion; and Judaism, content with its faith in Jehovah, sure, as his chosen race, of his protection, accepted placidly the fact that other nations had their gods who would look after them, and would have scouted the idea that another race could by any possibility share its advantages. From these exclusive systems sprang religions, both of which aimed at universal acceptance, and both of which were propagated without reference to social status, race, or country. Another point of resemblance between Buddhism and Christianity is that each owes its

foundation to the moral influence of one man, whom it has accepted without question as its supreme teacher. Gautama is as clearly the founder and guiding spirit of Buddhism as Jesus is of Christianity. Both are men for whom transcendent claims are made by their followers, and both may be said to justify these claims by the extraordinary effect of their teaching. Both are men whose lives, stripped of the halo of legend and enthusiasm that has surrounded them, have come down to us unsullied by the suspicion of a single evil deed, and illumined by patience and courage, by fixity of purpose and stern devotion, by the most heroic self-denial and the most perfect charity.

About five hundred years before our era there lived in the north of India a certain tribe called Sakya. They were one of the many semi-independent but civilized tribes, scattered over the country between the Ganges and Himalayas, living by agriculture, and owning authority only to their chief, and through him to their religious rulers, the Brahmans. Their chief was one Suddhodana, who had his palace at Bhula, then called Kapilavastu. He was not a king, nor was his son a prince in the strict sense; he governed a district of about the area of Yorkshire, and his importance among the neighbouring chiefs would depend partly upon his wealth and partly upon the strength of his tribe. His wife was Maya, daughter of a neighbouring chief, and she died seven days after giving birth to her only child—a son. The boy, who was named Gautama, was committed to the care of his aunt, his father's second wife.

It is proper to mention here that a miraculous conception and birth are affirmed of Gautama throughout Buddhism. The sudden appearance of a brilliant star presaged his coming to earth,\* he is spoken of as having descended from heaven

\* "We saw his star in the East and are come to worship him."—Matt. ii, 2.

to his mother in the form of a white elephant, and as not having been born as other men, but as having been taken from her side by the god Brahma. There is a legend also that at the moment of his birth all nature was still and silent, that the wind dropped, the birds stayed in their flight, and the deer drinking at the stream were seen to raise their heads and wait. Gautama was trained for a soldier, though as a high caste Brahman he had the right to be instructed in the Temple and to study the Vedas. He does not seem to have had much taste for military life, being of a contemplative and reserved disposition, and we are told that one day, when he was about twelve years old, his relatives reproached him for his lack of proficiency in various manly sports. He thereupon appointed a day by beat of drum, and proved his skill on foot and with the bow, by defeating all comers.\*

He married, probably early as his position obliged him, his cousin, Yasodhana, daughter of the Rajah of Koli, and then for some years, until he was twenty nine, history is silent about him. Then, it is affirmed, the command came to him to give up the idle and luxurious life he was leading, and begin his work of teaching.† The command came to him in four visions, of which the account in all the Buddhist scriptures is substantially the same. It relates that one day the prince set out in his chariot to visit his father's gardens. On the way, standing in the street, so as to stop the path, there appeared the form of a blind and infirm old man, with shrivelled skin and tottering limbs. Seeing him, Gautama asks his charioteer "What form is this so miserable and distressing, the like of which I have never seen?" The charioteer answers, "This is an old man;"

\* The legends connected with the boyhood and youth of Jesus, though not generally received as historic, are familiar to all theological students.

† Luke ii, 49.

and the prince asks "What is the meaning of old?" and is told that age implies the loss of bodily power and failure of mind and memory—that the poor man is approaching the end of his life; and the prince asks if this will happen to every one, and is told that it is the common lot, that all who are born must die. Soon after this, another form presents itself, it is that of a sick man, worn by disease and suffering, and scarcely able to draw his breath. In answer to the prince's questions the charioteer tells him that it is a sick man, and that sickness is common to all. After each of these visions the prince turns back to his home and meditates. His third vision is that of a corpse, borne upon a bier and surrounded by weeping friends and relatives, and the prince learns that this is death, and that death is common to all. The next day, on going out by a different gate, the prince sees a man with shaven crown and in a monk's robe. "Who is this," he asks, "who walks with such slow and dignified steps, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, and absorbed in thought?" "This man," said the charioteer, "devotes himself to charity and restrains his passions, he hurts no one and does good to all, and is full of sympathy for all." The prince approaches the monk, whom he asks to give an account of himself and of his condition. The monk answers:—"I am an ascetic. I have forsaken the world, relatives, and friends. I seek deliverance for myself and desire the salvation of all creatures, and I do harm to none." On hearing these words the prince goes to his father and expresses the wish to become a wandering ascetic, relinquishing, of course, his inheritance. Suddhodana naturally tries to dissuade him, pointing out his duty to his people and to his family, but cannot alter his determination. Gautama remains in his father's palace for some days, walking about the gardens in deep meditation. While there he receives the news that a son has been born to him. This is

a new and terrible temptation. He foresees that the child will be a bond to home and to his present life such as he cannot sever. He must leave at once or not at all. The women at his father's house come round entreating him to stay, or at any rate delay his departure. He pays no attention to them, and returns to his own home. The villagers meet him, delighted at the birth of their Rajah's only grandson, and express their joy by singing and cheers. One of the village girls recites some verses composed in his honour, which refer to the new duties his child will impose upon him. The verses have another meaning for Gautama, and he sends the girl his necklace, saying, that it is her fee as a teacher. She is flattered by the attention, thinking the prince has fallen in love with her, but he takes no further notice and passes on.

That night, at midnight, he sends Channa, his charioteer, for his horse, and while it is being got ready he goes to his wife's room. There is a lamp burning, and he sees her for the first time since his return. She is asleep with her hand on the head of their child. He had wished for once to take the little one in his arms, but he sees that this is impossible without waking Yasodhana, and so he leaves them—leaves his home and a life of certain luxury and happiness, without one farewell word, and rides away to meet no less certain hardship and danger. Gautama rode all that night till he came to the river Anoma, beyond the Koli (his wife's) territory. Being then safe from recognition, he dismounts, takes off his jewels and ornaments, and gives them with his horse to Channa to be taken back to Kapilavastu. Channa asks to accompany his master, but is refused permission. "How will they know where I am?" says Gautama "unless you return to tell them." Channa goes back sorrowfully, and Gautama then cuts off his long hair, changes clothes with a passing beggar, and begins his life as a wandering ascetic.

He first attached himself as a disciple to two Brahmins, from whom probably he learnt all that Hindu philosophy could teach, and from whom no doubt he derived the Brahminical doctrines afterwards incorporated in his system. Leaving them, and dissatisfied with the effect of their system, he withdrew to the jungle, where he was joined by five disciples—Brahmins—and where he subjected himself to the severest fasting and self-mortification. It had long been a firm belief among Brahmins that such discipline was the surest method of attaining supernatural knowledge and power, and Gautama, striving after such knowledge, prolonged his penance almost to the point of death. He was, however, unsuccessful in his attempt to gain it, his bodily sufferings only produced a mental agony even more difficult to bear, and he began to fear that he might die and leave his work undone. For it must be remembered that however mistaken he may have been, Gautama was no impostor, his belief in his mission as a saviour of the world was absolute. If there is anything historic in the accounts of his life, it is this fact—which is insisted on throughout Buddhist literature, and admitted by every writer. One day, when walking slowly up and down, he staggered and fell, his disciples thought him dead, though he had only fainted. He recovered, and with his recovery came the conviction that his discipline had failed, and that the guidance and power he sought must be attained by other methods. He began to eat regularly, and in doing so, incurred so much the disapproval of his companions that they left him—alone and weak as he was—and went to Benāres. Then began Gautama's second mental struggle, the real nature of which the legends clearly indicate. He begged his breakfast from the daughter of a neighbouring villager, and then went to a quiet part of the jungle and sat down under a tree—the ever after sacred Bo tree—to think.

So far he has failed. His fasting and self-mortification have been useless, and his resolution to continue them has broken down. The mystery of life and sorrow that he has tried to solve is still a sealed book to him, and his mind is still filled with the most agonising doubt and uncertainty. He thinks of his home and the life he has left, his old affections and associations come back to him, and he longs to return and see his wife and child once more. The difficulties of his future life rise before him, and he sees how great, if not impossible, is the task he has set himself to do. All day he sits thinking, and at night comes Mara, the evil spirit, with all his attendant demons. They assume frightful shapes, and hurl poison and fire, but he sits unmoved, and the poison is changed to flowers, and the fire forms a halo round his head. Then the evil spirit alters his tactics, and sends his sixteen enchanting daughters. Gautama still sits impassive, and they are forced to retire discomfited and disgraced by his rebuke. Then Mara makes a final effort, for the night is passing, and he must not let day come to help his victim. He approaches alone, acknowledges that Gautama has attained supernatural power, tells him that he has qualified himself for eternal happiness, and urges him to enter Nirvana, and end his trials and sufferings on earth.\* This is the last temptation, it is resisted, and at once the light of true knowledge breaks, Gautama doubts no longer, he has become the enlightened one—the Buddha. “He had grasped,” says Rhys Davids, “as it seemed to him, the great mystery of sorrow, and learnt at once its causes and its cure. He had gained the haven of peace and the power over the human heart of inward culture, and of love to others, and had learnt to rest at last on a certitude that could never be

\* Then the devil taketh him into the holy city, and he set him on the pinnacle of the temple, and saith unto him, If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down. Matt. iv, 5, 6.

shaken.”\* Buddhist writers tell us that, when the true and perfect knowledge came to Gautama, his face was illuminated, and flames issued from his head. These latter are always represented in statues of the Buddha by a vase shaped structure—it never takes the form of a nimbus as painted round the heads of Christ and of Christian saints. After his enlightenment, Gautama remained seated under the Bo tree for seven days, absorbed in meditation. It is in this attitude that he is represented by statues throughout India and Buddhist countries, seated cross legged, with hands crossed or resting on his knee, his right shoulder bare, denoting monkhood, and his eyes half closed. After the seven days meditation under the Bo tree, he spent seven periods of seven days each, alone in the jungle,† eating little, seeing hardly anyone, and employing himself in formulating the doctrines he was about to go forth and preach.

Monier-Williams ‡ asks us to contrast the forty-nine days’ fast of Gautama in the jungle, with the forty days’ fast of Jesus in the wilderness, and certainly the two narratives are not without points of resemblance. Jesus, as Matthew tells us, § began his mission immediately after the temptation in the wilderness. Ending then his meditations, Gautama leaves the jungle and goes towards Benares, then a great centre of Eastern thought and life. On his way he enquires for his two Brahman teachers, and is told they are dead. He finds his five disciples, who left him when he gave up fasting, still practising their austerities in the deer park outside the city. They receive him as a friend and as a

\* *Buddhism*, by T. W. Rhys Davids. London. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

† “And Jesus full of the Holy Spirit, returned from the Jordan, and was led by the Spirit in the wilderness during forty days. . . . and he did eat nothing in those days.”—Luke iv, 1, 2.

‡ *Buddhism*, by Sir Monier Monier-Williams. London, J. Murray.

§ Matt. iv, 17.

Brahman of high caste, but refuse to acknowledge him as a master. He tells them that he has found the way of salvation, and enunciates for the first time his new religion. To be saved, to attain eternal happiness, man must take throughout life the great middle path. He must avoid on one hand the path of pleasure and passion, which is degrading, and, on the other hand, he must avoid the path of self-mortification which is painful, ignoble, and profitless. The middle eight-fold path which he must take is that which was discovered by the Buddha, and which will lead to understanding, to charity, to wisdom, to peace of mind, to knowledge, to perfect knowledge, and to the final extinction of all passion and suffering. This middle path Gautama sums up in eight principles:—Right belief or views. Right resolves. Right speech. Right deeds. Right labour. Right endeavour. Right mindfulness. Right meditation. The necessity of walking in it arises from a recognition of four great truths—the fundamental postulates of Buddhism:—

1st. Suffering. Life involves suffering.

2nd. The cause of suffering. A craving after sensual pleasures, or wealth accompanied by lust of life. These are the causes of suffering.

3rd. The end of suffering. The complete conquest and destruction of these cravings and this lust of life. This is the end of suffering.

4th. The path leading to the cessation of suffering—the middle eight-fold path, of which we have just spoken.

It would not be difficult to put three of these four fundamental postulates of Buddhism into Biblical language, and two of them have, in fact, their exact counterpart in Christianity, in the doctrines of a primeval curse and of original sin. There is, however, one radical difference that must not be passed over. The Buddhist convert must pursue this difficult middle path unaided, must trust to his own deter-

mination and sense of duty to keep him in it. The Christian claims and believes that he will have divine help in *his* striving after righteousness. *He* acknowledges that his passions and his sin are too strong for him to cope with unaided, and he invokes a higher power to aid him.

Having enunciated his religion, Gautama is careful to disclaim anything like inspiration in connection with it. He declares that he has arrived at the recognition of these truths, not by the study of the Vedas, nor by the teaching of the Brahmans, but by the light of reason only, that the same enlightenment is attainable by all if they will only follow the path which leads to it. The five Brahmans were so much impressed by Gautama's enthusiasm that they attached themselves to him as his first disciples, and he quickly made other converts. His moral influence, indeed, like that of Jesus, seems to have been so great as to have been irresistible, and his personality seems to have impressed itself on every one, rich and poor alike, with whom he came in contact. As his converts increased, he was not long in establishing an *order* of ascetics. Asceticism, a professed renunciation of the world and its pleasure, he always held to be the surest way of attaining Nirvana. Though his asceticism differed from that of Brahmans in not involving bodily torture, his aim was alienation of the mind rather than of the body only. Of course his system makes provision for marriage and family duties. He is very strong indeed on this point. He says:—To support father and mother, to cherish wife and child, to follow a peaceful calling. This is the greatest blessing. His order of ascetics differed moreover from those of the Brahmans inasmuch as it was universal, it was open to all men, whether of high or low caste. It was not, moreover, a hierarchy, having no ecclesiastical organisation; the brethren were simply bound together by obligations of celibacy, moral restraint, poverty,

and confessions to each other. Even vows were forbidden, the noviciate had to repeat the triple formula :—

I take refuge in Buddha.

I take refuge in his law.

I take refuge in his church.

He had to answer certain questions as to his fitness for the life, and he had to satisfy the brethren as to his sincerity. To the sacerdotalism of the Brahman monastic institutions, to their claims to authority, and to their exclusiveness, Gautama was radically opposed, and he put the finishing touch on his heterodoxy by acknowledging the equal power and right of woman to attain to perfect truth.

Gautama's first disciples seem all to have been of high caste—men acquainted no doubt with the intricacies of Brahman theology, and enabled by their culture to appreciate and to propagate the new doctrines intelligently. When they reached the number of sixty, Gautama called them together, and, impressing upon them the principles of his religion, sent them forth into the world to proclaim his doctrine of deliverance. "I am delivered," he says, "from all fetters. You, too, O monks, are delivered. Go forth, and wander everywhere out of compassion for the world, and for the welfare of men. Preach the doctrine in its spirit and its letter, making everything clear, and keeping nothing back." He impresses upon them earnestly that their mission was one of peace, that they were to have pity rather than contempt for ignorance, and were to strive only to enlighten it. They were to be tolerant of all religions, and to speak lightly or disrespectfully of none. They were reminded of the necessity of enforcing precept by example, of requiting injury by forgiveness, of overcoming persecution by friendship. They were not to kill or hurt any living thing, and they were neither to claim nor accept any authority but the law of the Buddha.

Now, we need hardly trouble to compare this with the religion that Jesus sent forth his disciples to preach—the two are almost identical in precept, and, if they had but the same starting-point would be indistinguishable; but look how different is the starting-point. With Gautama these precepts are those of duty and humanity. They constitute the obligations a man is under to his fellow man, and, in the highest sense, to himself. With Jesus these same duties, the same conduct, is the command of God. Gautama acknowledges no God. In rejecting the anthropomorphic deities of Brahmanism, he dismisses at the same time the belief in a deity at all. He sees in human life only a weak and suffering part of nature striving in vain after happiness, and he sets to work only to attain that happiness, and to help others to its attainment. His disbelief in God does not, it is true, amount to a denial, but it is the most hopeless Agnosticism, and it excludes altogether the idea of divine guidance or interference in human affairs. To him and his followers life is a weary pilgrimage, but with the end in view. To the Christian life is a discipline, a preparation for immortality. To the Buddhist, the future depends solely on himself and his conduct. To the Christian it is an appeal to the mercy of God. Death to the true Christian is welcome as the beginning of eternal happiness. Death is welcome to the Buddhist as the beginning of eternal peace.

In rejecting the idea of God, Buddhism necessarily rejects with it all idea of prayer, worship, and inspiration. The true Buddhist does not pray, he has no one to pray to; and he does not worship in any sense that we use the word. His churches are cenotaphs, representations of the tomb of Gautama, to which he can repair and meditate. He believes Gautama to be dead, his personality extinct, though his influence still exists as the church. The Buddhist scriptures repudiate any claim to inspiration; yet their words are

now looked upon as talismans, and are repeated incessantly as a religious exercise. It is not long since in Christendom that texts from the Bible were written out and sewn in the dress of children as a protective charm, and the lotos jewel and other invocatory formulas of Thibet and China invite comparison with the iteration, so rapid as to be almost mechanical, of *paters* and *aves*.

Of course Gautama had his own system of philosophy, his own theories about the beginning and end of things. These he seems to have adopted from Brahmanism, but he has stripped the Brahman philosophy of much of its crudity and grossness. He accepts the pantheistic doctrine of a life-giving power throughout the universe, of a power not centred in any one spot, but omnipresent, and manifesting itself constantly in the life of men and other animals. Each new birth is an embodiment of part of this universal life-power, and each death is the return of such a portion to the great All. When a man lives, the life in him is distinct, when he dies his individuality dies with him, and the life-power that he had is again diffused throughout the universe, death therefore is extinction—this is Nirvana. The theory of death and individual extinction is however modified by the theory of sin. If a man has not lived a good life, the life-power or soul in him has become impure, unfit for absorption into the universal soul, and it must be cleansed; it is condemned to take refuge in some other lower form of existence; it is put back in the scale of life and is compelled to work its way again through intervening forms to man before it is free. It is this theory that gives such impressiveness to Gautama's warning that punishment of evil deeds is certain—that a man's sin will find him out inevitably—and that he cannot hope to escape the consequences of it.

Gautama's sixty disciples applied themselves with great fervour to the dissemination of his religion throughout the

whole of northern India, adopting in all cases the language of the people, preaching a doctrine readily comprehended by the most uncultured, and above all, bringing the tidings of a salvation open to all without distinction of caste. They made numerous converts and founded branches of his order of ascetics at various places throughout the country. Gautama himself limited his wanderings to the district in which he had first taken up his mission, and his success there was certainly phenomenal. He had, as had Jesus, in a supreme degree, the faculty of bringing home his teaching to the minds of his audience by connecting it with some passing incident, by the use of some familiar trope, or in the form of parable. The fame of the new teacher was not long, as may be supposed, in spreading to his native town, and one day he received a message from his father, who was now very old, and who wished to see his son before he died. The account of this visit, as translated by Rhys Davids,\* is so simple and touching that I cannot refrain from reading it.

Suddhodana sent to him (Gautama) asking him to visit his native city that his now aged father might see him once more before he died. Gautama accordingly started for Kapilavastu, and on his arrival there stopped, according to his custom, in a grove outside the town. There his father, uncles, and others came to see him; but the latter at least were by no means pleased with their mendicant clansman: and though it was the custom on such occasions to offer to provide ascetics with their daily food, they all left without having done so. The next day, therefore, Gautama set out, accompanied by his disciples, carrying his bowl to beg for a meal. As he came near the gate of the little town, he hesitated whether he should not go straight to the Rāja's residence, but at last he determined to adhere to a rule of the Order, according to which a Buddhist mendicant should beg regularly from house to house. It soon reached the Rāja's ears that his son was walking through the streets begging. Startled at such news he rose up, and holding his outer robe together with his hand, went out

\* *Buddhism*, p. 64.

quickly, and hastening to the place where Gautama was, he said, "Why, master, do you put us to shame? Why do you go begging for your food? Do you think it is not possible to provide food for so many mendicants?" "Oh, Mahārāja," was the reply, "this is the custom of all our race." "But we are descended from an illustrious race of warriors, and not one of them has ever begged his bread." "You and your family," answered Gautama, "may claim descent from kings; my descent is from the Buddhas of old, and they, begging their food, have always lived on alms. But, my father, when a man has found a hidden treasure it is his duty first to present his father with the most precious of the jewels." And he accordingly addressed his father on the cardinal tenet of his doctrine. Suddhodana made no reply to this, but simply taking his son's bowl, led him to the house, where the members of the family and the servants of the household came to do him honour; but Yasodhāra did not come. "If I am of any value in his eyes, he will himself come," she had said, "I can welcome him better here." Gautama noticed her absence, and attended by two of his disciples, went to the place where she was, first warning his followers not to prevent her should she try to embrace him, although no member of his Order might touch or be touched by a woman. When she saw him enter, a recluse in yellow robes, with shaven head and shaven face, though she knew it would be so, she could not contain herself, and falling on the ground, she held him by the feet and burst into tears. Then, remembering the impassable gulf between them, she rose and stood on one side. The Rāja thought it necessary to apologise for her, telling Gautama how entirely she had continued to love him, refusing comforts which he denied himself, taking but one meal a day, and sleeping, not on a bed, but on a mat spread on the ground. The different accounts often tell us the thoughts of the Buddha on any particular occasion. Here they are silent.

His visit to his native place was the means of attracting to his side many of his relatives, among them his cousin Ananda, who became his most intimate disciple. Of his subsequent life, the stories are so confused, and so inextricably mixed with legend and folk-lore, that no English writer has anything like a connected biography. He is credited with the performance of many miracles, and seems to have been

successful as a peace maker in various clan quarrels. His religion spread rapidly, though marred by more than one important schism. That of his cousin, Dewadatta, may be noted, since it was an attempt to found a new religion, and several writers have remarked that the relation in which Gautama stood to Dewadatta resembled, in many essential points, the relations between Paul and the Judaizing Christians.

After wandering for over forty-five years, Gautama is seized with a severe illness, and feels that his end is near. He still travels slowly, collecting the mendicants of his order together, and exhorting them to maintain his doctrine. His Cousin Ananda was with him at the last, and to him and to the few disciples who were present he addressed himself, "O Ananda, I am now grown old and full of years, and my journey is drawing to a close. I have reached eighty years, my sum of days, and just as a worn out cart can only with much care be made to move along, so my body can only be kept going with difficulty. It is only when I am in meditation that my body is at ease. In future be ye to yourselves your own light, your own refuge, seek no other refuge. Hold fast to the truth always." Then after a short dissertation on the duties of the order, he became exhausted. His last words were, "O, Mendicants, I would impress it upon you, every thing that cometh into being passeth away; work out your salvation with diligence." He then became unconscious and died peacefully, and his body was cremated as that of a universal ruler. This was about the year 450 B.C.

It is hardly possible to imagine a greater contrast than there is shown us in the lives and ministries of Gautama and Jesus. Beginning their work about the same age, one was able to continue it for forty-five years untroubled, or perhaps we may say unassisted, by persecution (since there is no surer method of propagating a doctrine than by persecuting

it); the other had only six or seven years allowed him, and carried on his work despite the most violent opposition, in the face of imminent personal danger. One lived to see the success of his work, and died peaceably at a ripe old age surrounded by his friends and honoured by his nation; the other, reviled and treated as a criminal, met with a violent death at the age of thirty-three, at a time when his doctrines were held in derision, and at the hands of his own people.

After Gautama's death one of the earliest acts of his disciples was to meet in council and put on record by common consent his words and doctrines. One could wish that the disciples of Jesus had taken such a step so early, for no council of the Christian Church was held until that of Jerusalem about the year 50 of our era, and there was no *Æcumenical Council* until that of Nicea, three centuries later. It must be remembered however that the teachings of Jesus had not at the time of his death been systematised into a religion. His ministry was so short and troubled that this could not be done, and it was left to the apostles, to St. Paul particularly, to construct the theological system of Christianity.

Well then, the chief disciples of Gautama, to the number of about five hundred, assembled the first rainy season after his death in a town south of Patna. They discussed the life and sayings of their master, and for the first time wrote down an account of his life, and a complete record of his doctrines. For this purpose they employed the vernacular, wishing, no doubt, to record the actual words of Gautama, which they could not do in the classic Sanscrit of Brahmanism. The language used, now known as Pali, has since been known as the sacred language of Buddhism all over the world. It should be noted that Gautama himself, like Jesus, never wrote anything, and indeed writing, known only to high caste Brahmans, would have been useless as a means of

propagating a popular religion. The first council then simply placed on record the new religion, and enforced some strict rules of discipline for the order of mendicants. A second council held about twenty years later was rendered necessary by certain laxities which had crept into the order, and which threatened at one time to divide the religion on the subject of discipline. Some seven hundred monks assembled at Vesali, a place twenty-seven miles north of Patna, and there, after protracted discussion, the original stringent regulations were again enforced, and unanimity restored. This second council is compared by many writers to that of Nicæa, when the Nicene creed was promulgated—both were convened for a similar purpose. At neither of these two councils was any attempt made to alter or extend Gautama's system of propagating his religion. It was still to all intents and purposes a sect of Brahmanism, a heterodox sect of course, but its members still observed caste regulations, as did Gautama, who was a Brahman, and conformed to the laws of his caste throughout his life. No attempt had yet been made by his disciples to convert any but the followers of Brahmanism, but as time went on, and the new doctrines developed more and more in opposition to the old system, differences of opinion began to make themselves felt, rival schools sprang up, and the controversies they engendered had a disturbing effect upon the whole community. A third council was necessary, and was summoned by Asoka, the first Buddhist king, and perhaps the greatest Hindu monarch of India.

Asoka did for Buddhism exactly what Constantine did many years later for Christianity, he adopted it as his state religion, gave state aid to its propagation, and enforced its doctrines by royal edict. The third Council was held at Patna, about 244 B.C., and was attended by a thousand of the oldest members of the order. The chief was a very old man, so old, indeed, that he had to be carried from his

hermitage in a boat, and it seems to have been his influence that was chiefly instrumental in once more quelling dissensions, and restoring unanimity in the order. Under his presidency, the canon of scripture was settled, and the important decision arrived at, to extend the religion of Buddha to all nations. Accordingly missionaries, supported by the king's authority, were sent out in all directions. To Nepal, and beyond the Himalayas in the North, where the great Northern and hierarchical school of Buddhism afterwards developed, to Burmah and further India in the East, and to Ceylon in the South. We cannot of course follow their successes in these directions, it must suffice to say they succeeded in establishing the new faith, and in obtaining an extraordinary degree of popular sympathy. It concerns us now only to follow these Buddhist missionaries to the West, to the Tartars of the Volga, to the Grecian colony at Bactria, to the Caucasus, to see how their religion fared in contact with Western civilization, to note that they laid there the foundations of Christianity.

Burnouf states that oriental ideas are to be traced in Hebrew literature after the captivity, but not before.\* He states that the belief in a Messiah arose at that time, and with it other beliefs and institutions directly traceable to Eastern thought. Be this as it may, it seems certain that about the year 150 B.C., that is about one hundred years after the great Buddhist Council of Patna, and the sending out of Buddhist missionaries, there existed among the Jews, sects or communities whose doctrines represent a fusion of those of Judaism and Eastern religions. At that time, among the Maccabees, was an organised body of Assideans or Saints, whom critics identify with the Essenes. The latter certainly existed in 148 B.C., and probably earlier.

\* "Le Bouddhisme en Occident," by Emile Burnouf. *Revue des Deux Mondes*, vol. lxxxviii, p. 340.

They differed in many ways from ordinary Jews, and were accountable for much of the opposition between the synagogue and the temple. They preached baptism, unquestionably a Brahman and Buddhist rite, they believed in a universal priesthood as opposed to the caste of the Levites. They condemned the killing of animals in sacrifice, and replaced this rite by meditation and by the sacrifice of the passions. John the Baptist belonged to this sect, and in allowing himself to be baptised, Jesus identified himself with them. It must be remembered, moreover, that the term Christian was not applied to the followers of Jesus for many years after his death, not until after the martyrdom of Paul; before that time they were called Essenes. "The identity," says Burnouf, "of the Essenes with the early Christians is fully established by Eusebius, who says also that the writings of the Therapeutics, or Egyptian Essenes, have been utilised in the gospels and epistles of Paul."

But the one essential dogma of Christianity, the fact which is at the beginning of its founder's teaching, and without which that teaching would be unintelligible—the unity of God—that is not Indian. From no system in the East could that have come, and we need not go far to seek its origin. Judaism, despite its lapses, has maintained and kept clear in its history, the cardinal doctrine of one God, and it has impressed that, if it has impressed nothing else, upon Christianity and Islam alike.

A glance finally at the present position in the world of these two great systems will show us at once that the older, so far as its missionary character is concerned, is practicably dead. It has disappeared from India, hardly ever persecuted, hardly ever opposed, but simply absorbed by the great Brahman system. It still obtains in Ceylon, but associated now with much lower forms of worship. In further India it shows signs of yielding, as Brahmanism is yielding, to

the aggression of Islam, the latter creed has already gained possession of the East Indian Archipelago. In China, Buddhism exists in company and even confusion with other systems, and whatever may have been its effect when introduced, it has now little or no moral force. The same may be said concerning Japan, where Buddhism exists in hopeless intermixture with the worship of the Shinto. In both China and Japan, Islam has gained entrance. In Thibet, and throughout the whole of Central Asia, Buddhism has developed into an ecclesiastical system which one can only call stupendous. It has its hierarchy of saints, its liturgies, its degrees of priesthood, its ritual, images, relics, and rosaries, and the whole presents such an extraordinary outward resemblance to the Roman Catholic system, that the pious Christian missionaries wrote home to say that the devil had been at work imitating Christianity. Buddhism has lost its missionary ardour, its primitive purity, it is gradually losing itself among other religions, and the time seems coming when, as Gautama said, his church would be forgotten. Whether the Buddhists still look for the second coming of their master does not matter; it is certain that they have forgotten his teaching.

The present position of Christianity is not without its suggestion of a comparison, though many divisions of our own religion retain much of its original missionary spirit. The spread of Christianity in our own time is of course a spread of race, and has little to do with purely missionary work.

Out of Europe its conquests have been confined to Central and South America, and its success in these countries is a sad story of cruelty and persecution. It has been driven out of Turkey in Europe and North Africa, in both cases by Islam. It seems to be losing its hold in France, and we are told by those who are in a position to form an opinion, that

a spirit of infidelity is increasingly active in this country and in Germany. As to its development in Eastern Europe, who shall say that the primitive teaching of Jesus is not in danger of being lost sight of amid the mysteries of doctrine and the fumes of incense.

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